

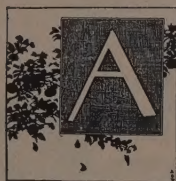
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THE GRAND FALLS OF LABRADOR.



FUGITIVE article relating to a great cataract in Labrador, appeared in several newspapers during the early part of 1891. It referred to the stories current among the Indians and voyageurs which tended to

prove the existence of such a great waterfall on the upper waters of the Grand, or Hamilton, River, and ascribed to it the stupendous height of 1500 feet. This attractive piece of geographical news, with its apparent flavor of aboriginal hyperbole, chanced to catch the eye of the present writer. An examination of the literature relating to Labrador which was accessible revealed the suggestive fact that although it was probably the first part of the mainland of America visited by Europeans, yet, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, one must seek there for the largest unexplored area on the western continent. Many generations of mariners and fishermen have sailed along Labrador's bleak coast, since John Cabot visited those shores in 1497; and all have borne abroad the fame of its arctic climate and desolate sea-coast. The uninviting character of its rocky seaboard has thus given a bad name to the whole country, and in this we must find the reason why Labrador has received so little attention from explorers.

A glance at any of the maps of the peninsula which have been published will show them to be very defective specimens of cartography.

None of the maps show the river-systems and lakes with any degree of accuracy. It has long been assumed, however, that the interior contains a great table-land. The highest portion of this elevated region is probably in the southern part of the peninsula, where its greater rivers have their source. The most important of these, the Grand, or Hamilton, River, rises in the lakes on this table-land, and flows in a general southeasterly direction a distance of nearly 400 miles into Hamilton Inlet, the great marine estuary which, under different names, penetrates the interior a distance of 150 miles. No scientific explorer has penetrated far into the country, and the imperfect knowledge of this vast territory (estimated to contain 289,000 square miles) rests entirely on the vague reports of Indians, a few missionaries, and information furnished by some agents of the Hudson Bay Company.

Interesting as these researches were, they yielded but little real information relating to the configuration of the interior. Enough was learned, however, to establish the existence of the Grand Falls, and to show that the time had long since passed when any enterprising traveler could claim the honor of their discovery.

The traditions of the Hudson Bay Company affirm that two officers of the Company visited the spot many years ago. The first of these, John M'Clane, was unquestionably the first white man to gaze upon this remote cataract, which he discovered in the year 1839 while engaged in seeking an inland route between two

posts of the Company. Twenty years after M'Clane's visit, Joseph McPherson was guided to the spot by an Iroquois Indian named Louis-over-the-fire, who is still living, an aged pensioner of the Company, at Northwest River Post. These are the only white men who, previous to the summer of 1891, are known to have seen the Grand Falls. Neither M'Clane nor McPherson measured the height of the Falls, and, in fact, it does not appear that the latter ever gave any account of his visit to this region.

To continue the brief record of Labrador exploration, mention should be made of the journey of Professor H. Y. Hind, who thirty-one years ago started from the Seven Islands, on the St. Lawrence coast, and ascended the

no traveler or trader disturbed the loneliness of this remote wilderness. Fort Nascopie, the only interior post of the Hudson Bay Company, was abandoned some twenty-eight years ago, and the inland trail to it, which passed within fifty miles of the Falls, was disused in the interval. No one endeavored to ascend the Grand River, and the dim tradition of the Falls was almost forgotten. At length, in 1887, a young Englishman, R. F. Holme of Oxford University, journeyed to Labrador and started up the Grand River, having the Falls as the objective point of his expedition. He relied on Professor Hind's statement that the cataract was 100 miles from the mouth of the river, and consequently found himself insufficiently equip-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

NORTHWEST RIVER POST. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

Moisis River a distance of 120 miles. Strictly speaking, the territory drained by this affluent of the St. Lawrence is not in Labrador proper, but is embraced by the eastern borders of the province of Quebec. In the account of his explorations Professor Hind first advanced the statement that the interior plateau of Labrador attained a height of over 2200 feet, and this idea has been accepted by most writers on the subject. Then ensued a long period during which

ped for what proved to be a much longer journey. With a boat and two men, he pluckily surmounted the difficulties of river navigation, and reached a point about 140 miles from the mouth of the river, when he was obliged by the failure of his provisions to turn back.

Believing a visit to the Grand Falls presented no insurmountable obstacles, and confident that such a trip would yield interesting geographical results and exciting sport with rod and



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

PART OF THE LOWER OR MUSKRAT FALLS OF THE GRAND RIVER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

gun, the writer determined to essay the voyage. Preparations for the journey were made in the early part of June, 1891. The various articles of equipment were gotten together with some care, and included, among other things, a Rushton canoe sixteen feet in length. An associate who entered with enthusiasm into the enterprise was found in Professor C. A. Kenaston, of Washington, D. C., and on June 23 we sailed from New York on the steamship *Portia* for St. John's, Newfoundland, where we arrived on the 29th of the same month. After an unexpected and vexatious delay here of over two weeks, we sailed from St. John's on the small steamship *Curlew*, the boat engaged by the Newfoundland Government to carry the mails on the Labrador coast during the summer. After calling at several ports on the northeastern coast of Newfoundland, our stanch little craft turned north, and, steaming through the dense fogs of the Strait of Belle Isle, soon revealed to our eyes the wild and desolate coast of Labrador. The four-days' sail along this coast proved to be most enjoyable, and formed an impressive introduction to the rugged north-land which was to be the scene of our wanderings. On July 23, the *Curlew* landed us at Rigoulette, in Hamilton Inlet. This is the chief station of the Hudson Bay Company in Labrador, and at the time of our visit was in charge of Chief-factor Bell, a veteran officer of the Company. A small schooner having been placed at our disposal by Mr. Bell, the following day we continued our journey inland, sail-

ing westward for ninety miles through the great interior basin known as Melville or Gross-water Bay.

Northwest River Post, at the head of the bay, where we arrived on July 27, is the most inland station of the Hudson Bay Company, and is the chief trading-point of the Montagnais, or Mountaineer Indians, who make annual visits to this post to meet the Roman Catholic missionary, and to exchange the outcome of their winter's trapping for supplies and ammunition. Many of the Indians had already visited the post and returned to the interior; but a number were still encamped in the neighborhood. A few half-breed "servants" here live in cabins, which cluster about the ancient storehouse of the Company. The Grand River flows into the bay twenty-five miles from here, and at this point preparations were made to ascend that river. Marvelous tales anent the raging rapids and dangers of the river met us at the post; but by securing the aid of a number of Indians and their canoes, we hoped to overcome all these difficulties of inland navigation and gradually to work our way up. A grievous disappointment as to this part of our plans was in store for us. In addition to their natural disinclination to engage in an undertaking involving so much hard work, we found that a superstitious dread of the Grand Falls obtained among the Indians. They believe the place to be the haunt of evil spirits, and assert that death will soon overtake the venturesome mortal who dares to look upon the mysterious cataract.

the channel and presenting a granite bulwark through which the stream has forced its way. There are two steps in the descent, and the total drop is seventy feet. To go around this fall, a long and steep "carry" was necessary. The unwieldy character of our boat, which weighed 500 pounds, was here a serious disadvantage. By means of a block and tackle, and with much laborious lifting and pulling, we dragged it up the precipitous banks. This operation and the packing occupied a day and a half. During the subsequent advance of 175 miles up the river, oars and paddles were, for the most part, of little use, owing to the swiftness of the current. The method employed was what is technically known as "tracking"—that is, a strong rope, about the thickness of a clothes-line, was tied to the gunwale of the boat just aft of the bow. To the shore end broad leather straps were attached. With these across their shoulders, three of the party tugged along the rocky bank, while the fourth man, with an oar lashed in the stern, steered a devious course among the rocks and shallows of the river.

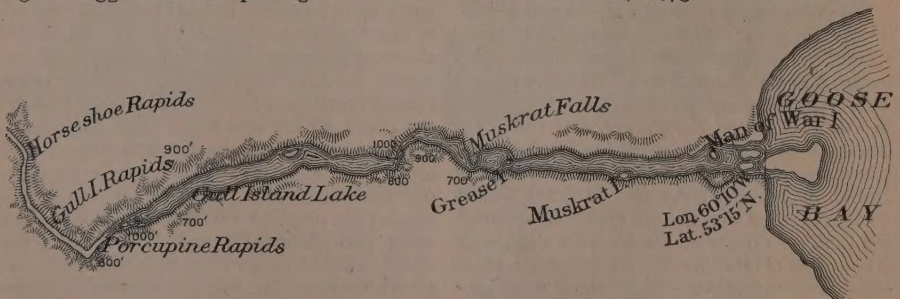
In this laborious fashion the advance continued for three weeks. With the exception of a smooth stretch, which Montague called "slack water," the current was almost uniformly swift and the "tracking" of the most arduous character. Sandy terraces, and extended reaches covered with glacial boulders, characterized the lower portion of the river, while farther up-stream great numbers of smaller boulders, insecurely lodged on the precipitous sandy banks, presented a precarious footing to those trudging along the rocky "tow-path." When a combination of this "rubble" and a troublesome rapid occurred, it was only by the most violent exertion, and no end of slipping and sliding, that the tension of the tow-line could be maintained on the treacherous ground. Then again, stretches of steep rocky bank, where no "tracking" was possible, often necessitated scaling the rugged cliffs and passing the line from

undermined the banks, and where numbers of trees, stumps, and underbrush littered the shore and formed *chevaux-de-frise* of the most formidable character.

The popular impression that Labrador possesses a climate which even in summer is too rigorous for the enjoyment of open-air life was not verified on this trip. The temperature during the day was found to be delightful—just cool enough to be stimulating; while the average minimum temperature registered during the forty-two nights of the journey was ascertained to be but 42° Fahrenheit. Nor was verdure lacking in this subarctic landscape, for dense growths of spruce and fir extended back for miles into the blue distance, and even where fire had blackened the slopes of adjacent hills, the somber aspect of the scene was much relieved by a second growth, which showed the delicate green of its leaves among the charred remains of the original forest. Game and fish proved to be fairly abundant, and two fine black bears were killed by members of the party. The fresh meat thus obtained, together with the trout captured from time to time, made welcome variations in the dietary of the expedition.

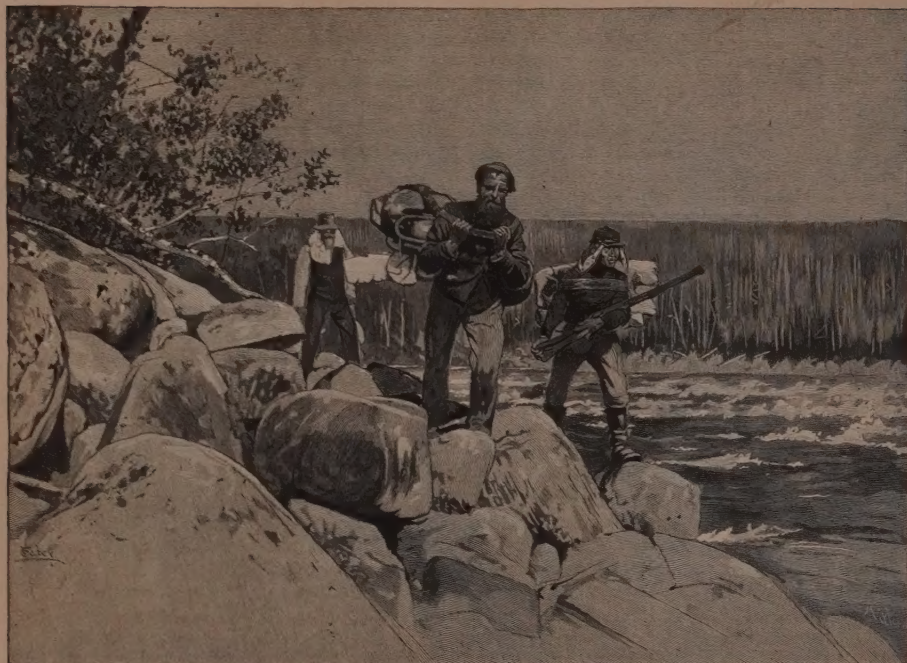
The declining sun of August 20 beheld our small craft glide into the smooth waters of Lake Wanockalow. The first view of the lake was beautiful, and most grateful to our eyes after the long struggle with the rapids. Even Geoffrey and John, usually indifferent to scenic effects, could not conceal their admiration as we glided by towering cliffs and wooded headlands, and beheld at intervals cascades leaping from the rocks into the lake, their silvery outlines glistening in the sun and contrasting distinctly with the environment of dark evergreen foliage.

This romantic sheet of water stretches in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction for about thirty-five miles, and has an elevation above sea-level, according to the aneroid observations secured, of 473 feet. Low mountains



one to another over various obstacles. Wading through the water was frequently the only resource. This was always in order when a place was encountered where the spring freshets had

of granite and gneiss rise on each side, and the average width of the lake is less than one mile. A sounding taken near the middle showed a depth of 406 feet. This narrow elevated basin



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

PACKING ROUND THE MINNIPPI RAPIDS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

is undoubtedly of glacial origin, the presence of great numbers of boulders, and the rounded appearance of the hill-summits, pointing to a period of ice-movement. We made a good run up the lake, passing the farthest point reached by Mr. Holme in 1887, and camped on the river-bank three miles above the lake, opposite the mouth of the Elizabeth River, which here enters the Grand from the northwest. The next day we rested in camp; taking occasion to overhaul the boat and canoe and repair clothing and outfit, preparatory to entering the terra incognita which lay before us.

Four days after passing Lake Wanockalow, a wide shallow rapid was encountered, over which it was impossible to drag the boat. Finding no possible channel in the river, we judged we were in the neighborhood of the "Big Hill," the head of canoe navigation, and the point where, in the old days, when the Hudson Bay Company sent crews to their inland post, the Indian voyageurs left the river. From an Indian we had learned that the old trail, long disused, led from this point on the river to a chain of lakes on the table-land. By following these lakes and crossing the intervening "carries," the rapid water which extends for twenty-five miles below the Falls could be avoided, and the traveler be brought finally to the waters of the Grand River many miles above Grand

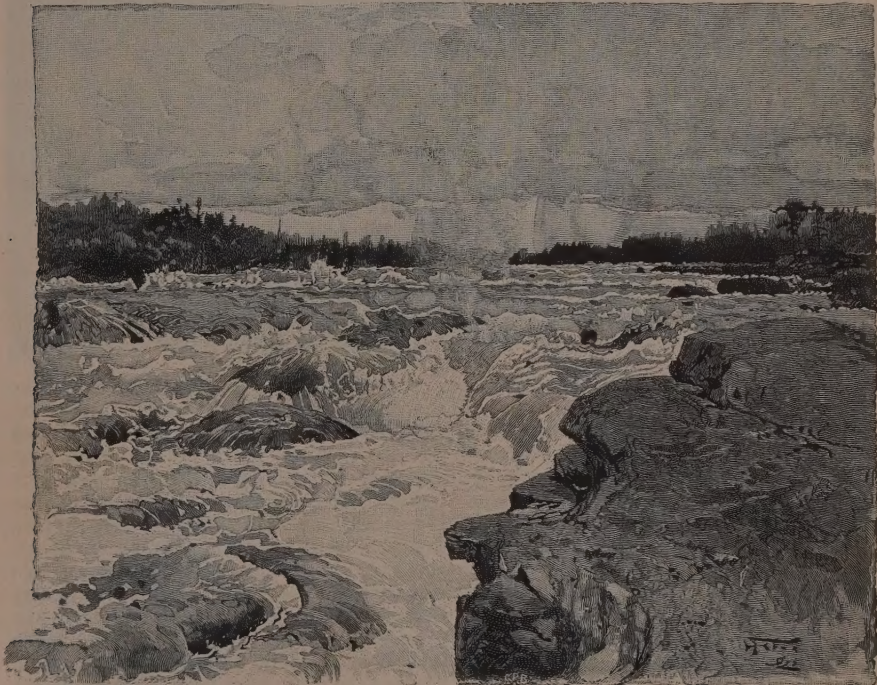
Falls. Our plan was to follow this old trail for several days, and then to leave the canoe and strike across country in a direction which we hoped would bring us again to the river in the vicinity of the Falls. It was deemed best to follow this circuitous canoe-route rather than to attempt to follow the banks of the river on foot, in which case everything would have to be carried on our backs for many miles through dense forests.

After a long search the old trail was found, and leaving Geoffrey in charge of the main camp on the river, the rest of us took the canoe and a week's provisions, and began the ascent of the steep path which led to the edge of the elevated plateau, which here approaches the river. In three days six lakes and the intervening portages were crossed. Arriving at the sixth lake, which was larger than the others, we turned aside from the dim trail and paddled to its northwestern extremity, where we drew out the canoe and prepared for the tramp toward the river. Arrayed in heavy marching order, and carrying almost all that remained of the provisions, we were soon advancing in a westerly direction. We were now on the table-land of the Labrador interior, and the country we were passing through was of the most desolate character, denuded of trees, the surface covered with caribou-moss, Labrador tea-

plants, blueberry-bushes, and thousands of boulders. By keeping to the ridges, fair progress was made; but when compelled to leave the higher ground and skirt the borders of the lakes, dense thickets of alders and willows were encountered, and these greatly impeded our advance. The desolation of this upland landscape is indescribable. No living thing was encountered, and the silence of primordial time reigned supreme. Just before sunset we went into camp on a hillside near a large lake, and soon after, from the top of a high rock, beheld a great column of mist rising like smoke against the western sky. This, we knew, marked the position of the Falls, and, needless to say, our spirits rose — oblivious of our bleak surroundings — as we contemplated the near attainment of our journey's end. During the night the thermometer registered a minimum tempera-

of falling waters was borne to our ears with growing distinctness. After what seemed an intolerable length of time, — so great was our eagerness, — a space of light in the trees ahead made known the presence of the river. Quickening our steps, we pushed on, and with beating hearts emerged from the forest near the spot where the river plunged into the chasm with a deafening roar.

A single glance showed that we had before us one of the greatest waterfalls in the world. Standing on the rocky brink of the chasm, a wild and tumultuous scene lay before us, a scene possessing elements of sublimity, and with details not to be apprehended in the first moments of wondering contemplation. Far upstream one beheld the surging, fleecy waters and tempestuous billows, dashing high their crests of foam, all forced onward with resistless



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

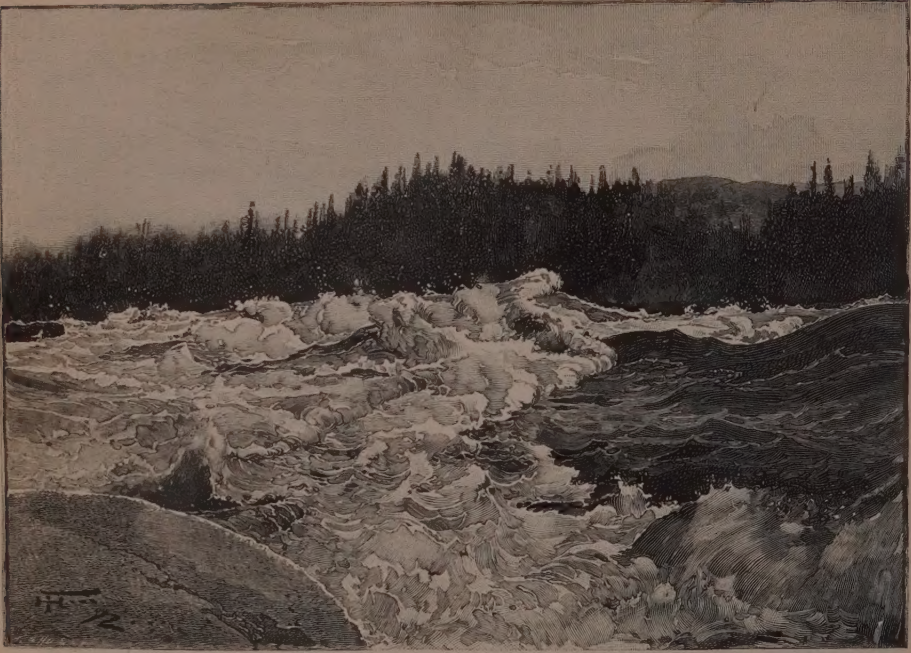
ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

RAPIDS ABOVE THE GRAND FALLS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN 250 FEET ABOVE THE BRINK.)

ture of 41° , and we were treated to a superb display of northern lights.

September 2 was a memorable day, as it marked the date of our arrival at Grand Falls. A rough march over the rocks and bogs intervened. As we approached the river, spruce forests of a heavier growth appeared, and pressing on through these, although we could no longer see the overhanging mist, the deep roar

power toward the steep rock whence they took their wild leap into the deep pool below. Turning to the very brink and looking over, we gazed into a world of mists and mighty reverberations. Here the exquisite colors of the rainbow fascinated the eye, and majestic sounds of falling waters continued the paean of the ages. Below and beyond the seething caldron the river appeared, pursuing its turbulent ca-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

CROSS VIEW OF THE RAPIDS NEAR THE BRINK OF THE GRAND FALLS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

reer past frowning cliffs, and over miles of rapids, where it heard "no sound save its own dashings." The babel of waters made conversation a matter of difficulty, and after a mute exchange of congratulations, we turned our attention to examining the river in detail above and below the Falls.

A mile above the main leap, the river is a noble stream nearly 300 yards wide, already flowing at an accelerated speed. Four rapids, marking successive depressions in the river-bed, intervene between this point and the Falls. At the first rapid the width of the stream is not more than 175 yards. From there it rapidly contracts until it reaches a point above the escarpment proper, where the entire column of fleecy water is compressed within rocky banks not more than 50 yards apart. Here the effect of resistless power is extremely fine. The maddened waters, sweeping downward with terrific force, rise in great surging billows high above the encompassing banks ere they finally hurl themselves into the gulf below. A great pillar of mist rises from the spot. An immense volume of water precipitates itself over the rocky ledge, and under favorable conditions the roar of the cataract can be heard for twenty miles. Below the Falls, the river, turning to the southeast, pursues its maddened career for twenty-five miles, shut in by vertical cliffs of gneissic rock

which rise in places to a height of 400 feet. Above and below the Falls the rocky banks are thickly wooded with fir and spruce, among which the graceful form of the white birch appears in places.

While Professor Kenaston and Montague were making a direct measurement of the principal fall, which proved to be 316 feet, an incident occurred which illustrated the cool daring of the latter in a striking manner. The water, at the time of our visit, was probably as low as it ever is in the Grand River. In fact, from the debris lodged high up on the banks, we judged the stream had fallen at least ten feet from the high-water mark of the spring freshets. This drop in the river left exposed a considerable surface of the rocky ledge which is usually covered by water, forming part of the brink of the fall. After measuring the length of the preliminary incline leading to the main leap, Montague was directed to cast the plummet-line over the rocky edge of the escarpment, in order to secure a measurement of the principal fall. This was done; but while Professor Kenaston was paying out the line, it caught in a slight crevice, and to complete the measurement it became necessary to free it at once. Without a moment's hesitation, our brave John clambered down the steep bank and walked out on the very brink of the Falls,

where, stooping down, with the spray of the passing flood wetting his cheek, he loosened the line, and returned to the bank in safety. A single misstep, or the slightest giddiness on his part, while on that dizzy height would have resulted tragically. But to think was to act with this hardy Scotchman, and, truly, his

the cañon. This I found to be a hazardous and exciting undertaking. Walking along the edge of the gorge just below the Falls, two places seemed to offer possible means of access to the river below. At both points I attempted the descent, only to find, after lowering myself from tree to tree down the bank, that a sheer



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY J.W. EVANS.

AT THE BRINK OF THE GRAND FALLS, SHOWING THE CREST OF THE INCLINE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

cool head and nerve served him well on this occasion.¹

While these direct measurements were being made, I turned my attention to obtaining a number of photographs of the Falls and rapids, and then to securing barometric readings above and below the cataract. In order to obtain an observation at the lower bed of the river, it was necessary to descend the steep walls of

precipice extended the remaining fifty or seventy-five feet to the surface of the water. On the third trial, by following the course of a tiny streamlet, the bed of the river was finally reached. By this time the day was far spent, and darkness almost enveloped the scene down in that imprisoned channel-bed. The situation was interesting, and filled with the charm of a first glimpse into one of nature's solitudes.

¹ At St. John's, Newfoundland, we had provided ourselves with several balls of stout linen cord with which to measure the height of the fall, if the situation should be found suitable. Fortunately, alongside the chute just above the brink of the main cataract, we found a floor of rock of the same slope, about 30° below the horizontal. Along this it was possible to go, but with some peril, nearly to the edge over which the stream plunges in its final descent. Fastening a heavy billet of green fir to one end of the cord, the weight was carried and thrown down on the surface of the rock to the brink of the fall, the cord being paid out from the upper end of the slope. A knot was made in the cord to mark the distance to the edge, and the billet was allowed to fall over the precipice into the chasm. Montague, having climbed along the bank at the edge of the cañon, was holding on by the trunk of a

tree, from which he could see when the block of wood struck the water below as the cord was paid out by me above. The instant of contact was plainly visible to him, and I was equally sensible of it. The cord was now drawn up over the edge and carefully measured with a tape-line. The whole length paid out was 505 feet, the part which measured the slope was 189 feet, leaving for the height of the main fall below the chute 316 feet. Allowing for a few degrees deviation from the perpendicular, and for a slight stretching of the cord, though this last was probably counteracted by wetting, the height of the fall may be considered something more than 300 feet. The vertical height of the chute, about 32 feet, added to the other measurement, makes the descent from the head of the chute to the surface of the water in the chasm about 348 feet.—C. A. KENASTON.

In front, the great river roaring hoarsely in the gloom, and just entering on its final journey over miles of rapids to the sea. On the opposite bank, a splendid cliff of pinkish hue led the eye from the gloomy base, in one long sweep of hundreds of feet aloft, to the utmost pinnacle, which still glowed a few brief moments in the departing rays of the sun. Darkness had settled over all when I clambered over the edge above and made my way through the forest to the camp, just above the Falls. My long absence had alarmed my companions, who welcomed my appearance within the circle of the camp-fire with expressions of relief. It was after nine o'clock when I sat down to a frugal supper that night, somewhat foot-sore and weary after the stirring events of the day.

The difficulties of obtaining near views of large masses of falling water are admitted by all photographers. In the case of the Grand Falls, these were increased by the character of the surroundings. The great volume of water, compressed as it is, and discharging itself through a funnel-like channel in the rocks, falls in a thick, narrow column a distance of 316 feet, sending up banks of vapor and presenting the appearance from a distance of a great pillar of cloud. The vegetation is affected by this vapory condition of the atmosphere, and thin patches of green moss, unlike anything seen elsewhere, were conspicuous on the face of the cliffs just below the Falls. Notwithstanding the apparent futility of the attempt, I endeavored to obtain two views looking across the main leap, from the bank near the brink. These negatives proved to be failures on development. By descending the bank as far as the steep incline permitted, and hanging to the roots of the dwarf fir-trees growing thereabout, I was able, by watching for a favorable moment when the veil of mist lightened, to secure a near view of part of the main leap. It was apparent that the best vantage-ground for viewing the face of the fall was from a point where the cañon wall jutted out a short distance into the deep pool below the Falls. This point of view I estimated was from 140 to 160 feet from the column of descending water, and down its rocky edge one could not creep more than fifteen feet before encountering an almost vertical wall which led to the river-bed below. While the rising vapor did not envelop us here as when nearer the brink, yet the effect of it, rising in banks from the base, while not displeasing to the eye, detracted somewhat from the fine sweep of the fall, the outline of which we could see descending behind the veil of mist. While on this rocky buttress, I took a photograph of the Falls, and one of the lower part of the Falls, showing the mist rising from the bottom, both of which proved to be almost total failures. To explain further

the lack of definition in those photographs, I will add that the afternoon was far advanced and the light far from good. The sun was already well down in the western sky,—across the river from me,—and in the worst possible position for my purpose. I emphasize this feature of the occasion, because it materially affected the result; for had the sun shone from the south instead of the west, I think it would have been quite possible to secure a view giving at least the outline of the Falls.

In my descent to the bottom of the cañon I carried my camera, but I was unable to obtain a view of the fall from the lower bed of the river, because a projecting point of rock several hundred yards up-stream cut off a distant view of the spectacle. The steep walls of the gorge, against which the water dashed in places, prevented any considerable advance up-stream, and I was reluctantly compelled to abandon my purpose of returning the following morning to secure photographs of the Falls from this lower position.

I felt at the time that while the views of the rapids and cañon promised well, those of the Falls could not be otherwise than unsatisfactory. I consoled myself, however, by the thought that the light of the following morning would prove more propitious. Great was my disappointment, then, when September 3 dawned a dull and threatening day. Friends have naively remarked, when I expressed my regret at not obtaining a good view of the main fall, "Why did you not remain encamped at the Falls until you had secured satisfactory photographs of this most important object?" Our provisions were all but exhausted, only enough remaining after breakfast for two scant meals. To have remained under the circumstances seemed to risk starvation, for owing to the absence of all game from the vicinity there appeared to be no means of eking out our supplies by the usual devices of the woodsman. Thus I decided to delay no longer for clear weather; and the two-days' storm which supervened proved, I think, my wisdom in declining to take the risk.

The deep incessant roar of the cataract that night was our lullaby as, stretched out under a rough "barricade," we glided into that realm of forgetfulness where even surroundings strange as ours counted as naught. By the morning light we again viewed the wonders of the place, and sought for some sign of the presence of bird or animal in the vicinity; but not a track, or the glint of a bird's wing, rewarded our quest, and this avoidance of the place by the wild creatures of the forest seemed to add a new element of severity to the eternal loneliness of the spot.

The Grand Falls of Labrador are nearly twice as high as Niagara, and are inferior to



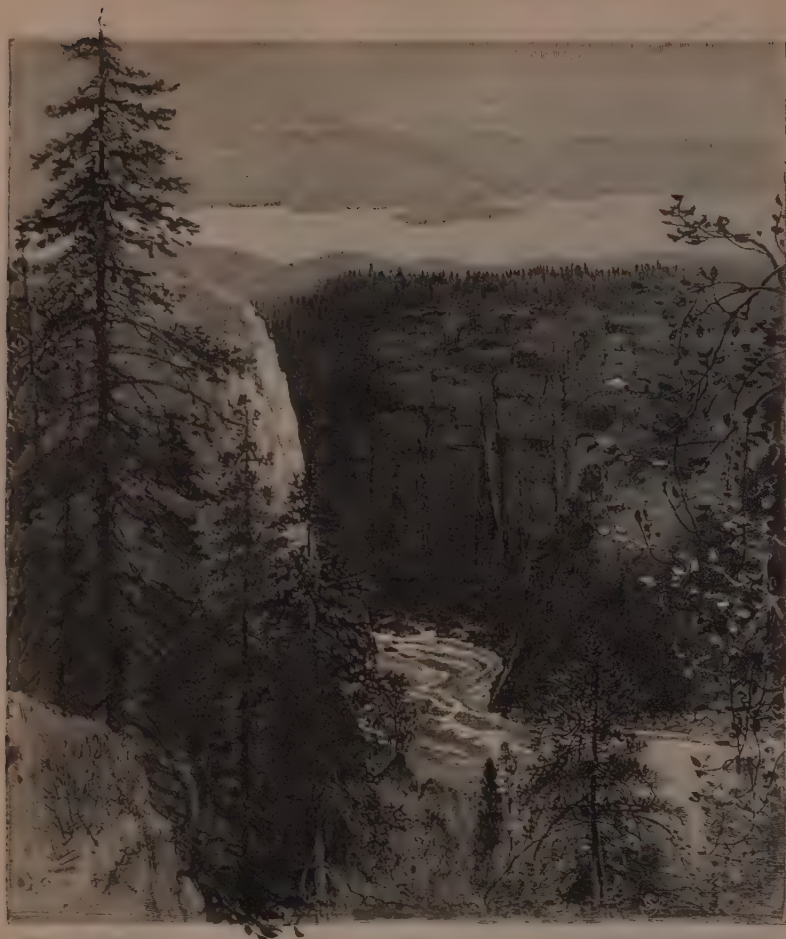
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY R. VARLEY.

VIEW OF THE GRAND FALLS, FROM THE PROJECTION OF ROCK BELOW. (BASED ON AN IMPERFECT PHOTOGRAPH.)

that marvelous cataract in breadth and volume of water only. One of their most striking characteristics is the astonishing leap into space which the torrent makes in discharging itself over its rocky barrier. From the description given of the rapid drop in the river-bed and the coincident narrowing of the channel, one can easily understand that the cumulative energy expended in this final leap of the pent-up waters is truly titanic. If a substratum of softer rock existed here, as at Niagara, a similar "Cave of the Winds" would enable one to penetrate a considerable distance beneath the fall. The uniform structure of the rock, however, pre-

vents any unequal disintegration, and thus the overarching sheet of water covers a nearly perpendicular wall, the base of which is washed by the waters of the lower river. In spite of the fact that no creature, except one with wings, could hope to penetrate this subaqueous chamber, the place is inhabited, if we are to believe the traditions of the Labrador Indians. Many years ago, so runs the tale, two Indian maidens gathering firewood near the Falls were enticed to the brink and drawn over by the evil spirit of the place. During the long years since then, these unfortunates have been condemned to dwell beneath the fall and forced to toil daily,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE CAÑON, A QUARTER OF A MILE BELOW THE GRAND FALLS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

dressing deerskins, until now, no longer young and beautiful, they can be seen betimes through the mist, trailing their white hair behind them and stretching out shriveled arms toward any mortal who ventures to visit the confines of their mystic dwelling-place. The Indian name for the Grand Falls—*Patses-che-wan*—means “The Narrow Place where the Water Falls.” Like the native word *Niagara*,—“Thunder of Waters,”—this Indian designation contains a poetic and descriptive quality which it would be hard to improve.

¹ After my departure for Labrador, I learned of another American expedition which proposed to visit the region of the Grand Falls during the summer of 1891. This enterprise, known as the Bowdoin College Labrador Expedition, under the leadership of Professor Leslie A. Lee, arrived at Rigoulette shortly after Professor Kenaston and myself. But owing to our delay in securing a crew and transportation inland, the four mem-

On the left bank of the river above the Falls I found a small fir-tree, about four inches in diameter, which had recently been cut off with an ax at the height of four feet from the ground. An empty meat-can covered the stump, beneath which, secured to the trunk, was a bottle containing a written record of the fact that two members of the Bowdoin party had reached the spot about two weeks before us. I added to the written record a brief statement of the time and circumstances of our visit, and resealed the bottle.¹

bers of the Bowdoin party who were despatched to visit the Falls reached the mouth of the Grand River first, and started on their journey up-stream a week in advance of us. The remainder of the Bowdoin students cruised along the coast in their schooner while their comrades were up the river. By the upsetting of one of their two boats, and the loss of provisions, instruments, etc., W. R. Smith and E. B. Young were

From the point where the river leaves the plateau and plunges into the deep pool below the Falls, its course for twenty-five miles is through one of the most remarkable cañons in the world. From the appearance of the sides of this gorge, and the zigzag line of the river, the indications are that the stream has slowly forced a channel through this rocky chasm, cutting its way back, foot by foot, from the edge of the plateau to the present position of the Falls. Recent investigators estimate that a period of six thousand years was required to form the gorge below Niagara Falls; or, in other words, that it has taken that length of time for the Falls to recede from their former position at Queenstown Heights to their present location. If it has taken this length of time for Niagara Falls to recede a distance of seven miles by the erosive power of the water acting on a soft shale rock supporting a stratum of limestone, the immensity of time involved by assuming that the Grand River cañon was formed in the same way is so great that the mind falters in contemplating it, especially when it is recognized that the escarpment of the Grand Falls is of hard gneissic rock. And yet no other explanation of the origin of this gorge is acceptable, unless, indeed, we can assume that at some former time a fissure occurred in the earth's crust as a result of igneous agencies, and that this fissure ran in a line identical with the present course of the river; in which case the drainage of the table-land, emptying into the Grand River, would follow the line of least resistance, and in the course of time excavate the fissure into the present proportions of the gorge.

The highest point reached by the expedition was in the vicinity of the Falls, where, according to the aneroid observations obtained, an elevation something in excess of 1500 feet was noted. Accepting the fact that results obtained by the aneroid barometer are not regarded as conclusive by careful observers, it is nevertheless apparent that the altitudes obtained can be taken as at least approximately correct, especially when it is borne in mind that a standard instrument was used, and corrections for temperature made in every instance. Thus it would appear that the generally accepted idea that the interior table-land of Labrador attains a

general elevation of over 2000 feet is erroneous, and future travelers will be called on to confirm or reject this important point relating to the configuration of the interior.

Having accomplished the main object of the trip, we set out on our return from this distant end of the expedition. A cold rain poured down during the first day's tramp across the barren plateau, and owing to a mistake in the course taken, we missed our former track, and became entangled in a lacustrine region, where we wandered for hours, unable to make any headway among the encompassing lakes. In the humid air landmarks became indistinct, and plunging on through bogs and over sharp rocks, cold, wet, and wearied with the weight of our packs, and with only enough flour remaining for one meal, our condition was unpleasant in the extreme. But dismal thoughts of being lost in this "great and terrible wilderness" incited us to unusual efforts, and at length, by making a long detour, a slight eminence was gained from which we could pick out a course in the desired direction. The storm, accompanied by lightning and thunder, continued during the night, and the most comfortless evening of the entire trip was passed on the bleak shores of a lake on this cheerless table-land. In the course of the following day we regained the canoe, and returning through the chain of lakes by the route previously used, we arrived in due time at the camp on the river, where Geoffrey was awaiting our return with some anxiety. Our trials were almost ended when we reached the river, and having embarked on it, the swift current carried us down-stream with exhilarating speed. Delaying only long enough to make a compass survey of the stream, in seven days the mouth of the river was reached without serious mishap.

A series of fierce gales detained us a week at Northwest River, and we did not arrive at Rigoulette until September 22. Sailing thence in a schooner, we soon reached Indian Harbor, a fishing-station on the coast, where we had the rare good fortune to secure passage on a Norwegian steamship, which brought us to St. John's, Newfoundland. From this point we took the regular passenger-steamer to New York city, where we arrived on October 15, thus completing a journey of over 4000 miles.

Henry G. Bryant.

obliged to turn back. The two remaining members of the party, Austin Cary and D. M. Cole, advanced up the river in their boat to a point about ten miles above the "Big Hill," where we turned off for the interior plateau. From there they followed the bank of the river as closely as the nature of the country permitted, until they reached the Falls. They did not measure the height of the cataract. They are entitled to praise for their pluck in overcoming obstacles in their advance up the river, and for their courage and endurance on the retreat; for owing to the spreading of their camp-

fire, they lost camp, boat, and outfit, which rendered their escape down the river an experience of great hardship. Mr. Cary, in a letter to the writer, says: "We were given but thirty days from the vessel. . . . We were compelled to travel up to the limit of our strength, and leave scientific matters to the return trip; and then on the return trip it was all we could do to carry ourselves out of the country." Mr. Cary's account of his experiences was printed in a recent number of the "Bulletin of the American Geographical Society."—H. G. B.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES. BY F. D. MILLET.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.



HE coming of Antonín Dvořák¹ to be director of the National Conservatory of Music is an episode in the history of musical culture in America which has unusual elements of interest. In the story of his life there is a tinge of romance which makes its perusal peculiarly delightful in this age of high average talent and prosaic plodding. It is a story of manifest destiny, of signal triumph over obstacle and discouraging environment. To rehearse it stimulates hope, reanimates ambition, and helps to keep alive popular belief in the reality of that precious attribute the name of which seems almost to have dropped out of the current musical vocabulary. Never in the history of the art did the critic of contemporary music have so little use for the word genius as he has had since the death of Chopin.

In Dvořák and his works is to be found a twofold encouragement for the group of native musicians whose accomplishments of late have seemed to herald the rise of a school of American composers. The eminent Bohemian has not only won his way to the exalted position which he occupies by an exercise of traits of mind and character that have always been peculiarly the admiration of American manhood, but he has also placed himself at the head (or if not at the head, then at least in the front rank) of the nationalists in music. I do not like the term, but I cannot think of a better. Dvořák's example turns attention again to the wealth of material which lies, never yet thoroughly assayed, scarcely touched indeed, in the vast mines of folk-music. The significance of his compositions lies in their blending together of popular elements and classical forms. These forms were as romantic, as free, in their origin as the people's songs and dances; and in the hands of genius they will always remain pliant and plastic, in spite of the operations of that too zealous conservatism which masquerades as classicism.

There is measureless comfort in the prospect which the example of Dvořák has opened up. It promises freshness and forcefulness of melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic contents, and newness and variety in the vehicles of utterance. It drives away the bugaboo of formlessness, which for so long a time has frightened the souls

of fearful conservatives, by pointing the way to a multifarious development of forms. For the present the analysts will be obliged to label the new contents and the new vessels, but that will not matter. The phrase that music is a cosmopolite owing allegiance to no people and no tongue is become trite. It should not be misunderstood. Like tragedy in its highest conception, music is of all times and all peoples; but the more clearly the world comes to recognize how deep and intimate are the springs from which the emotional element in music flows, the more fully will it recognize that originality and power in the composer rest upon the use of dialects and idiomis which are national or racial in origin and structure.

The fate which gave the world a composer of music robbed Bohemia of a butcher. Franz Dvořák, the father of Antonín, was the village butcher and innkeeper at Nelahozeves (Mühlhausen), and his ambition touching his son, who was born on September 8, 1841, ran no higher than to bring him up so that he might take his place in what seemed the natural line of succession. In forming this resolve, which was broken down only after a long struggle, the father showed no appreciation of the extent and character of his son's musical gifts; yet in this he was scarcely blameworthy. A love for music, and a certain aptitude in the practice of the art, are the birthright of every Bohemian. "I had frequently been told," wrote Dr. Burney over a century ago, "that the Bohemians were the most musical people of Germany, or perhaps of all Europe; and an eminent German composer, now in London, had declared to me that if they enjoyed the same advantages as the Italians they would excel them." The great historian was skeptical in the premises, being convinced that "nature, though often partial to individuals in her distribution of genius and talents, is never so to a whole people," and being unable to account for climate (the influence of which in the direction indicated he was ready to confess) operating more in favor of music upon the Bohemians than on their neighbors, the Saxons and Moravians. Nevertheless, soon after his arrival in the country he was privileged to discover one cause of the preëminence of the Bohemians in music. At Czeslani he found a school full of "little children of both sexes, from six to ten or eleven years old, who

¹ The Bohemian language contains a sibilated *r*, the modification of the usual sound being indicated by the accent over the letter, as in the composer's name. The

effect of the accent is to cause the *r* to be pronounced like the German letters "rsch." The name is therefore to be pronounced "Dvorschak."

were reading, writing, playing on violins, hautboys, bassoons, and other instruments." After that it was easy for him to understand how the nobility of the country could maintain orchestras in their houses. In keeping servants it was impossible to do otherwise, "as all the children of the peasants and tradespeople in every town and village throughout the kingdom of Bohemia are taught music at the common reading-schools, except in Prague, where, indeed, it is no part of school learning, the musicians being brought thither from the country."

It was the village schoolmaster at Nelahozeves who taught Dvořák to play the violin and to sing, probably with no greater expectations than those aroused by scores of the boy's schoolmates, though it was noted afterward that Antonín had betrayed more than common interest when the itinerant musicians enlivened the church holidays by playing at his father's inn. Before the lad was twelve years old he himself could take a hand with the peripatetic fiddlers and blowers. In 1853 he was sent to school at Zlonitz, where an organist taught him a little theory and introduced his hand to the keyboards of the pianoforte and organ. This instruction endured two years, when his father, who meanwhile had transferred his residence to Zlonitz, sent him to a more advanced school at Kamnitz, where his mind was to receive its final polish, and where, in particular, he was to acquire the German language in obedience to the law of the land. Unlike his musical studies, this was not a labor of love. Dvořák had inherited all the fierce hatred which the Czechs feel for the Germans, and even to-day necessity alone can persuade him to speak or write the German tongue. His cantata "The Spectre's Bride" and his oratorio "St. Ludmilla" were composed to Bohemian words, which were then translated into German, and from the German into English.

It was while he was at Kamnitz that he first became ambitious to exhibit his skill as a composer. It may be that a very obvious and laudable aim was behind a surprise which he prepared for his father after he had been studying a year with Organist Hancke. He had not yet won his father's consent to follow music-making rather than sausage-making for a living. Returned to the paternal inn with its *obligato* abattoir at Zlonitz, he surprised his father by producing the orchestral score of a polka, which he proudly placed in the hands of the convenient band for performance. It was indeed a surprise. Instead of the expected harmonies, the young composer's ears were assaulted by fearful discords, due to the circumstance that the trumpets played a fourth higher than the harmony permitted. Trumpets are transposing instruments, but Antonín did not know that

fact, and had written his music for them in the key that he expected to hear. This unhappy experiment, though it may not have caused any embarrassment, at least did not help him to beat down his father's stubborn opposition to his adoption of music as a profession, and it was a long time before he gained permission to go to Prague and enter the organ-school maintained by the Society for Ecclesiastical Music. The permission, when it came, brought with it little guarantee of financial support, and for three years after he entered the school in October, 1857, he kept himself alive by playing the viola in a band of eighteen or twenty men who regaled the frequenters of cafés and other public resorts with popular dances, potpourris, and overtures. In this way he earned twenty-two florins a month (about \$9), adding something to this sum by playing with the bandmaster in sextets at an insane asylum, where his knowledge of the organ also found occupation. As yet he had never had an opportunity to study the scores of the masters or to hear an opera. On one memorable occasion four cents would have bought him the privilege of hearing "Der Freischütz" from the cheapest place in the opera-house; but the sum was more than he had in his pockets, and an effort to borrow resulted in failure. It was not until he became a member of a theatrical orchestra that he made the acquaintance of operatic literature beyond the overtures and potpourris which were the stock-in-trade of the popular bands. Concerts of the better class he managed to hear occasionally by slipping into the orchestra and hiding behind the drums.

In 1862 a Bohemian theater was opened in Prague, and the band to which Dvořák belonged was hired to furnish the music. It was a modest undertaking, but it made a powerful appeal to the patriotic feeling of the Czechs, and in time was developed into the National Theater. The change was a welcome stepping-stone for the budding musician. With some of his associates he was drafted into the larger orchestra of the greater institution. He now made the acquaintance of Karl Bendl, a popular and admirable composer, who placed in his hands the scores of Beethoven's septet and the quartets of Onslow, and thus opened the door of the classics to him. How great a stimulus to his zeal, industry, and ambition these scores were, can only be imagined. He began at once to compose in the higher forms, producing a quintet for strings in 1862, finishing two symphonies before 1865, and trying his prentice hand on an opera. But these compositions all went into his desk; he did not venture before the public until 1873, when, having received an appointment as organist at St. Adalbert's Church, he quit playing in the theatrical or-

chestra, took unto himself a wife, and celebrated his good fortune by writing the music for a cantata entitled "The Heirs of the White Mountains." The subject was patriotic, and the markedly national characteristics of the music won for the cantata prompt and hearty recognition in Prague. It was followed in 1874 by a symphony in E flat, two nocturnes for orchestra, and a scherzo for a symphony in D minor. Prague, which has ever been prompt to recognize genius (as witness that episode in Mozart's life which flowered in "Don Giovanni"), now saw in the young man of thirty-three a possible peer of Gyrowetz, Wanhall, Dionys Weber, Wranitzky, Duschek, Ambros, Dreyschock, Kalliwoda, Kittl, Moscheles, Napravnik, Neswadba, Smetana, Skroup, and other favorite sons, and the National Theater commissioned him to compose an opera.

Not long before, Wagner had been in Prague, and Dvořák had become, as he says, "perfectly crazy about him," following him through the streets to catch occasional glimpses of "the great little man's face." More than this, Dvořák had just heard "Die Meistersinger." Under such influences he wrote the music of "The King and the Collier," and produced a score which on rehearsal everybody about the theater agreed in pronouncing to be utterly impracticable. It could not be sung, and was abandoned until 1875, when Dvořák took the book up again and composed it afresh, giving himself up wholly to the current of his own ideas, and making no effort to imitate the manner of Wagner. He had learned that it was given to but one to bend the bow of Ulysses. In its new musical garb the opera was performed, and again popular favor was won by the national tinge in the music and by its elemental strength.

The time had now come for the Czech to show himself to the world. In the control of the Austrian Ministry of Education (*Kultusministerium*) there is a fund for the encouragement of musical composers. This is doled out in stipends, the merit of applicants being passed on by a commission appointed for the purpose. Dvořák sent to Vienna a symphony and his opera, and received a grant of \$160. The next year he applied again, and though his thesis consisted of his now celebrated "Stabat Mater" and a new opera, "Wanda," nothing came of the application. On a third trial, which was supported by the book of vocal duets called "Sounds from Moravia" ("Klänge aus Mähren") and other compositions, the commission, which now consisted of Johannes Brahms, Johann Herbeck, and Dr. Edward Hanslick, recommended a grant of \$240. More valuable than the stipend, however, was the interest which his music had awakened in Brahms and Hanslick. The latter sent offi-

cial notification of the action of the commission, which the former supplemented with a personal letter in which he informed the ambitious composer that he had advised Simrock to print some of his compositions. An invitation came from the Berlin publisher soon after, Dvořák composed a set of Slavonic dances as piano-forte duets, the dances soon after found their way into the concert-rooms of Berlin, London, and New York (Theodore Thomas brought them forward in the latter city in the winter of 1879-80), and the name of Dvořák became known to the musical world. It was reserved, however, for the composition which the Austrian Commission had ignored to lift him to the height of popularity and fame. On March 10, 1883, the London Musical Society performed his "Stabat Mater." The work created a veritable sensation, which was intensified by a repetition under the direction of the composer three days later, and a performance at the Worcester festival in 1884. He now became the prophet of the English choral festivals. For Birmingham, in 1885, he composed "The Spectre's Bride"; for Leeds, in 1886, "St. Ludmilla"; for Birmingham, in 1891, the "Requiem Mass," which last work was produced in New York and Cincinnati within six months of its first performance in England. Meanwhile two or three of his symphonies, his symphonic variations for orchestra, scherzo capriccioso, dramatic overture "Husitská," and his Slavonic dances have become prime favorites with the audiences for whom Mr. Seidl caters in New York, Mr. Nikisch in Boston, and Mr. Thomas in Chicago. Last year the composer who had not four cents in his pocket to buy admission to "Der Freischütz" thirty years ago, and who was glad to accept a stipend of \$160 from the Austrian government less than twenty years ago, signed a contract to perform the functions of Director of the National Conservatory of Music for three years at a salary of \$15,000 a year.

The forcefulness and freshness of Dvořák's music come primarily from his use of dialects and idioms derived from the folk-music of the Czechs. This music is first cousin to that of Russia and Poland, and the significance of the phenomenon that Dvořák presents is increased by the rapid rise of the Muscovite school of composers exemplified in Tschaiakowsky, Rimsky-Korsakow, and Cui. Ever since the beginning of the Romantic movement the influence of folk-music has been felt, but never in the degree that it is felt now. Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert made use of Hungarian melodies, but none of them was able to handle their characteristic elements in such a manner as to make them the vital part of their compositions. Something of the spiritual essence

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.¹

VII. IMAGINATION.



It is worth while to reflect for a moment upon the characteristics of recent poetry. Take, for example, the verse of our language produced during the laureateship of Tennyson, and since the rise, let us say, of Longfellow and his American compeers.

In much of this composition you detect an artistic convergence of form, sound, and color—a nice adjustment of parts, a sense of craftsmanship, quite unusual in the impetuous Georgian revival—certainly not displayed by any poets of that time except those among whom Keats was the paragon and Leigh Hunt the propagandist. You find a vocabulary far more elaborate than that from which Keats wrought his simple and perfected beauty. The conscious refinement of our minor lyrists is in strong contrast with the primitive method of their romantic predecessors. Some of our verse, from “Woodnotes” and “In Memoriam” and “Fertile Fancies” down, is charged with wholesome and often subtle thought. There has been a marked idyllic picturesqueness, besides a variety of classical and Preraphaelite experiments, and a good deal of genuine and tender feeling. Our leaders have been noted for taste or thought or conviction—often for these traits combined. But we obtain our average impression of a literary era from the temper of its writers at large. Of late our clever artists in verse—for such they are—seem with a few exceptions indifferent to thought and feeling, and avoid taking their office seriously. A vogue of light and troubadour verse-making has come, and now is going as it came. Every possible mode of artisanship has been tried in turn. The like conditions prevail upon the Continent, at least as far as France is concerned; in fact, the caprices of our minor minstrelsy have been largely the outcome of a new literary Gallomania.

Now, I think you will feel that there is something unsatisfactory; something much less satisfactory than what we find in the little prose masterpieces of the new American school; that from the mass of all this rhythmical work the higher standard of poetry could scarcely be derived. To be sure, it is the providential wont of

youth to be impressed by the latest models, to catch the note of its own moment. Many know the later favorites by heart, yet perhaps have never read an English classic. We hear them say, “Who reads Milton now, or Byron, or Coleridge?” It is just as well. Otherwise a new voice might not be welcomed—would have less chance to gain a hearing. Yet I think that even the younger generation will agree with me that there are lacking qualities to give distinction to poetry as the most impressive literature of our time; qualities for want of which it is not now the chief force, but is compelled to yield its eminence to other forms of composition, especially to prose fiction, realistic or romantic, and to the literature of scientific research.

If you compare our recent poetry, grade for grade, with the Elizabethan or the Georgian, I think you will quickly realize that the characteristics which alone can confer the distinction of which I speak are those which we call Imagination and Passion. Poetry does not seem to me very great, very forceful, unless it is either imaginative or impassioned, or both; and in sooth, if it is the one, it is very apt to be the other.

The younger lyrists and idyllists, when finding little to evoke these qualities, have done their best without them. Credit is due to our craftsmen for what has been called “a finer art in our day.” It is wiser, of course, to succeed within obvious limits than to flounder ambitiously outside them. But the note of spontaneity is lost. Moreover, extreme finish, adroitness, graces, do not inevitably betoken the glow of imaginative conception, the ecstasy of high resolve.

If anything great has been achieved without exercise of the imagination, I do not know of it. I am referring to striking productions and achievements, not to acts of virtue. Nevertheless, at the last analysis, it might be found that imagination has impelled even the saints and martyrs of humanity.

Imagination is the creative origin of what is fine, not in art and song alone, but also in all forms of action—in campaigns, civil triumphs, material conquest. I have mentioned its indisparability to the scientists. It takes, they surmise, four hundred and ninety years for the light of Rigel to visit us. Modern imagination goes in a second to the darkness beyond the utmost star, speculates whether the ether itself may not

¹ Copyright, 1892, by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

have a limiting surface, is prepared to see at any time a new universe come sailing from the outer void, or to discover a universe within our own under absolutely novel conditions. It posits molecules, atomic rings; it wreaks itself upon the ultimate secrets of existence. But in the practical world our men of action are equally, though often unwittingly, possessed by it. The imagination of inventors, organizers, merchant princes, railway kings, is conceptive and strenuous. It bridges rivers, tunnels mountains, makes an ocean-ferry, develops the forces of vapor and electricity, and carries each to swift utility; is already picturing an empery of the air, and doubtless sighs that its tangible franchise is restricted to one humble planet.

If the triumphs of the applied imagination have more and more engrossed public attention, it must be remembered that its exhibitors, accumulating wealth, promote the future structures of the artist and poet. In the Old World this has been accomplished through the instrumentality of central governments. In a democracy the individual imagination has the liberty, the duty, of free play and achievement. Therefore we say that in this matter our republicanism is on trial; that, with a forecast more exultant, as it is with respect to our own future, than that of any people on earth, our theory is wrong unless through private impulse American foundations in art, learning, humanity, are not even more continuous and munificent than those resulting in other countries from governmental promotion.

As for the poetic imagination, as distinguished from that of the man of affairs, if it cannot parcel out the earth, it can enable us to "get along just as well without it"—and this by furnishing a substitute at will. There is no statement of its magic so apt as that of our master magician. It "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," and through the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

I seldom refer to Shakspeare in these lectures, since we all instinctively resort to him as to nature itself; his text being not only the chief illustration of each phase that may arise, but also, like nature, presenting all phases in combination. It displays more of clear and various beauty, more insight, surer descriptive touches,—above all, more human life,—than that of any other poet; yes, and more art, in spite of a certain constructive disdain—the free and prodigal art that is like nature's own. Thus he seems to require our whole attention or none, and it is as well to illustrate a special quality by some poet more dependent upon it.

Yet if there is one gift which sets Shakspeare at a distance even from those who approach him on one or another side, it is that of his imagination. As he is the chief of poets, we infer that the faculty in which he is supereminent must be the greatest of poetic endowments. Yes; in his wonderland, as elsewhere, imagination is king.

There is little doubt concerning the hold of Shakspeare upon future ages. I have sometimes debated whether, in the change of dramatic ideals and of methods in life and thought, he may not become outworn and alien. But the purely creative quality of his imagination renders it likely that its structures will endure. Prehistoric Hellas is far removed from our experience; yet Homer, by force of a less affluent imagination, is a universal poet to-day—to-day, when there is scarcely a law of physics or of art familiar to us that was not unknown to Homer's world. Shakspeare's imagination is still more independent of discovery, place, or time. It is neither early nor late, antiquated nor modern; or, rather, it is always modern and abiding. The beings which he creates, if suddenly transferred to our conditions, would make themselves at home. His land is one wherein the types of all ages meet and are contemporary. He created beings, and took circumstances as he found them; that is, as his knowledge enabled him to conceive of them at the time. The garb and manners of his personages were also a secondary matter. Each successive generation makes the acquaintance of these creatures, and troubles itself little about their fashions and acquirements. Knowledge is progressive, communicable: the types of soul are constant, and are sufficient in themselves.

It does no harm, as I said at the outset of this course, for the most advanced audience to go back now and then to the primer of art—to think upon the meaning of an elementary term. Nor is it an easy thing to formulate clear statements of qualities which we instantly recognize or miss in any human production, and for which we have a ready, a traditional, nomenclature. So, then, what is the artistic imagination, that of one who expresses his conceptions in form or language? I should call it a faculty of conceiving things according to their actualities or possibilities—that is, as they are or may be; of conceiving them clearly; of seeing with the eyes closed, and hearing with the ears sealed, and vividly feeling, things which exist only through the will of the artist's genius. Not only of conceiving these, but of holding one's conceptions so well in mind as to express them—to copy them—in actual language or form.

The strength of the imagination is propor-

tioned, in fact, to its definiteness, and also to the stress of its continuance—of the memory which prolongs it for utilization. Every one has more or less of this ideal faculty. The naturalness of children enables us to judge of their respective allotments. A mother knows which of her brood is the imaginative one. She realizes that it has a rare endowment, yet one as perilous as "the fatal gift of beauty." Her pride, her solicitude, are equally centered in that child. Now the clearer and more self-retentive this faculty, the more decided the ability of one in whom it reaches the grade at which he may be a designer, an artist, or a poet.

Let us see. Most of us have a sense of music. Tunes of our own "beat time to nothing" in the head. We can retain the theme, or opening phrase, at least, of a new composition that pleases us. But the musician, the man of genius, is haunted with unbidden harmonies; besides, after hearing a difficult and prolonged piece he holds it in memory, perhaps can repeat it,—as when a Von Bülow repeats offhand an entire composition by Liszt. Moreover, his mind definitely hears its own imaginings; otherwise the sonata, the opera, will be confused and inferior. Again: most of us, especially when nervous or half asleep, find the "eyes make pictures when they are shut." Faces come and go, or change with startling vividness. The face that comes to a born painter does not instantly go; that of an angel is not capriciously transformed to something imp-like. He sees it in such wise that he retains it and can put it on his canvas. He has the clear-seeing, the sure-holding, gift which alone is creative. It is the same with the landscape-painter, the sculptor, the architect. Artistic ability is coördinate with the clearness and staying-power of the imagination.

More than one painter has declared that when a sitter was no longer before him, he could still lift his eyes, and see the sitter's image, and go on copying it as before. Often, too, the great painter copies better from some conception of his own brain than from actual nature. His mind's eye is surer than his body's. Blake wrote: "Men think they can copy Nature as correctly as I copy imagination. This they will find impossible." And again, "Why are copies of Nature incorrect, while copies of imagination are correct? This is manifest to all." Of course this statement is debatable; but for its philosophy, and for illustrations alike of the definite and the sublime, there is nothing later than Michelangelo to which one refers more profitably than to the life and letters, and to the titanic yet clear and beautiful designs, of the inspired draftsman William Blake. Did he see his visions? Undeniably. Did he call them into absolute existence? Sometimes I think he did; that all soul is endowed with the divine

power of creation in the concrete. If so, man will realize it in due time. The poetry of Blake, prophetic and otherwise, must be read with discrimination, for his linguistic execution was less assured than that of his brush and graver; his imagination as a painter, and his art-maxims, were of the high order, but his work as a poet was usually rhapsodical and ill-defined.

But, as I have said, the strength and beauty of any man's poetry depend chiefly upon the definiteness of his mental vision. I once knew a poet of genuine gifts who did not always "beat his music out." When I objected to a feeble, indistinct conception in one of his idyls, "Look you," said he, "I see that just as clearly as you do; it takes hold of me, but I have n't" (he chose to say) "your knack of definite expression." To which I rejoined: "Not so. If you saw it clearly you would express it, for you have a better vocabulary at your command than I possess. Look out of the window, at that building across the street. Now let us sit down, and see who can make the best picture of it in fifteen lines of blank verse—you or I." After a while our trial was completed. His verse, as I had expected, was more faithful and expressive than mine, was apter in word and outline. It reinforced my claim. "There," said I, "if you saw the conception of your other poem as plainly as you see that ordinary building, you would convey it definitely. You would not be confused and obscure, for you have the power to express what your mind really pictures."

The true poet, said Joubert, "has a mind full of very clear images, while ours is only filled with confused descriptions." Now, vagueness of impression engenders a kind of excitement in which a neophyte fancies that his gift is particularly active. He mistakes the wish to create for the creative power. Hence much spasmodic poetry, full of rhetoric and ejaculations, sound and empty fury; hence the gasps which indicate that vision and utterance are impeded, the contortions without the inspiration. Hence, also, the "fatal facility," the babble of those who write with ease and magnify their office. The impassioned artist also dashes off his work, but his need for absolute expression makes the final execution as difficult as it is noble. Another class, equipped with taste and judgment, but lacking imagination, proffer as a substitute beautiful and recondite materials gathered here and there. Southey's work is an example of this process, and that of the popular and scholarly author of "The Light of Asia" is not free from it; indeed, you see it everywhere in the verse of the minor art-school, and even in Tennyson's and Longfellow's early poems. But the chief vice of many writers is obscure expression. Their seeming depth is often mere turbidness, though it is true that thought may be

so analytic that its expression must be novel and difficult. Commonplace thought and verse, however clear, certainly are not greater than Browning's, but as a rule the better the poet the more intelligible. There are no stronger conceptions than those of the Book of Job, of Isaiah, Homer, Shakspeare, nor are there any more patent in their simplicity to the common understanding.

THE imagination in literature is not confined to that which deals with the weird or superhuman. It is true that, for convenience' sake, the selections classed in the best of our anthologies as "Poems of the Imagination" consist wholly of verse relative to nymphs, fairies, sprites, apparitions, and the like. Although this justly includes "Comus" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," there is more fantasy than imagination in other pieces,—in such a piece, for instance, as "The Culpit Fay." No one knows better than the critical editor of "The Household Book of Poetry" that there is more of the high imaginative element in brief touches, such as Wordsworth's

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream,—
or Shakspeare's

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,—
or Bryant's path of the waterfowl, through

The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost,—
or Stoddard's vanished city of the waste,

Gone like a wind that blew
A thousand years ago,—

and countless other passages as effective, than in the whole of Drake's "Culpit Fay," that being eminently a poem of fancy from beginning to end.

But the imagination is manifold and various. Among its offices, though often not as the most poetic, may be counted invention and construction. These, with characterization, are indeed the chief functions of the novelist. But the epic narratives have been each a growth, not a sudden formation, and the effective plots of the grand dramas—of Shakspeare's, for example—have mostly been found and utilized, rather than newly invented. "The Princess," "Aurora Leigh," and "Lucile" are almost the only successful modern instances of metrical tale-invention, and the last two are really novels in verse. The epic and dramatic poets give imagination play in depicting the event; the former, as Goethe writes to Schiller, conceiving it "as belonging completely to the past," and the latter "as

belonging completely to the present." But neither has occasion to originate his story; his concern is with its ideal reconstruction.

The imagination, however, is purely creative in the work to which I have just said that it is not restricted, viz., the conception of beings not drawn from experience, to whom it alone can give an existence that is wondrous yet seemingly not out of nature. Such are the forms which Shakspeare called "from the vasty deep": the Weird Sisters, the greenwood sprites, the haunted-island progeny of earth and air. Such are those quite differing creations, Goethe's mocking fiend and the Mephistophili of Marlowe's "Faustus." Milton's Satan, the grandest of imaginary personages, does not seem to belong to the supramortal class; he is the more sublime because, though scaling heaven and defying the Almighty, he is so unmistakably human. Shakspeare is not strong in the imaginative construction of many of his plays, at least not in the artistic sense,—with respect to that the "Œdipus at Colonus" is a masterpiece,—but he very safely left them to construct themselves. In the conception of human characters, and of their thoughts and feelings, he is still sovereign of imagination's world. In modern times the halls of Wonder have been trodden by Blake and Coleridge and Rossetti. The marvelous "Rime," with its ghostly crew, its spectral seas, its transformation of the elements, is pure and high-sustained imagination. In "Christabel" both the terror and the loveliness are haunting. That beauteous fragment was so potent with the romanticists that Scott formed his lyrical method, that of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," upon it, and Byron quickly yielded to its spell. But Coleridge's creative mood was as brief as it was enrapturing. From his twenty-sixth to his twenty-eighth year he blazed out like Tycho Brahe's star, then sank his light in metaphysics, exhibiting little thenceforth of worth to literature except a criticism of poets and dramatists that in its way was luminous and constructive.

The poet often conveys a whole picture by a single imaginative touch. A desert scene by Gérôme would give us little more than we conceive from Landor's suggestive detail—

And hoofless camels in long single line
Stalk slow, with foreheads level to the sky.

This force of suggestion is nevertheless highly effective in painting: as where the shadow of the cross implies the crucifixion, or where the cloud-phantoms seen by Doré's "Wandering Jew" exhibit it; and as when, in the same artist's designs for Don Quixote, we see visions with the mad knight's eyes. Of a kindred nature is the prevision, the event forestalled, of a single word

or phrase. Leigh Hunt cited the line from Keats's "Isabella," "So the two brothers and their murdered man,"—the victim, then journeying with his future slayers, being already dead in their intention. A striking instance of the swift-flashing imagination is in a stanza from Stoddard's Horatian ode upon the funeral of Lincoln:

The time, the place, the stealing shape,
The coward shot, the swift escape,
The wife, the widow's scream.

What I may call the constant, the *habitual*, imagination of a true poet is shown by his instinct for words—those keys which all may clatter, and which yield their music to so few. He finds the inevitable word or phrase, unfound before, and it becomes classical in a moment. The power of words and the gift of their selection are uncomprehended by writers who have all trite and hackneyed phrases at the pen's end. The imagination begets original diction, suggestive epithets, verbs implying extended scenes and events, phrases which are a delight and which, as we say, speak volumes, single notes which establish the dominant tone.

This kind of felicity makes an excerpt from Shakspeare unmistakable. Milton's diction rivals that of Æschylus, though nothing can outrank the Grecian's ἀνρίθμητον γέλασμα—the innumerable laughter of his ocean waves. But recall Milton's "wandering moon" (borrowed, haply, from the Latin), and his "wilderness of sweets"; and such phrases as "dim, religious light," "fatal and perfidious bark," "hide their diminished heads," "the least-erected spirit that fell," "barbaric pearl and gold," "imparadised in one another's arms," "rose like an exhalation," "such sweet compulsion doth in music lie"; and his fancies of the daisies' "quaint enameled eyes," and of "dancing in the chequered shade"; and numberless similar beauties that we term Miltonic. After Shakspeare and Milton, Keats stands first in respect of imaginative diction. His appellatives of the Grecian Urn, "Cold pastoral," and "Thou foster-child of silence and slow time," are in evidence. "The music yearning like a god in pain," and

Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor,

excel even Milton's "forget thyself to marble." What a charm in his "darkling I listen," and his thought of Ruth "in tears amid the alien corn"! Shelley's diction is less sure and eclectic, yet sometimes his expression, like his own skylark, is "an embodied joy." Byron's imaginative language is more rhetorical, but none will forget his "haunted, holy ground,"

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"Death's prophetic ear," "the quiet of a loving eye" (which is like Wordsworth, and again like Landor's phrase on Milton—"the Sabbath of his mind"). None would forego "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," or "the dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns," or such a combination of imagination and feeling as this:

I turned from all she brought to those she could
not bring.

Coleridge's "myriad-minded Shakspeare" is enough to show his mastery of words. A conjuring quality like that of the voices heard by Kubla Khan,

Ancestral voices prophesying war,

lurks in the imaginative lines of our Southern lyrist, Boner, upon the cottage at Fordham, which aver of Poe, that

Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

Tennyson's words often seem too laboriously and exquisitely chosen. But that was a good moment when, in his early poem of "Ænone," he pictured her as wandering

Forlorn of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.

Amongst Americans, Emerson has been the chief master of words and phrases. Who save he could enveil us in "the tumultuous privacy" of the snow-storm? Lowell has great verbal felicity. It was manifest even in the early period when he apostrophized the dandelion,— "Dear common flower," "Thou art my tropics and mine Italy,"—and told us of its "harmless gold." But I have cited a sufficient number of these well-wonted instances. Entering the amazing treasure-house of English song, one must remember the fate of the trespasser within the enchanted grotto of the "Gesta Romanorum," where rubies, sapphires, diamonds, lay in flashing heaps on every side. When he essayed to fill his wallet with them, the spell was broken, the arrow whizzed, and he met the doom allotted to pickers and stealers.

WITH respect to configuration, the antique genius, in literature as in art, was clear and assured. It imagined plainly, and drew firm outlines. But the Acts and Scenes of our English dramatists were often shapeless; their schemes were full of by-play and plot within plot; in fine, their constructive faculty showed the caprice of rich imaginations that disdained control. Shakspeare, alone of all, never fails to justify Leigh Hunt's maxim that, in treating

of the unusual, "one must be true to the supernatural itself." When the French and German romanticists broke loose from the classic unities, they, too, at first went wild. Again, the antique conceptions are as sensuous, beside the modern, as the Olympian hierarchy compared with the spiritual godhood to which Christendom has consecrated its ideals. But whether pagan or Christian, all the supernaturalism of the dark and mystic North has a more awe-inspiring quality than that of sunlit Italy and Greece. There are weird beings in the classic mythology, but its Fates and Furies are less spectral than the Valkyries and the prophetic Sisters of the blasted heath. Even in the mediæval under-world of Dante, the damned and their tormentors are substantially and materially presented, with a few exceptions, like the lovers of Rimini—the

Unhappy pair
That float in hell's murk air.

Having, then, laid stress upon the excellence of clear vision, let me add that imaginative genius can force us to recognize the wonder, terror, and sublimity of the Vague. Through its suggested power we are withdrawn from the firm-set world, and feel what it is

To be a mortal
And seek the things beyond mortality.

What lies beyond, in the *terra incognita* from which we are barred as from the polar spaces guarded by arctic and antarctic barriers, can only be suggested by formlessness, extension, imposing shadow, and phantasmal light. The early Hebraic expression of its mysteries will never be surpassed. Nothing in even the culminating vision of the Apocalypse so takes hold of us as the ancient words of Eliphaz, in the Book of Job, describing the fear that came upon him in the night, when deep sleep falleth on man:

Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying: "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

English poetry doubly inherits the sublimity of the vague, from its Oriental and its Gothic strains. Yet it has produced few images more striking than that one which lifts the "*Lusiad*," by Camoëns, above the level of a perfunctory epic. Vasco da Gama and his crew are struggling to pass the southern point of Africa into the Indian seas beyond. The Spirit of the Cape of Tempests, mantled in blackness of cloud, girt about with lightning and storm, towers skyward from the billows, portentous, awful, vague, and

with an unearthly voice of menace warns the voyagers back. I have said that the grandest of English supernatural creations is Milton's Satan. No other personage has at once such magnitude and definiteness of outline as that sublime, defiant archangel, whether in action or in repose. Milton, like Dante, has to do with the unknown world. The Florentine bard soars at last within the effulgence of "the eternal, coeternal beam." Milton's imagination broods "in the wide womb of uncreated night." We enter that "palpable obscure," where there is "no light, but rather darkness visible," and where lurk many a "grisly terror" and "execrable shape." But the genii of wonder and terror are the familiars of a long succession of our English poets. Coleridge, who so had them at his own call, knew well their signs and work; as when he pointed a sure finger to Drayton's etching of the trees which

As for revenge to heaven each held a withered
hand.

Science drives specter after specter from its path, but the rule still holds—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and a vaster unknown, a more impressive vague, still deepens and looms before.

A peculiarly imaginative sense of the beautiful, also, is conveyed at times by an exquisite formlessness of outline. I asked the late Mr. Grant White what he thought of a certain picture by Inness, and he replied that it seemed to be "painted by a blind poet." But no Inness, Fuller, Corot, Rousseau, not even Turner, nor the broad, luminous spaces of Homer Martin, ever excelled the magic of the changeful blending conceptions of Shelley, so aptly termed the poet of Cloudland. The feeling of his lyrical passages is all his own. How does it justify itself and so hold us in thrall? Yield to it, and if there is anything sensitive in your mold you are hypnotized, as if in truth gazing heavenward and fixing your eyes upon a beautiful and protean cloud; fascinated by its silvery shapelessness, its depth, its vistas, its iridescence and gloom. Listen, and the cloud is vocal with a music not to be defined. There is no appeal to the intellect; the mind seeks not for a meaning; the cloud floats ever on; the music is changeful, ceaseless, and uncloying. Their plumed invoker has become our type of the pure spirit of song, almost sexless, quite removed at times from earth and the carnal passions. Such a poet could never be a sensualist. "Brave translatory things" are to him the true realities; he is, indeed, a creature of air and light. "*The Witch of Atlas*," an artistic caprice, is a work of imagination, though as transparent as the moonbeams and as unconscious of warmth and cold. Mary Shelley objected to it on the score that it had no human interest. It cer-

tainly is a kind of *aër potabilis*, a wine that lacks body; it violates Goethe's dictum, to wit: "Two things are required of the poet and the artist, that he should rise above reality and yet remain within the sphere of the sensuous." But there is always a law above law for genius, and all things are possible to it—even the entrance to a realm not ordered in life and emotion according to the conditions of this palpable warm planet to which our feet are bound.

As in nature, so in art, that which relatively to ourselves is large and imposing has a corresponding effect upon the mind. Magnitude is not to be disdained as an imaginative factor. An heroic masterpiece of Angelo's has this advantage at the start over some elaborate carving by Cellini. Landor says that "a throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet." Of course, if dimension is to be the essential test, we are lost. Every one feels himself to be greater than a mountain, than the ocean, even than Chaos; yet an imaginative observer views the measureless nebula with awe, conceiving a universe of systems, of worlds tenanted by conscious beings, which is to be evolved from that lambent, ambient star-dust.

Certain it is that when we seek the other extreme, the province of the microscopic, Fancy, the elf-child of Imagination, sports within her own minute and capricious realm. Her land is that of whims and conceits, of mock associations, of *Midsummer Nights' Dreams*. She has her own epithets for its denizens, for the "green little vaulter," the "yellow-breeched philosopher," the "animated torrid zone," of her dainty minstrelsy. Poets of imagination are poets of fancy when they choose. Hester Prynne was ever attended by her tricky Pearl. But many is the poet of fancy who never enters the courts of imagination—a joyous faun indeed, and wanting nothing but a soul.

A large utterance, such as that which Keats bestowed upon the early gods, is the instinctive voice of the imagination nobly roused and concerned with an heroic theme. There are few better illustrations of this than the cadences and diction of "*Hyperion*," a torso equal to the finished work of any other English poet after Shakspeare and Milton; perhaps even greater because a torso, for the construction of its fable is not significant, and when Keats produced his effect, he ended the poem as Coleridge ended "*Christabel*." All qualities which I have thus far termed imaginative contribute to the majesty of its overture:

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair.

Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,—
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

At the outset of English poetry, Chaucer's imagination is sane, clear-sighted, wholesome with open-air feeling and truth to life. Spenser is the poet's poet chiefly as an artist. The allegory of "*The Faerie Queene*" is not like that of Dante, forged at white heat, but the symbolism of a courtier and euphuist who felt its unreality. But all in all, the Elizabethan period displays the English imagination at full height. Marlowe and Webster, for example, give out fitful but imaginative light which at times is of kindred splendor with Shakspeare's steadfast beam. Webster's "*Duchess of Malfi*" teaches both the triumphs and the dangers of the dramatic fury. The construction runs riot; certain characters are powerfully conceived, others are wild figments of the brain. It is full of most fantastic speech and action; yet the tragedy, the passion, the felicitous language and imagery of various scenes, are nothing less than Shakspearean. To comprehend rightly the good and bad qualities of this play is to have gained a liberal education in poetic criticism.

Now take a collection of English verse—and there is no poetry more various and inclusive—take, let us say, Ward's "*English Poets*," and you will find that the generations after Shakspeare are not over-imaginative until you approach the nineteenth century. From Jonson to the Georgian School there is no general efflux of visionary power. The lofty Milton and a few minor lights—Dryden, Collins, Chatterton—shine at intervals between. Precisely the most unimaginative period is that covered by Volume III and entitled "*From Addison to Blake*." We have tender feeling and true in Goldsmith and Gray. There is no passion, no illumination, until you reach Burns and his immediate successors. Then imagination leaped again to life, springing chiefly from subjective emotion, as among the Elizabethans it sprang from young adventure, from discovery and renown of arms, above all from the objective study of the types and conduct of mankind. If another century shall add a third imaginative luster to the poetry of our tongue,—enkindled, perchance, by the flame of a more splendid order of discovery, even now so exalting,—it will have done its equal share.

THE Mercury and Iris of this heavenly power are comparison and association, whose light

wings flash unceasingly. Look at Wordsworth's similes. He took from nature her primitive symbolism. Consider his *elemental* quality: I use the word as did the ancients in their large, untutored view of things—as Prospero uses it, ere laying down his staff:

My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!

In Wordsworth's mind nature is so absolute that her skies and mountains are just as plainly imaged as in the sheen of Derwentwater; and thence they passed into his verse. He wanders,

Lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills.

He says of Milton,

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

A primeval sorrow, a cosmic pain, is in the expression of his dead love's reunion with the elements:

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

The souls of the Hebrew bards, inheritors of pastoral memories, ever consorted with the elements, invoking the "heavens of heavens," "the waters that be above the heavens," "fire and hail; snow, and vapor: stormy wind fulfilling His word." Of the Greeks, Æschylus is more elemental than Pindar, even than Homer. Among our moderns, a kindred quality strengthened the imaginations of Byron and Shelley; Swinburne too, whom at his best the Hebraic feeling and the Grecian sway by turns, is most self-forgetful and exalted when giving it full play.

I point you to the fact that some of our American poets, if not conspicuous thus far for dramatic power, have been gifted—as seems fitting in respect to their environment—with a distinct share of this elemental imagination. It is the strength of Bryant's genius: the one secret, if you reflect upon it, of the still abiding fame of that austere and revered minstrel. His soul, too, dwelt apart, but like the mountain-peak that looks over forest, plain, and ocean, and confabulates with winds and clouds. I am not sure but that his elemental feeling is more impressive than Wordsworth's, from its almost preadamite simplicity. It is often said that Bryant's loftiest mood came and went with "Thanatopsis." This was not so; though it was for long periods in abeyance. "The Flood of Years," written sixty-five years later than "Thanatopsis" and when the bard was eighty-two, has the characteristic and an even more sustained majesty of thought and diction.

It is easy to comprehend why the father of American song should be held in honor by poets as different as Richard Henry Stoddard and Walt Whitman. These men have possessed one quality in common. Stoddard's random and lighter lyrics are familiar to magazine readers, with whom the larger efforts of a poet are not greatly in demand. But I commend those who care for high and lasting qualities to an acquaintance with his blank verse, and with sustained lyrics like the odes on Shakspeare and Bryant and Washington, which resemble his blank verse both in artistic perfection and in imagination excelled by no contemporary poet. Whitman's genius is prodigal and often so elemental, whether dwelling upon his types of the American people, or upon nature animate and inanimate in his New World, or upon mysteries of science and the future, that it at times moves one to forego, as passing and inessential, any demur to his matter or manner. There is no gain-saying the power of his imagination—a faculty which he indulged, having certainly carried out that early determination to loaf, and invite his soul. His highest mood is even more than elemental; it is cosmic. In almost the latest poem of this old bard, addressed "To the Sunset Breeze" (one fancies him sitting, like Borrow's blind gipsy, where he can feel the wind from the heath), he thus expressed it:

I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty
northern lakes;
I feel the ocean and the forest—*somehow I feel*
the globe itself swift-swimming in space.

Lanier is another of the American poets distinguished by imaginative genius. In his case this became more and more impressive by the sense of elemental nature, and perhaps more subtly alert to the infinite variety within the unities of her primary forms. Mrs. Stoddard's poetry, as yet uncollected, is imaginative and original, the utterance of moods that are only too infrequent. The same may be said of a few poems by Dr. Parsons, from whom we have that finest of American lyrics, the lines "On a Bust of Dante." There is a nobly elemental strain in Taylor's "Prince Deukalion" and "The Masque of the Gods." I could name several of our younger poets, men and women, and a number of their English compeers, whose work displays imaginative qualities, were it not beyond my province. But many of the newcomers—relatively more, perhaps, than in former divisions of this century—seem restricted to the neat-trimmed playgrounds of fancy and device; they deck themselves like pages, rarely venturing from the palace close into the stately Forest of Dreams. If one should stray down a gloaming vista, and be aided by the powers therein to chance for once upon some fine con-

ception, I fancy him recoiling from his own imagining as from the shadow of a lion.

HERE, then, after the merest glimpse of its aureole, we turn away from the creative imagination: a spirit that attends the poet unbidden, if at all, and compensates him for neglect and sorrow by giving him the freedom of a clime not recked of by the proud and mighty, and a spiritual wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." Not all the armor and curios and dexterity of a Sybaritic studio can make a painter; no esthetic mummery, no mastery of graceful rhyme and measure, can of themselves furnish forth a poet. Go rather to Barbizon, and see what pathetic truth and beauty dwell within the humble rooms of Millet's cottage; go to Ayr, and find the muse's darling beneath a straw-thatched roof; think what feudal glories came to Chatterton in his garret, what thoughts of fair marble shapes, of casements "innumerable of stains and splendid dyes," lighted up for Keats his borough lodgings. Doré was asked, at the flood-tide of his good fortune, why he did not buy or build a château. "Let my patrons do that," he said. "Why should I, who have no need of it? My château is here, behind my forehead." He who owns the wings of imagination shudders on no height; he is above fate and chance. Its power of vision makes him greater still, for he sees and illuminates everyday life and common things. Its creative gift is divine; and I can well believe the story told of the greatest and still living Victorian poet, that once, in his college days, he looked deep and earnestly into the subaqueous life of a stream near Cambridge, and was heard to say, "What an imagination God has!" Certainly without it was not anything made that was made, either by the Creator, or by those created in his likeness. I say "created," but there are times when we think upon the amazing beauty, the complexity, the power and endurance, of the works of human hands—such as, for example, some of the latest architectural decorations illuminated by the electric light with splendor never conceived of even by an ancestral rhapsodist in his dreams of the New Jerusalem—there are moments when results of this sort, suggesting the greater possible results of future artistic and scientific effort, give the theory of divinity as absolutely immanent in man a proud significance. We then comprehend the full purport of the Genesis record—"Ye shall be as gods." The words of the Psalmist have a startling verity—"I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High." We remember that one who declared himself the direct offspring and very portion of

the Unknown Power, and in evidence stood upon his works alone, repeated these words—by inference recognizing a share of Deity within each child of earth. The share allotted to such a mold as Shakspeare's evoked Hartley Coleridge's declaration:

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. . . .
So in the compass of the single mind
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That make all worlds.

But what was the old notion of the act of divine creation? That which reduced divinity to the sprite of folk-lore, who by a word, a spell, or the wave of a wand, evoked a city, a person, an army, out of the void. The Deity whom we adore in our generation has taken us into his workshop. We see that he creates, as we construct, slowly and patiently, through ages and by evolution, one step leading to the next. I reassert, then, that "as far as the poet, the artist, is creative, he becomes a sharer of the divine imagination and power, and even of the divine responsibility." And I now find this assertion so well supported, that I cannot forbear quoting from a "Midsummer Meditation" in a recent volume of American poetry:

Brave conqueror of dull mortality!
Look up and be a part of all thou see'st;—
Ocean and earth and miracle of sky,
All that thou see'st thou art, and without thee
Were nothing. Thou, a god, dost recreate
The whole; breathing thy soul on all, till all
Is one wide world made perfect at thy touch.
And know that thou, who darest a world create,
Art one with the Almighty, son to sire—
Of his eternity a quenchless spark.

WE have seen that with the poet imagination is the essential key to expression. The other thing of most worth is that which moves him to expression, the passion of his heart and soul. I close, therefore, by saying that without either of these elements we can have poetry which may seem to you tender, animating, enjoyable, and of value in its way, but without imagination there can be no poetry which is great. Possibly we can have great poetry which is devoid of passion, but great only through its tranquilizing power, through tones that calm and strengthen, yet do not exalt and thrill. Such is not the poetry which stirs one to make an avowal like Sir Philip Sidney's:

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas,
that I found not my heart moved more than
with a trumpet.

Edmund Clarence Steadman.

OUT OF POMPEII.

The body of a young girl was found in Pompeii, lying face downward, with her head resting upon her arms, perhaps asleep; the scoria of the volcano had preserved a perfect mold of her form. She was clad in a single garment. No more beautiful form was ever imagined by a sculptor.

SHE lay, face downward, on her bended arm,
In this her new, sweet dream of human bliss;
Her heart within her, fearful, fluttering, warm,
Her lips yet pained with love's first, timorous kiss.
She did not note the darkening afternoon,
She did not mark the lowering of the sky
O'er that great city; earth had given its boon
Unto her lips; Love touched her, and passed by.

In one dread moment all the sky grew dark —
The hideous rain, the panic, the red rout,
Where love lost love, and all the world might mark
The city overwhelmed, blotted out,
Without one cry, so quick oblivion came,
And life passed to the black where all forget;
But she — we know not of her house or name —
In love's sweet musings doth lie dreaming yet.

The dread hell died, the ruined world grew still,
And the great city passed to nothingness;
The ages went, and mankind worked its will.
Then men stood still amid the centuries' press,
And in the ash-hid ruins opened bare,
As she lay down in her shamed loveliness,
Sculptured and frozen, late they found her there,
Image of love, 'mid all that hideousness.

Her head, face downward, on her bended arm,
Her single robe that showed her shapely form,
Her wondrous fate love keeps divinely warm
Over the centuries past the slaying storm.
The heart can read in writings time hath left,
That linger still through death's oblivion;
And in this waste of life and light bereft,
She brings again a beauty that had gone.

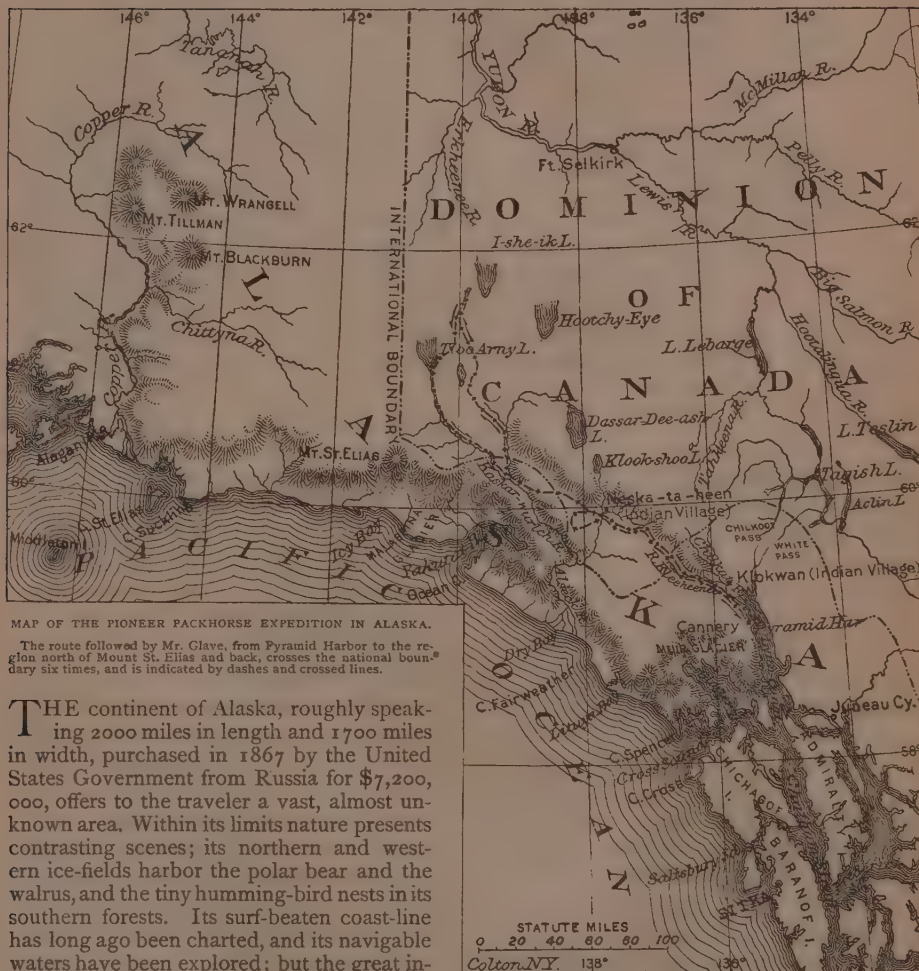
And if there be a day when all shall wake,
As dreams the hoping, doubting human heart,
The dim forgetfulness of death will break
For her as one who sleeps with lips apart.
And did God call her suddenly, I know
She 'd wake as morning wakened by the thrush,
Feel that red kiss, across the centuries, glow,
And make all heaven rosier by her blush.

William Wilfred Campbell.

PIONEER PACKHORSES IN ALASKA.

WITH PICTURES FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

I. THE ADVANCE.



THE continent of Alaska, roughly speaking 2000 miles in length and 1700 miles in width, purchased in 1867 by the United States Government from Russia for \$7,200,000, offers to the traveler a vast, almost unknown area. Within its limits nature presents contrasting scenes; its northern and western ice-fields harbor the polar bear and the walrus, and the tiny humming-bird nests in its southern forests. Its surf-beaten coast-line has long ago been charted, and its navigable waters have been explored; but the great interior, unapproached by waterways, is almost unknown.

A journey which I made in central Alaska in 1890, as a member of an exploring expedition, assured me beyond doubt that defective transport was the sole reason for the undeveloped and unexplored state of the land. The Indian carrier was the only means of transportation; he controlled the situation, and com-

manded most exorbitant pay. Moreover, his arrogance, inconsistency, cunning, and general unreliability are ever on the alert to thwart the white man. No matter how important your mission, your Indian carriers, though they have duly contracted to accompany you, will delay your departure till it suits their convenience, and any exhibition of impatience on your part

will only remind them of your utter dependence upon them; and then intrigue for increase of pay will at once begin. When *en route* they will prolong the journey by camping on the trail for two or three weeks, tempted by good hunting or fishing. In a land where the open season is so short, and the ways are so long, such delay is a tremendous drawback. Often the Indians will carry their loads some part of the way agreed upon, then demand an extravagant increase of pay or a goodly share of the white man's stores, and, failing to get either, will fling down their packs and return to their village, leaving their white employer helplessly stranded.

The expense of Indian labor, therefore, with its attendant inconvenience and uncertainty, renders a long overland journey impossible. An Indian cannot be hired at less than two dollars a day, which, however, is a mere trifle compared to the obligation of feeding him. Your carriers will start with loads weighing from 80 to 90 pounds, and will eat about three pounds dead-weight each day per man, so that at the end of the month a point will have been reached in the interior, and all your stores consumed by the men carrying them, and for this unusual privilege the traveler has still to pay sixty dollars a month for each man's services. When traveling on his own account, the Indian lives sparingly on dried salmon, but when employed by a white man his appetite at once assumes boar-constrictor proportions. Game is so scarce that it cannot be relied on to afford much relief to the constant drain on your provisions. Occasionally an opportunity will present itself by which you can bag a bear or a mountain-goat, a very pleasant addition to your larder, and an acceptable change from the monotonous bean-and-bacon fare; but you cannot depend on the rifle for food; without a plentiful supply of provisions, misery and hunger will drive you unceremoniously from your working-ground.

The only way to test the resources and possibilities of Alaska is by making thorough research through every part of the land, and conducting your investigations entirely independent of native report either favorable or discouraging.

I determined to revisit Alaska in the spring of 1891, and to endeavor to make a journey to the far interior with packhorses. From what he had already seen of the land, John Dalton, who accompanied me on the previous journey, was equally convinced with myself of the feasibility of such an undertaking. As I was about to make what I thought to be rather an important experiment, I ventured to ask some slight assistance from the geographical departments of the United States and Canadian governments, such as the loan of a few instruments,

which otherwise would lie idle in some Government office, in return for which privilege I promised a rough map of an enormous area of unknown land; but my suggestions failed to obtain a favorable hearing. Failing to awaken interest in my experiment through different channels, I decided to go at my own expense. Dalton had agreed to aid me; in fact, without the promise of his valuable services I should have hesitated to make the attempt.

An interesting part of this vast unexplored interior lies between the Yukon River and Mt. St. Elias on the southeast coast of Alaska. Gold has been discovered everywhere on the outskirts, warranting the supposition that the same precious metal exists in the interior. All the streams heading from this quarter show specimens of mineral along their shores, a fact which created in our minds the reasonable hope that we might strike the supply at its source.

In Alaskan expeditions it is essential that the party of whites be as small as possible. Each additional man adds to the need of transport, and besides, a large body of whites is liable to arouse the suspicions of the natives and to create trouble. So Dalton and I decided to make the venture alone. He was a most desirable partner, having excellent judgment, cool and deliberate in time of danger, and possessed of great tact in dealing with Indians. He thoroughly understood horses, was as good as any Indian in a cottonwood dugout or skin canoe, and as a camp cook I never met his equal.

We equipped ourselves at Seattle with four short, chunky horses weighing about nine hundred pounds each, supplied ourselves with the requisite pack-saddles and harness, stores and ammunition, then embarked on board a coast steamer, and sailed north from Puget Sound, through the thousand miles of inland seas, to Alaska. We disembarked at Pyramid Harbor, near the mouth of the Chilkat River, which is by far the most convenient point from which to start for the interior. No horses had ever been taken into the country, and old miners, traders, and prospectors openly pitied our ignorance in imagining the possibility of taking pack-animals over the coast-range. The Indians ridiculed the idea of such an experiment; they told us of the deep, swift streams flowing across our path, the rocky paths so steep that the Indian hunter could climb in safety only by creeping on his hands and knees. Finding that their discouraging reports failed to influence us, the Chilkat Indians, foreseeing that our venture, if successful, would greatly injure their interests by establishing a dangerous competition against their present monopoly, held meetings on the subject, and rumor reached us that our further advance would be resisted. However, when we were ready, we saddled up, buckled on

our pistol-belts, and proceeded on our journey without any attempt at hindrance save by verbal demonstration.

Upon our arrival at the coast-range we were compelled to suffer delay owing to the backwardness of the season. The mountains were still deeply buried in snow; on the higher slopes the topmost tufts on the tall spruce and hemlock just peered through their wintry mantling. During the daytime the thermometer rose to 54° above freezing-point, but each night the mercury dropped a few degrees below. The rapidly increasing heat of the sun, heralding the approach of summer, was ousting winter from its frigid sway, and furnishing the land with a gentler climate.

A short distance from the coast the snow lay deep, even in the valley lands. We found a fine patch of grass, however, around the village of Klokwan, twenty-five miles up the Chilkat River, which would maintain our horses in good condition till the season opened sufficiently to permit a further

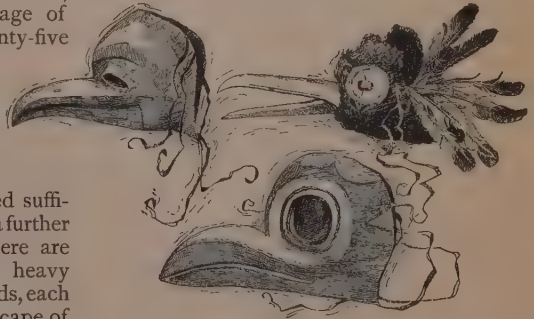
advance. At this Indian settlement there are about twenty houses constructed of heavy planking, roofed with rudely hewn boards, each having an immense aperture for the escape of smoke. On all sides these dwellings are loop-holed for muskets. Many a stubborn fight has been decided around this village, the planking being pitted with slugshot. Most of these huts are occupied by three or four families; some of greater dimensions, however, will shelter sixty Indians.

The Chilkat nation is divided into sections, each named after some living thing. There are the Ravens, Wolves, Eagles, Snails,



PLAITED FIBER DANCING-BONNETS.

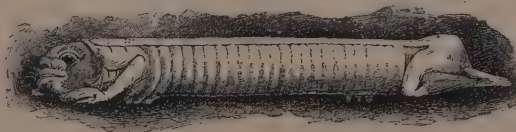
Bears, etc., and the houses of the principal men are ornamented with large, grotesquely carved tablets, which signify by their particular design the legend or history of the respective family. These people have no written language. In former days every event of consequence was duly chronicled by some design, suggestive of the occurrence, chiseled upon a wooden pillar, such designs being placed in succession till an immense log was entirely

CHILKAT PILLAR RECORD-
ING LEGEND OF RAVEN
FAMILY.

WOODEN DANCING-MASKS, CROW NATION.

taken up with a strange medley of exaggerated figures. Most of these carvings are very old, and their legends and historical references have been distorted by constant repetition. Only the oldest men attempt to interpret the puzzling designs produced by their ancestors. Formerly powerful chieftains held court here with barbaric pomp, and terrorized the neighboring peoples. They were bucaniers and pirates.

The chief, Klenta Koosh, has a strange collection of old firearms, and outside his house two iron cannons defend the approach with threatening array—all stolen from a Russian ship which stranded on the Alaskan shore in former days. Slavery was then in general practice; prisoners became the serfs of



BANQUET DISH, 14 FEET LONG, 14 INCHES WIDE, AND 15 INCHES DEEP.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

TOWING HORSES ACROSS THE CHILKAT RIVER.

their captors, and, as in central Africa to-day, constituted the principal source of wealth.

The old-time Chilkat, dressed in skins and furs obtained from the inland tribes, had his garments picturesquely fringed, and tasseled, and beaded, and woven in with stained swan-quills. He wore bracelets of copper, and carried copper spears, knives, and arrows. He was a warrior, and lived but to perish in battle. In those days no ceremony was complete unless attended by human sacrifice; execution of slaves was of frequent occurrence, for superstitious belief deemed disaster and illness the doing of angry spirits, only to be appeased by the shedding of human blood. Tribal wars and hand-to-hand fights followed from the slightest disagreement.

It was the custom then for all the young men in the village to plunge each morning, winter and summer, into the chilly stream, stay in the icy waters till benumbed with cold, and then to thrash one another with stout-thonged whips till circulation and animation were thoroughly restored. This novel apprenticeship is said to have had the effect of creating unusual stamina, producing the ability to withstand cold and hunger, and deadening feeling. The Indians say that a warrior thus trained, though mortally wounded, would face his foe and cut and stab while life remained. In such duels they

protected their heads with wooden helmets, shaped in design according to their nation; they also wore buckskin shirts, and bound their arms with strips of leather. Gormandizing competitions used to be a popular form of entertainment; an immense trough, called Klook-Ook-Tsik, 14 feet long, 14 inches in width, and 15 in depth, was filled with meats, bear and mountain-goat, fish, berries, and oil. Then families vied with one another as to who could eat the most, and many serious fights have resulted from the jealousy of the losers.

The present generation of Chilkat Indians is fast relinquishing tribal customs and ceremonies, and is taking but little interest in the history of its ancestors. Dances are no longer held in which family head-dresses and costumes are worn. The great wooden banqueting-trough is now embedded in moss and in grass that grows between the floor-boards in the house where once old "Kay Tsoo" assembled his followers by drum-beat, despatched them on the trail for war or trade, declared the guilty and the innocent, and condemned to death as he willed. At the present day there are a few men in the villages known as "ankow," or chief, but they have only feeble power.

In character these Indians are a strange composition—unemotional, morose, unsympathetic, superstitious, indifferent to death,

without the slightest idea of gratitude, and having an astonishing respect for the property of others. When on a trading-journey, or out hunting, they will leave their belongings hanging on bushes all along the trail; and snow-shoes, sometimes a musket, blankets, a leg of smoked bear, a dried salmon, are frequently noticed along an Indian path. No one thinks of touching any of these things, and they have not the power of the police to enforce honesty by intimidation.

An incident happened to us which demonstrates their utter want of feeling for the interests of others. While at one of our camps a party of Indians returned from a journey to the interior which they had made on snow-shoes. I noticed that their chief, Klenta Koosh, was not with them on their return, and I asked of one of the Indians, "Kusu Klenta Koosh" ("Where is Klenta Koosh")? "Klake sekoo, klake setteen" ("I don't know. I have not seen him"). Then he explained that he had not seen the chief for three days. While crossing the mountains they were caught in a dense fog; the party kept together for a time by calling constantly to one another, but finally the voice of the chief grew fainter and fainter, and then could no longer be heard. In the same breath with this explanation the Indian asked me, "Have the salmon started to run up our river?" I ignored his



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

"MARY" ON SNOWSHOES.

question, and asked again, "But where is Klenta Koosh?" As if disgusted at my interest in such a trivial matter, the man answered quite snappishly, "I don't know; either he has been killed by a bear or drowned crossing one of the swollen streams."

During our stay at the Indian village of Klokwan our horses remained in splendid condition. The natives themselves were too scared at the strange animals to annoy them. Their dogs at first made a noisy attack, but a few kicks from the horses warned them that it was more comfortable to howl at a distance.

Toward the end of May the summer warmth had rid the valleys of their winter snow; so we saddled up and moved on toward the interior. Our road from Klokwan lay along the course of the Kleeheenee, which heads away from a glacier, and, flowing from the westward, enters the Chilkat River just above the village. In crossing the parent river, now swollen by its



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

CROSSING A HARDENED SNOWFIELD.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER.

THE APPROACH TO A CAÑON.

tribute from melting snows into a deep, swift stream, we towed each of our horses across with a canoe, with which we also carried our supplies as far as navigation permitted. We then harnessed up again, and, riding on the pack-saddles, proceeded on our way along the stony valley of the Kleeheenee, which we had to swim several times on horseback, where the precipitous bluffs on one bank stopped our advance and compelled us to cross. At one place I had a bad fall. The horse I was riding sank into a small bed of quicksand, and, struggling to free himself, reared and fell backward. Fortunately I was thrown off a sufficient distance to be safe from his plunging and kicking, and finally Dalton and I helped him out. This stream, though at places not more than 100 yards in width, is a treacherous torrent. Only last year a man lost his life while attempting to descend it on a raft. After proceeding twenty miles from our last camp, another halt became necessary. The valleys were free from snow, but the mountain slopes seemed loath to discard their winter mantling.

We were compelled to pitch our tent again, and to wait till summer gained full power. At this camp both we and our horses were tormented most unmercifully by mosquitos and a hideous assortment of teasing insects. A liberal daubing of bacon fat and

pitch around the eyes and ears of our animals kept those sensitive parts free from the pests, and when my head grew so bumpy I could not get my hat on I applied the remedy to my own anatomy with a good deal of success. When not feeding, our horses would leave the sheltered places and seek the open stone flats to avail themselves of whatever breeze was blowing; they would then stand in couples so that each had the benefit of the other's tail as a swish. We had three horses, and one little mare, who was the pet of the band; she would often stand behind two horses, and thus enjoy a monopoly of the fly-brushes.

Our Indian guide was most anxious to ride on horseback, and an opportunity presented itself to indulge him while we were shifting camp a few miles. We had loaded our horses very lightly and were riding on the packs, and while thus occupied our Indian suffered a sudden change in his usually uninteresting and phlegmatic course of life. He was riding the little mare. Close to our camp

there was a broad, deep ditch, with steep banks on each side; we had always walked our horses down one side and up the other. The Indian had no reason to suppose that the mare would depart from that custom; but he had no time for any meditation on the subject, for upon arriving at the brink the little mare sprang over the ditch. The copper-colored rider was pitched into the air. He sat dazed until returning reason convinced him that it was too serious a mishap to be a dream.

Fearing that we might have a lot of soft snow to cross on the summit, we constructed sets of four snow-shoes for our horses. We trimmed



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

A ROUGH BIT OF CLIMBING.

some stout young spruce saplings, then lashed these into hoops fourteen inches in diameter, and filled them in with plaited rope, each, when finished, resembling the exaggerated head of a lawn-tennis racket. The horse's hoof was placed in a pad in the center of the shoe, and a series of loops drawn up and laced round the fetlock kept it in place. When first experimenting with these, a horse would snort and tremble upon lifting his feet. Then he would make the most vigorous efforts to shake them off. Standing on his hind-legs, he would savagely paw the air, then quickly tumble on to his fore-legs and kick frantically. We gave them daily instruction in this novel accomplishment till each horse was an

we found covered with a dense growth of brittle shrub and coarse grass, and, on the extreme heights, snow-fields and moss-covered rock. We had made several reconnoitering trips to select the best ways, and we reached the summit, 4750 feet elevation, by slow and careful ascent, without any serious mishap. On the extreme heights of the divide a giant table-land extends for several miles in all directions. The air was cold, and the view cheerless, all lower lands were out of sight, and a distant circle of snowy peaks penciled out the horizon with glistening ruggedness. Everywhere on the high levels we crossed over immense patches of snow, in most places packed so hard that



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER.

A PICTURESQUE RAVINE.

ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

expert; but our precaution proved unnecessary, for all the snow we crossed during the season was packed hard.

At last we set forth in earnest. Gradually we had been following the receding snow, and had now reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, forming the divide or coast-range. The dreaded wall of towering heights, which had kept the land so long unknown, was ahead of us. Thus far our march had been over stony valleys along the Chilkat and the Klecheenee rivers. We now left the rivers and struck northward. On the lower slopes of the mountains we had to cut a trail through forests of spruce and hemlock. The steep hillsides of the higher levels

our horses' iron shoes made but little impression. Occasionally, however, the crisp surface would break through, and let us and our animals into deep, soft snow. While leading the little mare across one gulch, the hardened crust collapsed, and I and my horse tumbled out of sight into an icy stream coursing through its snowy tunnel beneath. By this time my mare had become quite philosophical in her acceptance of such incidents; she remained quiet, and looked at me as if inquiring what I meant to do under the circumstances. So I clambered out, and, giving her plenty of rope, urged and coaxed her to follow. The opposite bank of the gulch being only a few yards distant, by

energetic plunging she broke her way through and climbed out.

Everywhere the surface of the land had been deeply scarred by glacial violence into hollows and deep, dark cañons. It needed the greatest caution to descend and climb the treacherous cuttings, banked on each side by ragged, rocky walls, rising steep and threatening from the dank depths beneath, choked with boulders, and hemming in an angry torrent. Sometimes the approach was down a steep face of slippery granite, and the horses would slide several feet before getting foothold; in other places loosened rocks would give way. But our plucky little animals would struggle and spring into safety, and obtain respite from the threatened accident. Many of the cuttings grooved out are shallow, with low grass banks sloping gracefully to the beds of tiny streamlets beneath.

From the Kleeheenee River to the summit and over the divide our course had been almost due north. When once beyond the coast-range, which took up two days' hard traveling,

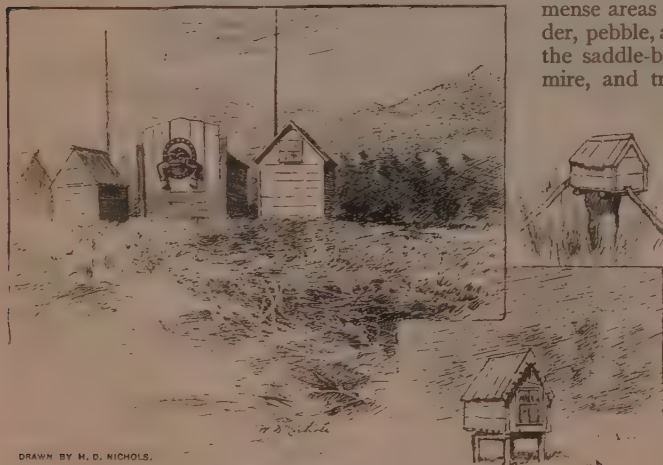
we gradually descended to a lower level, and struck away to the westward into a great valley, reaching as far as the eye could see, and walled on each side by a lofty line of mountains, thickly wooded to the snow-line. Avalanche and torrent had hewn the hillsides into deep ravines, and moving ice-fields had forced a way through the rocky wall. In the valleys beneath a rapid stream coursed along to the west, gaining volume on the way as tributaries from lakes and of melting snow flowed into it through the mountain gorges. As the lower levels were choked with timber-lands, we struck to the left, and found a better way along the crests of the foot-hills; we crossed immense areas of glacial deposit,—boulder, pebble, and sand,—floundered to the saddle-blankets in spongy quagmire, and tramped through pasture-

lands clothed in the richest grasses. Several times our horses sank deep into the treacherous bog, which threatened to engulf them, but by taking off their heavy packs, unsaddling them, and aiding their own efforts by lifting and hauling, we were always able to get them out into safety again. After encountering any such mishap, we made it a rule to prospect for another way, so as to avoid the bad places



DRAWN BY W. D. NICHOLS

THE CHIEF'S HUT, AND GROUP OF GOONENAR NATIVES.



DRAWN BY M. D. NICHOLS.

CHILKAT GRAVEYARD, SHOWING HOUSE OF FROG NATION.
GOONENAR GRAVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

on any future journey. Even on the heights we found lakes and marsh-lands, which owed their origin to waters from melting snow, imprisoned in hollows, without an outlet.

After two more days of hard traveling we reached a wooded bluff overlooking an Indian village. Descending to the banks of a river the course of which we had been following, we fired a couple of rifle-shots, which is the Indian signal of approach. Soon a crowd appeared on the opposite bank, and shoved their dugouts into the stream; we unsaddled our horses, and swam them across the river, and the Indians carried our belongings over in their canoes. We loaded up again, and a few minutes' walk took us to the Indian village of Neska-ta-heen. Dal-

guides, hired at two dollars a day and their board. This precaution is absolutely necessary in pioneer travel; those who follow in an explorer's footsteps can dispense with it. These men took us over the most difficult trails, endeavoring by all means in their power to make our experiment a failure. In fact, they had accompanied us in order to have the opportunity of disheartening us in their own interest. We carried their blankets, and everything they had, on our horses, so that they had to keep up with our pace. However, being paid by the day, they tried to delay us; but it was to our advantage to make long marches. On our arrival one of these men, Shauk, an Indian doctor of the Chilkat tribe, began at once to intrigue with the interior Indians, persuading them to

arrest our passage through their country, as we had come to steal their land. We discharged this fellow at very short notice; then the other two, who did not relish our hard traveling, decided to leave us and to return to the coast. Had we been dependent upon these creatures we should have been most seriously inconvenienced, but our horse-transport kept us safe against their unreliability. One of the guides, old Indiank, had a novel excuse for leaving us. He said his relatives on the coast did not wish him to travel into the interior any more; he was getting old, and they feared that some day

he would drop down dead on the trail. They promised him that, if he would remain with them, they would supply him with all the dried salmon he needed, and agreed, when he died, to put a little fence around his final resting-place. He gave us to understand that it would indeed

be sad should he die away from home and forfeit that little fence.

ton and I had met these people during the journey of the previous summer; we then approached this settlement from the north on our way down the Alseck River to the Pacific Ocean. The road over which we had now traveled was the direct way from the coast. No glaciers or insurmountable difficulties obstruct this route. Our arrival at this point with the pioneer band of horses is a most important event in Alaskan history, destined in the near future to receive due recognition.

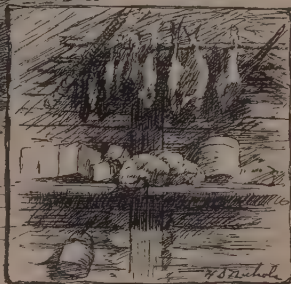
We had been accompanied thus far by three coast Indians, one as interpreter, and two as

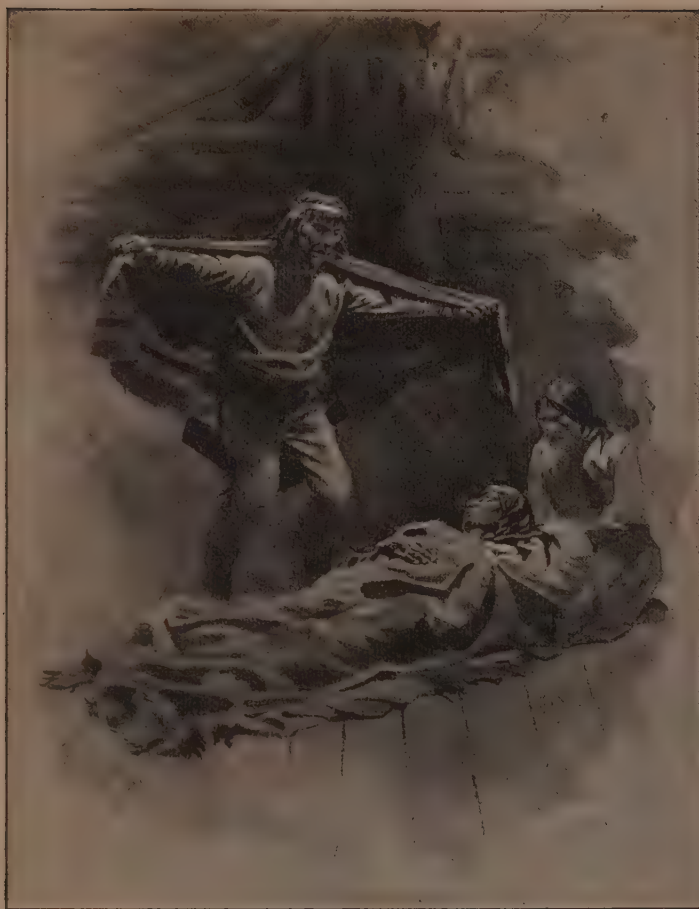
Our arrival at Neska-ta-heen created excitement among the natives; our horses, of course, were of far more interest than ourselves. They had never seen such animals before, and, for the want of a better name, called them "harklane ketl" (big dogs). This village looked as we had left it twelve months before; there was the same stifling atmosphere, and the natives themselves were wearing the same unwashed garments stiffened with fat and dirt. They received us good-naturedly, and the old



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

INTERIOR OF GOONENNAR HUT.





DRAWN BY W. W. TABER.

THE SONG OF THE CROW.

chief Warsaine portioned off a corner of his hut for us and our supplies, and the chief's wife consented to be photographed. One young fellow had learned from a Chilkat Indian a few English words. As we reached the place at mid-day, we were naturally astonished to be loudly hailed by "Good-night!" This youth used the expression "too late" with varied meaning; it described a tear in a shirt or a death. I was commenting on the pest of mosquitos, and he remarked, "E-koo-gwink kon sissa hit takar too late," meaning, "A little fire in the tent and the mosquitos will be 'too late.'"

Our poor horses suffered severely from the mosquitos; such crowds surrounded them that at times it was difficult at a little distance to make out the definite outline of the animals. Any future travelers should supply their horses with thick canvas cloaks, covering securely the

bodies and heads, and leaving only the eyes, nose, and mouth exposed. The continual pestering which the poor brutes suffer keeps them in poor condition; they cannot feed or lie down in comfort. We kept them hobbled all the season when not at work; a necessary precaution, for if seriously startled or frenzied by torment from insects, they might stampede a hundred miles before being overtaken.

The village of Neska-ta-heen is the principal settlement of the Goonennar Indians, the tribe inhabiting that part of Alaska bordered on the north and east by the Yukon, on the south by the coast-range, and on the west by the Copper River. They speak a language somewhat resembling the sing-song tongue of the Chinese, and entirely different from that of the coast natives, which is composed of harsh, raspy sounds, obtained by trying to cork up the throat

with the roots of the tongue. Throughout their conversation peculiar clicking sounds are heard, resembling the sudden rending of a new piece of calico. They are peaceably inclined, but are always weak-minded enough to be influenced and controlled by the Chilkat Indians, whom they instinctively acknowledge as their superiors. They are a strangely cold-natured people. They have no ways or words of greeting. A friend from a far-distant land arrives, and without any exchange of salutation with the villagers, whom he has not seen for many months, he divests himself of his pack and arms, draws his blanket round his shoulders, and squats before the fire till his host acknowledges his presence by offering him a pot of fish and game and a big horn spoon. When stimulated and refreshed by the appetizing dish, he will gradually and deliberately unburden himself of news, dilating fully upon hunting and trapping, but passing over deaths and accidents with but slight reference; for the price which an Indian obtains for his black-bear or fox-skin is of more concern than his mother's death.

The gastronomic taste of these people has an extended range. I have seen an Indian harpoon a salmon, bite a mouthful from just above the nose, then fling it back into the stream. Strange to say, the fish swims off as though the loss of that part of its anatomy were no inconvenience. I remember at one time visiting a little rocky island which had been taken possession of by a flock of gulls, and we gathered a lot of eggs. It was a little late in the season, however, and only a few were really fresh. An old Indian we had with us at the time watched us with disdainful gaze as we selected the good and discarded the bad. Then, as if to rebuke our fastidiousness and lack of economy, he broke half a dozen in his pan; good, bad, and indifferent were then all mixed up in an omelet to his liking. It is a crude palate that enjoys the delicious wild strawberry served in rancid fat, yet to the Indian this fruit is insipid unless thus dressed. Antiquated fish-heads are a favorite dish; they are kept in wooden troughs for several weeks before they are thought to be fit for eating. This dish is produced only upon some important occasion warranting a banquet. When eating meat they toast it in big long strips, then stuff as much as possible into their mouths, and cut off each bite close to the lips with their knives. No people in the world are more addicted to the use of tobacco; they are incessantly indulging in the narcotic in some form or other. They smoke, chew, and plaster their teeth and gums with a paste made of dampened snuff and ashes; they even sleep with tobacco in their mouths. Men and women are equally devoted to the weed, and a child seven

or eight years old will never lose a chance of enjoying a few whiffs from its father's pipe.

In the disposal of their dead there is an element of precaution highly commendable. The departed one is laid on a pile of dried logs that have been smeared with grease; a fire is then started, and the few charred remains gathered up, tied in a small bundle, and stowed away in one of the neat, brightly painted little houses at the back of the village. On the coast each family has its own grave; in the interior they are not so particular. It is seldom that one finds people, even among the most savage, who do not have some respect for their dead, excepting, of course, the cannibal tribes of Africa. In making a short trip within a few miles of this settlement, we were attracted to a little clearing by a loud buzzing of flies, and found an Indian lying dead with only a few branches rudely thrown over him. The man was poor, and left behind no furs, or guns, or blankets to compensate any one for the trouble of disposing of the body according to tribal custom, so he was left where he died on the trail, although his own brother was in the party at the time of his death.

The dog plays a big part in Indian life. In summer he accompanies his master on the trail, and is harnessed with two little pack-bags in which is stored away about twenty-five pounds' weight, generally of shot, so that in crossing the stream no damage can be done. In the winter they draw the sleighs. These poor animals are very badly treated at all times. When an Indian child is out of temper he attacks a dog, pinches him, screws his ears round, or beats him with a stick. Only during a few months in the summer do the dogs get enough to eat. When the salmon are running they live on raw fish, but during the remainder of the year they have to be contented with scraps of skin and bone. When in good condition they are fine-looking animals, with a wolfish head and body, and a coat resembling that of a collie. As a rule want of food and hard treatment keep them very lean. They are equipped with strange digestive organs; at one time one of them ate at one meal three courses, which deprived us of our only piece of soap, the remains of a towel, and a goodly slice of Dalton's hat. On another occasion the leathers of our oars, thickly studded with copper tacks, were torn off and eaten by a dog.

While at Neska-ta-heen I witnessed the ceremony of the medicine-man expelling from a sick woman the evil spirit which was attacking her. He was dressed in beaded buckskins liberally fringed, and wore a blanket around his shoulders; a few little charms hung about his neck, and he held a wooden rattle. The patient was lying on a robe of sheepskins in the center of the hut, and a crowd of natives were sitting

at the sides. All were smoking, and a big fire was blazing, creating an atmosphere more to be dreaded than the evil spirit. The medicine-man approached the woman and uttered incantations, at first slowly and deliberately; but his speech and actions became more and more excited as he danced and hopped about, imitating birds and animals. He looked truly dramatic as he leaned over the woman, and, clutching fiercely with one hand at some unseen object, pointed tremblingly with the other to the aperture in the roof, as if grabbing the evil spirit and suggesting a means of exit. At intervals he would sing, accompanied by the beating of a drum and the voices of his audience. His first song referred to a raven, and while he sang he spread his blanket across his shoulders and hopped about and "cawed" in a way very suggestive of that bird. The chorus of this song ran thus:

Ann joo chay na tay na koo na hee;
Ah ah ah, yeah; yeah, ah ah ah;

the meaning of which is that he has hunted throughout the village and has found no one practising witchcraft. His actions and incantations increased in violence till they became a veritable frenzy, and he fell groaning to the earth. This finale suggested that he had succeeded in ridding the sick woman's body of the evil one—and the audience went away. The medicine-man plays a big part in the life of the natives, and on account of his power he is the most dangerous influence with which a white traveler has to contend. The credulous natives have confidence in his power. They will give him skins and furs, which they have been gathering for months during the winter, in return for some paltry charm to protect them against the ills which beset mankind. A fever or a swelling will disappear if he only blows on the sufferer, and an ugly gash from a bear's claw will heal at once under the same treatment. It is a form of faith-cure. They believe their medicine-man obtains control over birds and animals, extracts their cunning, and allies this with his own ability, thus forming a powerful combination which they credit with supernatural power.

Neska-ta-heen is a most important rendezvous. During the winter the natives of the interior roam over all the land in small parties, hunting and trapping, but return here with their spoils of black and brown bear, black, cross, gray, white, and red fox, wolverine, land-otter, mink, lynx, beaver, etc., and exchange them for blankets, guns, powder, and tobacco, which the Chilkat Indians bring to them from the coast. The latter have always enjoyed a monopoly of this trade, and the natives of the

interior have been prevented by them from going to the coast.

From this point valleys of comparatively open country stretch away to the four quarters of the compass: to the east lies the way we had just traveled over; the valley of the Alseck River runs south to the Pacific Ocean; to the west there is a way to the back of Mt. St. Elias, and lakes Dassar-Dee-Ash and I-She-Ik lie to the north. Future research must tell what treasures lie concealed in these unknown regions.

From the coast to Neska-ta-heen we had taken the Indian trail as a basis, following it when good, and, as far as possible, avoiding its bad features. After that experience, we concluded that we could take a fully loaded pack-train from the sea to this village in seven days. Our successful experiment wrests from the Chilkat Indians the control of the road to the interior; the bolted gate hitherto guarded by them, to the exclusion of enterprise and progress, has swung back at the approach of the packhorse.

We tried our hardest to get guides at Neska-ta-heen to pilot us to the far interior, but they would not seriously entertain our proposal, though we offered most generous remuneration. They dared not go to the White River, which we wished to reach; the Indians of that region being always on the war-path. In former days the latter had made raids on this settlement and killed off the natives; in fact the present small population of about a hundred at Neska-ta-heen was attributed to fights with the Yookay Donner people dwelling on the banks of the White River. They pictured to us a frightful list of hideous obstacles to overcome—hostile natives, bottomless swamps, cañons, glaciers, and swollen torrents. Should we continue our course, we might possibly reach this far-away land and then be killed by the hostile Indians, and it was so far that we could not get back over the divide to the coast before winter set in, and we and our horses would perish. They begged us to change our plans and to make a journey through some safer part of the land, and to avail ourselves of their considerate guidance at two dollars a day and board.

I was able to extract a lot of crude topographical information from these natives; the novelty of pencil and paper and judicious little donations of tobacco threw them off their guard. By this means I gained a knowledge of their trails that proved of the utmost value to us in our advance. I cross-questioned them most fully, and learned of unmistakable landmarks and bearings; and when the natives refused to accompany us as guides, their scribbblings of valleys, hills, and lakes availed to keep us on our course to the far interior of Alaska.



As regards the route taken by Columbus in his first voyage among the islands, these maps follow the lines laid down by the German traveler Rudolf Cronau, in his recent work, "Amerika." His views are based on a thorough exploration of the Bahamas.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

V. THE NEW WORLD.



HERE are longings which can find expression only in music, and ideas which poesy alone may convey. As human speech, creation's divinest work though it be, is too weak to voice the infinite intensity of love,

so history, although showing forth the mind of man as the universe proclaims its Maker, can never in its cold analysis rise to the level of poetry, which after all is the sole human medium capable of fitly depicting the feelings of Columbus in presence of those islands—the ecstatic rapture of sight and sense, the mingling of all his being with the virgin life there revealed amid blue seas and skies, as though it were the work of his own soul and the crystallization of his great purpose.

Something akin to the feelings of Him who looked upon his work and saw that it was good must have been in the mind of Columbus when he gazed upon those islands, and in the ecstasy of his joy found them fair beyond the fondest imaginings of his fancy. Yet Columbus is silent

touching his emotions, as well at the sight of the dim taper that told of human life amid the wastes as when he beheld the first land that proved the truth of his predictions. A monkish chronicler, in the solitude of his cell, could scarce have set down more curtly the acts of other men than has Columbus his own deeds.

"At the second hour," he says, "after midnight, the land appeared, two leagues distant. All sails were furled, leaving only the storm-sail, which is the square-sail without bonnets, and they lay hove-to awaiting the day, Friday, when they reached one of the Lucayos, which in the Indian tongue was called Guanahani. Soon naked men were seen, and the admiral went ashore in the long boat, with Martin Alonso Pinzon and Vicente Yañez, his brother, who was captain of the *Niña*. The admiral displayed the royal standard, and the captains the two flags of the green cross, which the admiral carried on all the ships as signals, bearing an F and a Y, and above each letter a crown, one on one side of the cross and the other on the other. On reaching shore they saw very green trees, and much water, and fruits of divers kinds. The admiral summoned the two captains with the others who went ashore, and

Rodrigo Descovedo the scrivener of all the fleet, and Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and bade them bear faith and witness how he in presence of them all was taking and of right did take possession of said island for the king and for the queen, his lords, making all the requisite declarations as is more fully set forth in the minutes which were there drawn up."

Could the tale be more simply told? Does this recital, as bald as a bill of lading or a business letter, show any trace of the emotion which underlies other passages of the journal?

Halting only three days in the first-found island, Columbus passed on to others, giving them names, typical of his thoughts and aims. The first he named San Salvador, in homage to our Lord, whose saving arm had upheld him in his sorest need; the second he called Santa María de la Concepcion, a name invoked by him throughout the voyage, and to the holy efficacy of which he attributed his good hap in escaping storm and sickness hitherto; the third he christened Fernandina, as a tribute to his king, a proof that the monarch had not been as hostile to Columbus as a certain historical school maliciously supposes, or that, if he had been, Columbus sought his future favor and consigned the past to oblivion; to the fourth he gave the name which he might well have used at first, or at least employed before the king's, the name of Isabella. Thus the discoverer went on, in the effusive joy of his first communings with this renewed Eden-world of nature, fulfilling by the giving of these names the debts of gratitude he owed.

Island after island rose before him, yet he came not to any continent, although in his ignorance of the true extent of the ocean he imagined himself at the threshold of Eastern Asia, and about to realize his lifelong dream of finding the Indian empire. Feverishly he sought the one factor that could lend value to his discovery, but gold was rare in those islands, which yielded but bloom and fruitage, heaped as by enchantment upon the billows of the Atlantic.

But let us follow the track of the discoverer. On October 12 Columbus sighted the island of San Salvador. On the 15th, he sailed toward the island he named Santa María, and thence toward Fernandina. October 19, he discovered Isabella. In the first two of these he was especially struck by the primitive and natural state of the islanders, naked yet not ashamed, who gazed upon the strange objects presented to their view with a childlike curiosity; in the second he remarked, as we have seen, an ascent in the scale of life denoted by the products of a rudimentary industry; in the third island a purity of atmosphere, a mysterious ethereal irradiation, a crystalline transparency

of the waters, a sweeter breath of bloom and savor of fruitage, and such rich dyes on the far horizon as enraptured him, and filled his body with a new life and his soul with poesy. Among its vegetable growths he particularly noted the lign-aloe, and among animals the iguana. As the tree comes from eastern Asia, Columbus gave close heed to it, and investigated its abundance in those fair new-found fields. With knotty trunk and fleshy leaves, its foliage dark-colored and its fruit resembling cherries, its sap bitter and the gum exuding from its fibers and the perfume shed by its wood very fragrant, it was medicinally known in those times, as Columbus notes in his diary — that record of whatever singular object met his keen scrutiny. No less worthy of note was the iguana, an exclusive amphibious product of those shores, and unknown in our own land, yielding a medicinal oil, and eaten by the natives and even by the discoverers themselves. Las Casas says they saw it eaten, but partook not of so repulsive a food; but Acosta, in his "History of the Indies," after mentioning several other articles of food, exclaims, "Much more toothsome is the iguana, although foul to look upon, for it is like the lizard of Spain." In traversing those seas, two contradictory impressions possessed the discoverer — his infinite delight with what he beheld and his bitter disappointment at finding nowhere the gold he coveted. He notes the products brought by the savages, and at each step very ingeniously and sincerely bewails the scarcity of the wished-for precious metal. The first tribe he met offered him balls of cotton yarn, gay parrots, arrows, "and other trifles which it were tedious to write down"; and although he inquired diligently if they had any gold, and noted how some of them wore a bit of it suspended from their pierced nostrils, he found nothing of value. He asked the bedizened natives whence they procured their gold, and from their responses, made in signs, not words, he inferred the existence of golden sands in the vicinity, and vases or jars of gold in neighboring lands that lay to the southward and were ruled by a powerful monarch. Columbus sought to induce his informants to guide him to this new El Dorado, but they soon convinced him that they knew nothing whatever about the journey. Still, all that he learned and saw strengthened his conviction that his true course lay toward the south, and he determined to steer thither, in the firm belief that he should speedily encounter the island of Cipango (Japan), so minutely described by Marco Polo as a rich mine of precious metals, situated some fifteen hundred miles from the mainland of India. These natives of San Salvador swam like tritons about his ships, offering limpid water and luscious

fruit, but not a grain of gold. Only Cipango could supply his need. But still he found not the Croesus of Cipango, nothing but more savages at Concepcion. Nevertheless, the garrulous Indians of San Salvador had told him how the people of this little isle wore many and heavy rings on their arms and ankles. The discoverer gloomily adds, "I firmly believe they said this as a trick to get rid of me." Indeed, having taken several Salvadoreans on board, and an Indian found in a canoe between San Salvador and Concepcion, the poor wretches sought flight by swimming, despite the vigilance of the officers and crew. For instance, one of the savages put out in his canoe in great haste for the ships, to sell his precious ball of cotton yarn. When the sailors kindly invited him on board the caravel, he obstinately refused, whereupon some of them sprang overboard and seized him. The admiral called the Indian to the quarter-deck, and, divining the necessity of exciting the curiosity of the natives, dressed him grotesquely like a Venetian harlequin, and sent him straightway ashore. They set a gaudy cap on his head, beads of green glass on his wrists, pendants of gilded and jingling hawk-bells in his ears, and so they sent him back, that the naked inhabitants might see what manner of men their visitors were, and what unknown marvels they brought.

As Columbus advanced he was gladdened by fertile islands, a limpid sea, brilliant cliffs, balmy air, and blue sky; but he halted not for these, pressing ever onward in search of virgin gold; for all his discoveries hitherto had yielded but a handful of bread, a gourd of water, and a bit of red earth rubbed to powder and smeared on a few dried leaves as an ornament in high estimation, offered by a poor savage, to whom the admiral gave honey and sweet cakes and sent him back to make good report of the newcomers among his own folk. In effect, the Indians of all those islets, divining the character of their guests by their gifts and their behavior, put out in their canoes, offering an abundance of fresh spring-water, which Columbus gladly accepted to replenish his casks, and were well repaid with gaudy tambourines worth perhaps a marvel of Castile, and trinkets cheaper still, and candied sweets. Keeping clear of the reefs that abound in the Bahamas, and ever hurrying on in quest of gold, Columbus circumnavigated the islands and found some Indians disposed to barter, who offered him cotton cloths. Singular trees, wholly unlike those at home, thick-stemmed and bearing masses of pods on one side and reed-like leaves on the other; fishes of strangely variegated colors; and other natural objects, diverted their minds from the poignant regrets due to the scarcity of gold. At other places they saw dwellings like booths or the

tents of a European encampment, with tall and slender chimneys; but by far the most marvelous sight to them was a tiny bit of gold, worn as a nose-ring, bearing letters stamped upon it—a thing to be followed up, but which unfortunately could not be investigated through the failure of him who saw it, in the absence of Columbus, to beg or buy it.

At length, on October 18, he hoisted sail at daybreak and quitted Fernandina. He had found the island which the Indians declared to be full of gold, but their tales had proved untrue. Now and then a tiny fragment had been seen, but so small as to be of little worth. And yet, while the sad reality seemed most to mock their impatient desires, the Indians persevered in their reports of a realm ruled by a fabulously wealthy potentate, clad, they said, something after the Spanish fashion, with garments of enormous price. For two nights Columbus had awaited the apparition of this bejeweled monarch, to bring him gold in its native purity; but he saw naught but naked Indians of the same race as those already found, painted with white and scarlet in uniform designs, some few only of whom bore little bits of gold in their noses, "but so little," says Columbus, "that it is naught." The sense most gratified in this expedition to Isabella was that of smell. The whole island seemed to Columbus one vast fruit of intoxicating fragrance. A thousand spice-groves exhaled sweet savors, perfuming the breeze for many miles about. Strange vegetation, unknown odors, and fruits of luscious flavor abounded everywhere, enchanting sight and sense, without their discoverer being able in any wise to divine their qualities or give them a name, or even to classify or describe them with any exactness, for want of previous botanical training—a fact he bitterly and eloquently bewails in accents that even now move us to pity, heightened as they are by the long lapse of time and the magnitude of an achievement that greatens with each passing century. Neither Salvador, nor Concepcion, nor Fernandina, nor Isabella, nor any islet of those encountered in that tireless voyage and so attentively circumnavigated, answered to the phantasm of Cipango, pictured by the mediæval chroniclers and seen in the fancy of Columbus as a fragrant paradise and rich storehouse where gold and gems were to be gathered in handfuls. So, having sailed through those regions without finding the gold he sought, it seemed to him that he should no longer tarry there in idle enjoyment, but press untiringly onward until he should chance upon some land of greater wealth, such as the famed Cuba, whose name was borne on every breeze even as it hung on every lip.

One of the greatest difficulties in the discoverer's way was his ignorance of the several

tribal dialects. He himself says that he had to depend entirely on signs, it being utterly impossible to comprehend the spoken words. Thus he mistook the word *bohio* for a city, when it means any kind of shelter: he blundered in supposing *naca* to be the Great Khan whose fame ran in his mind, when it means "in the midst of," and he translated *baheque* as "empire" without thinking in his ignorance that it might mean anything else under heaven. But let us go on. At midnight of October 24 he weighed anchor, and set sail from Isabella toward the island called by the natives Cuba, but which he, misled by his fantastic charts, called Cipango. It rained and blew hard all that night. At dawn the storm lulled. A gentle breeze succeeded to the howling wind, and Columbus spread all the canvas of his caravel. Squaresail, studdingsails, foresail, spritsail, mizzen, topsail—every cloth was spread and the quarter-boat was at the davits. Thus he sailed until nightfall, when the wind freshened. Not knowing his bearings, and fearing to run for the island in the dark because of the abounding shoals and reefs on which he might be lost, he hove to and waited until dawn. That night he barely made two leagues. On the 25th, he sailed from sunrise until nine, running some five leagues, when he shifted his course to the westward, making eight knots an hour. Ateleven, eight small islands were sighted, which he called Las Arenas, because of their sandy beaches and the shoalness of the water to the south. On the morning of October 27 he resolutely headed in quest of Cuba, but at nightfall a heavy rain forced him to lie to. On the 28th he entered a lovely estuary, free from dangerous rocks and shoals, all the shores he skirted being deep and the water of exceeding clearness. Thus he reached a river, at whose mouth he found twelve fathoms, and "never so fair a sight have I seen, the river being wholly bordered with trees, very beautiful and green, being unlike ours, with fruit and flowers, each after its kind."

Columbus was now in Cuba. The tropical horizon bathed in the intense ether; the Atlantic waters half azure and half opalescent, like a gigantic sheet of mother-of-pearl; the gilded reefs bright with nacreous shells: the keys covered with aquatic plants and swarming with infusorial life; the banks of the river fringed with mighty reeds like a floating garden; in the far reaches mountains tinged purple and lilac like crystalline masses of light; the tangled foliage forming an impassable rampart, rich with

rainbow colors; gorgeous insects like winged gems of every hue; the giddy fluttering of butterflies whose wings gleamed with gold, and crimson, and azure, and every prismatic tint till they seemed like airy gariands; plants of a thousand forms, heavy with bloom, bright to dazzle the eye and fragrant to entrance the senses; thick masses of lianas and trailers spread like Persian carpets under foot and drooping like Oriental tapestries from the branches overhead; the quick flight of humming-birds and parakeets with plumage more bright than Cathayan silks: the choiring of nightingales and the chirping of crickets, unheard in our climes in the autumn and winter, but vocal yonder in October; the broad-leaved plantains, heavy and rich as velvet hangings and borne down with rosy and golden fruit; cocoa-palms towering skyward from the water's edge; tree-ferns guarding the portals of the trackless virgin forests that spread afar like a sea of verdure, in whose hollows hung gauzy vapors; fields of maize thick with tassels of waving gold and silken tresses; the massive logwood with its deep-red sap; date-palms and cherimoyers bearing exquisite fruit; cacti towering like cedars; mahogany and ebony trees of iron hardness; groves of orange and pomegranate; a flood of ever-varied foliage and an outpouring of animal life; heavy odors drifting afar over the seas; a tangle of indescribable vegetation; the blended murmur of the rippling streams and the trembling leafage—all this incredible exuberance must have moved the weary pilot of the worn-out world as painless Paradise moved the sinless Adam when he arose at the divine inbreathing to draw into his veins the mysterious effluvia of universal life.

Would you comprehend how this Cuba affected Columbus? Then heed not those writers who would bound his emotions by official phrases remote from the spot and the time, and ill reflecting the discoverer; go to the man himself as he appears in his private journal. This has been widely published and is familiar to many. Read it for a space, and, if possible, read it in the original Spanish; which, however marred by time and careless transcription, still breathes the first feelings of the discoverer.¹ We have heretofore complained of the bald narrative bequeathed to us of the landing on San Salvador. We said that we could glean nothing from that monkish scrivener's report to reproduce for us that most extraordinary and solemn moment in all history, which closed the older epoch and ushered in a new age for nature and

¹ The journal itself is lost. As late as 1554 it seems to have been in the possession of Luis Columbus. The text now extant is so abridgment by Padre Las Casas, and was first printed in Navarrete's "*Coleccion*" in 1825. The only version we have in English, somewhat retrenched and not always happy in rendering the

gaunt conceits of the original, was made by Samuel Kettell on the suggestion of George Ticknor, and was published in Boston in 1827, with the title, "*Personal Narrative of the First Voyage of Columbus to America*." Copies are now scarce, even in the larger libraries.

—TRANSLATOR.

for the spirit of man. But when Columbus comes to Cuba, he ceases to cramp his feelings, he represses not his style, he sets no bounds to his admiration, his thoughts break into lightning-flashes like those of some inspired poet when the frenzy of inspiration is on him. The Columbian account of Cuba may not be comparable in form with Milton's description of Paradise or Camoëns's portrayal of the ocean; but there is in it a simplicity that touches the sublime, in that it lacks effort and exaggeration, so that we feel and know that he who penned it was the discoverer himself, martyr to his own greatness, consumed by the creative fire that sheds its beams on all the world around, but destroys the unhappy possessor. Whenever Columbus praises the lands he found, he likens them to his cherished memories of gladsome Andalusia and sterner Castile. Not once does he recall his own Italy. Although born and nurtured on the fair Ligurian shores, not once is he reminded of their delectable valleys, their celestial peaks, their foam-capped seas, their marble cliffs, or their golden sands kissed by siren-haunted waves. But he compares Cuba with a very similar region, with that Sicily which was the theater of the divine deeds of Hellenic mythology. Its position between Italy and Greece, its pellucid waters, its azure skies, its shining shores, the deep clefts of its valleys where bloom the bay and myrtle beloved of the olden gods, its flaming Etna shooting a fiery glare through the far blue skies, and with its ashes making fruitful the stony fields—all these natural contrasts and outward manifestations of life lend it the rare attractiveness to which it owes the choice of its soil as a fit scene for the divine story of Olympus. Wherefore Sicily, at the portals of the Old World, typifies the past; whilst Cuba, at the gateway of the New World, is emblematic of the future.

Of all his discoveries, Cuba aroused in Columbus the deepest emotions. In the Lucayan Bahamas he was struck by the primitive innocence of their inhabitants—a rare and strange thing, in truth—more than by the aspects of nature, less gigantic and less beautiful than in Cuba. His pristine discoveries were mere islets, very unlike the two greater islands found at the close of this first voyage and hurriedly explored before his return to Spain. After leaving the Lucayos he came, as we have seen, to the uninteresting group of Las Arenas. Yet even here Columbus studied man in natural preference to all things else. These naked tribes, more amenable to the influences of kindness than to the sway of force; amazed at seeing a gaudy cap or hearing the tinkle of a hawk-bell or a tambourine; so kindly disposed that they swam out to the caravels, bearing cotton thread and parakeets; so light-hearted

that they hung the gay ribbons and beads about their necks and danced to show their joy; poor in all things, for they went as their mothers bore them; their hair thick as a horse's mane and falling in long locks upon their shoulders; shapely of body and handsome of face; straight of limb and slender of waist; painted some with black, some with white, but more with red, their own complexion being that of the Canarians; so ignorant of arms that they grasped swords by the blade, and so unused to field labor that they knew not the mattock or the plow; some bearing scars as showing that man and warfare are born together, and that combat is more natural to him than toil; without other creed than a vague belief in the supremacy and grandeur of heaven—they absorbed the attention of Columbus, and plunged him into comparisons born of their contrast with the Spaniards, and of the lot which, in his innate prescience, he foresaw in store for them as a result of his miraculous advent. In his observations, hurriedly sketched and therefore the more interesting, such notes as the following occur in regard to his first visit to San Salvador: "Of women I saw but one, a mere girl; and all the men I saw were youthful, for none saw I of a greater age than thirty years." In another place he says: "All that they had they gave away for any trifle given to them," adding that they were "a gentle folk enough, desiring to have anything of ours, yet fearing that naught will be given to them unless they give something, and having nothing they take what they may and forthwith swim away." And further on he adds, speaking of their ignorance of trade: "Yet for potsherds and bits of broken glass cups were they content to sell; and even have I seen sixteen balls of cotton given for three *ceotis* of Portugal, which is a *blanca* [half a *maravedi*] of Castile, and therein was more than an *arroba* [25 pounds] of spun cotton." Again he says: "In the eastern part of the island saw I many women, and old men and children which I saw not at my first landing"; and to give an idea of their simple nature he tells how "some brought us water, others things to eat; others, when they saw that I went not ashore, leaped into the sea, swimming, and came, and as we supposed asked us if we were come from heaven; and there came an old man into the boat, and all, men and women, in a loud voice cried—'Come and see the men who came from heaven; bring them food and drink.'" And elsewhere, speaking of the natives of Fernandina, he says: "These folk are like those of the other islands, and of the same speech and customs, save that these seem to me something more domesticated and better traders and keener, for I see that they have brought cotton and

other things, and that they better know how to chaffer for the price thereof."

These races, so foreign to the ideas and beliefs of the time, which admitted of no variation from the biblical account of the Adamitic descent of man, would have still more astonished Columbus had he known in what part of the globe he was, and not supposed that all the scattered ocean-lands he met belonged to Asia. But in Cuba nature diverts his attention from man. The disemboгуing of its rivers in the sea; the surface of its streams strewn with the showered petals of the myriad flowers that festoon their banks, and the trees whose interlocked branches gently shadow their current; the palm-trees, unlike those of Guinea or of Spain; the giant leaves thatching the tiny huts, the grass long and rank as in Andalusia's April- or May-time; the strange sorts of wild purslane and amaranth; the beautiful mountain-ranges, whereof none stretch far, but are very high; the swelling rivers to which he gave the names of the "Seas" and the "Moon"; the gay-plumaged birds; the chirp of the crickets as with us in summer; the precipices like the "Lovers' Cliff" in Andalusia, with yet other crags rising above them with such regularity as to appear from a distance like some great Moorish temple; the cool and fragrant groves; the spices and aromatic plants; the farinaceous tubers called *inames*,¹ that taste like sweet chestnuts; the bright-colored and delicious beans; the abundance of cotton growing wild on the hills, and bearing all the year round, for he saw both blossoms and opening bolls on the same bush; the mastic-gum, far better than that abounding in the Grecian archipelago; the inexhaustible aloes, the tufted grasses, and the tobacco; the trees wounded to extract their resins and gums; all these, appealing to his senses, excited him to an enthusiasm which would assuredly have been deeper could he have foreseen the innumerable benefits to flow to mankind from his discoveries, and the riches far beyond gold which they threw open to the world's trade.

His journal, during the fortnight in which he describes Cuba and its scenes, reads like a poem—and to be convinced of this you have only to set it by the side of similar descriptions found in the greatest of the world's epics. The oldest narrative of this sort is that told by *Ulysses* to *Arethea* in her royal palace. Though heightened by the rhythmic flow of the Homeric verse, the "Odyssey" cannot even remotely compare in interest with the tale of Columbus. The magical dwelling of the enchantress *Calypso* finds no parallel in these Antillean seas,

¹ Yams, not sweet potatoes as most writers explain.

—TRANSLATOR.

nor can the Ogygian growths compare with this harvest of strange products to nourish the human race and increase its powers an hundredfold. Another epic, the immortal story of *Æneas*, may excel our discoverer's narration in literary merit, but it sinks beneath it in historical and social interest. Although Virgil has therein aimed to mingle the combats of the "Iliad" and the voyage of the "Odyssey," its epic subjects cannot compare with that presented by the coral reefs which at the mighty spell of Columbus arise under the beams of a new sun from the Shadowy Sea, filled with unknown races, and destined not only to enlarge the bounds of earth, but the mind of man as well. The waters plowed by *Æneas* in that far-off age had already been cloven by many prow, whilst the virgin waters which Columbus sailed, save for a few frail canoes that ventured not out of sight of land, had never felt keel upon their vast and wayless surface, nor borne the navies and the arms of a great and advanced navigation.

No poet of the Old World or the New so gifted as Camoëns to sing the epic of sea discoveries. The motive of his "*Lusiad*" has much in common with our discoverer's journal. Portugal anticipated and kept pace with us in expanding ocean's bounds and finding vast continents. Whilst Spain was exploring the unknown seas whence the new world of America arose, the explorations of Portugal found their reward in the olden lands of Asia. That teeming era of Lusitania brought forth alike the pilot-discoverers and the poet to sing their deeds. A living poem in sooth was that apparition of the Indies regained for Europe by the sea-Alexanders of the West. Camoëns begins his poem by declaring that the fame of his *Vasco* shall forever dim *Æneas's* glory. How marvelous to behold, in the Rome of Leo X., bound in the golden chains of Portugal, the elephants and leopards that in bygone days had filled the arenas of the Cæsars in token of the subjection of all earth to the Eternal City. Oriental pearls and rubies, Moluccan cloves, Sumatran gold, the cinnamon of Simahala, the camphor of Ormuz, the indigo of Bombay, amazed all Christendom at the same time that the poetry of Portugal grew strangely exalted and exuberant. Camoëns possessed the stature to produce, like a fabled Titan, the cyclopean epic that sang the new birth of the globe, and to be fit compeer of the colossal *Vasco da Gama*, who, modern though he be, seems like some mythical deity by his marvelous discovery of the East Indies. But the traits of the Renaissance enfeebled Camoëns. A true son of his age, he saw all things through the enduring traditions of the classic Muse. Therefore, Olympus is the supernatural mainspring

of his poem, and ancient art gives it form. But the spirit of ancient art was dead, and in its stead the Church ruled the human soul, so that a poem in which the Greek gods moved and acted could at best be only archæological and erudite, although it becomes popular and epic when it sings the story of Lusitania in bygone days and in that Renaissance time. More genuinely poetical appear to me the mass celebrated in that Franciscan convent on the high headland of La Rábida; the "Ave Maria" heard along the shores of Guadalquivir and Cadiz on the evening of the day the discoverer sailed from the mouth of the Odiel toward the Shadowy Sea; the hymns to the Virgin on the caravel's deck as the first stars twinkled in the west or the full moon flooded the rippled sea; the echoes of the "Ave maris Stella" blending with the voices of ocean; the "Te Deums" sung on sighting land and on disembarking, and the sublime thanksgiving of Columbus for the happy end of his voyage, than the apparition of *Mercury* to *Vasco* to warn him against the perils awaiting him at Mombaza, the fabulous rising of *Venus* among the isles of India, or the presence of any gods dead for a thousand years to human conscience and powerless to rekindle with poetic fire the cold ashes of worn-out beliefs. On the other hand, *Camoëns* is epic in the highest degree, worthy of a place beside Homer, often superior to Virgil, more natural than Tasso and Milton, when, as his forerunner Dante had evoked the supernatural world of the middle ages, he evokes the world of nature, new-born in that paschal time of the Renaissance, and offers in lofty strains the story of Lusitania, the description of the races discovered by his fellow-countryman, and, therewithal, the poesy of the sea; now picturing the making ready and the launching forth to face peril and trial, amid the tears of those on shore; now the cleansing of the hulls from weeds and barnacles in the ports; now the waves pallid beneath the lightning glare; now the waterspout whirling madly aloft, and bearing thick floods in its vast bosom. If *Camoëns* prevails and endures among the epic poets of the Renaissance above the delirious Ariosto, the artificial Tasso, and the satirical Pulci, it is because he sings nature, rejuvenated by the discoveries of Portugal. To what heights might he not have risen, had he not been circumscribed by the narrow patriotism of his Portuguese nature, and had he, inspired aright by the glory of the whole peninsula, given us the incredible discovery of America by the mighty genius of Columbus! Recognizing his merits as I do, I aver that there is not in all his verse, polished and inspired though it be, any utterance of *Vasco's* so deeply human as the unstudied record

of the emotions of Columbus on beholding Cuba.

The only place where I find aught approaching the description of Cuba by Columbus is in the English Roundhead poem of "Paradise Lost." *Adam's* self-communings in Eden have in them somewhat of our pilot's artless tale of the splendid tropical life of Cuba; but I discern therein a defect which also mars the "Lusiad." As the garden to which *Vasco* leads *Venus* is cut and trimmed in the style of Virgil or Theocritus, so the Eden of Milton is like a smug English park of the seventeenth century.

HAVING thus contemplated the feelings begotten in Columbus by the wondrous sum of Cuba's aspects, let us follow him step by step in his explorations. Let us not lose sight of the fact that the discoverer at one and the same time tells of his impressions of the natives, and of the impressions formed by them of their visitors—heaven-sent, as they imagined in their innocence. In this regard the Spaniards did not inspire the native Cubans with such a blind trustfulness as the other islanders had shown. Far from thronging to them in adoration, they fled and hid away, as from evil spirits. Although they possessed canoes of considerable capacity, they concealed them in the cane-brakes. But Columbus, being a born explorer, did not yield to such tokens of fear; rather was he stimulated to seek the cause of this troubled apprehension. He landed on the shores of the bay where his ships lay anchored, and made careful search in every quarter. The first two dwellings he found were deserted by their timid inhabitants, but filled with household articles showing their recent occupancy. Like the huts of the islands previously visited, they were built of plaited palm-fronds in the shape of tents. Fishing-nets, barbed harpoons, worn hooks of bone, all the implements of fishery he saw, led him to suppose himself in a cleanly and tidy fishing settlement, like those of some European shore. Their large size and ample hearths, indicating rudimentary culture, caused him to form optimistic anticipations touching the region where he had landed. Some kind of mystical notation seemed to exist, since to the repeated inquiries of Columbus about the empire of Cathay and the Great Khan, the Indians answered that the land was watered by ten great rivers, and that ten days' sail separated them from the mainland. But, as Padre Las Casas acutely remarks, either Columbus misunderstood these Indians, or they lied to him, for the mainland now called Florida lay less than five days distant. It was, however, impossible to cruise in search of other lands without ascertaining somewhat of their position and

character. Habituated to see human society organized on a monarchical basis, he inquired persistently for the king of that great realm, whom he conjectured to be in constant intercourse with the Khan, himself the ruler of a mercantile empire. He wandered thus until vesper-time, finding several well-built villages, all utterly abandoned, for their inhabitants had fled in terror to the uplands at the sight of the caravels. In these houses the explorers found, besides the customary utensils, long, neatly made settles, fashioned like beds, with somewhat skilfully carved head-pieces. They also found images rudely representing the female form, and some domesticated wild-fowl. Columbus permitted nothing to be disturbed, in order not to arouse resentment or distrust in the minds of the natives. In his habit of comparing all that he beheld in this new world with the things of the old, he supposed he saw the dried heads of cows, but was mistaken, inasmuch as these animals were there unknown: in reality the skulls were those of the manatee, an aquatic mammal, and resembled heifers' heads in size and shape. Their flesh was found to be palatable, in firmness and flavor something like beef. In these excursions Pinzon attempted to glean information from the natives, but so confusedly that he supposed Cuba to be a city when it was the name of the whole island, and to be joined to the mainland instead of being sea-girt; and the word *Guanacín* to mean the imperial Khan of India, when it merely denoted a neighboring district. The flight of the natives hindered them from obtaining even such slight details as these, and they sent out an Indian whom they had brought with them from the first-found island, charging him to quiet the distrust of the natives and to induce them to trade with the newcomers, who, far from seeking to despoil them of their belongings, offered them marvels from distant celestial regions. The Indian swam ashore, and in a loud voice proclaimed his novel mission, whereupon two natives appeared, embracing him and carrying him to the nearest hut, where his reassuring words, backed by the proofs of good will he brought with him, persuaded many of the islanders to accompany him to the dreaded ships, in great canoes, carrying balls of cotton thread and other articles of barter. Columbus ordered his crew to touch nothing, and confined himself to inquiring for gold. But even in this simple matter a misunderstanding arose, for he supposed the word *nucay* to mean gold, when the Indians really called it *caona*. But, call it by what name they would, it was nowhere to be found, being as rare as on the other islands. Gold being the only proof they could give in Castile of the treasures they had found, it was humanly impossible to abandon the search for

the metal; and so they sent fresh envoys inland, to wit: Rodrigo of Jerez, a townsman of Ayamonte, and Luis de Torres, a converted Jew, who had served the Adelantado of Murcia, and who knew many Semitic tongues. By means of these, with two natives who went with them, the explorers felt sure of finding, first the king of the island, and then its gold. These envoys journeyed twelve leagues, and came to a sort of city of about a thousand souls. Greater courtesy than that natural to these people it would be hard to imagine. They lodged their visitors hospitably, and strove to show them attention. Reverently they touched their hands and kissed their feet, believing them heaven-sent. With unstinted liberality, they offered them such food as they had. They seated them in the places of honor, while they squatted on the ground about them. The women gathered in an outer circle. When they had heard the report of the two Guanahani Indians touching the Christians, they implored them to dwell among them. They could not make out a word of the languages spoken by Torres; neither could he, however versed in the Oriental tongues, understand anything of their speech. Nothing was wanting save for the Indians to worship the Spaniards. Although the admiral had supplied the envoys with charts and specimens of European minerals and spices to offer to the chief as to a monarch in covenant of friendship and commerce, they accomplished nothing, being at length convinced that they had only an agglomeration of men to deal with, destitute of the elements of social organization that make up true civic societies. So emotional were the natives, prone to admiration bordering on idolatry and ready to yield the strangers a service akin to slavery, that they followed these envoys, whose speech was sealed to them, in the assurance that they would lead them to the heaven whence they had come. They might have taken five hundred of them had they wished, but they contented themselves with covenanteeing for the company of the chief viliager, his son, and one other native. The young chief visited Columbus with great courtesy, looked with indifference upon the gifts they offered him, so unlike anything he had ever known, and quitted him, saying he would return the following morning—but he never came back. Columbus doubtless regretted having allowed him to depart, since he took five Indians of both sexes on board his ship, and even the husband of a captured Indian woman, who came to the caravel and begged to be taken aboard. Here Padre Las Casas, the historian of the expedition, who is universally consulted as an authority, waxes oracular, and, somewhat like the German professors of our day, appeals to international and natural law against

this proceeding, which he harshly censures as an act of conquest; while Columbus, the peaceful conqueror of these tribes, mentions the incident as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and his simple narrative exhibits not the slightest trace of remorse. Among all the historians who wrote soon after the discovery, none so passionately and enthusiastically defends Columbus as Las Casas; but in presence of a fact to him so incredible as the criminal kidnapping of unoffending families, the chronicler indignantly rebels. He admits the good intention of the sublime pilot; but to this violation of natural rights and eternal justice he charges all the afflictions that later overwhelmed Columbus, holding them to have been a terrible and deserved punishment. In his stoical philosophy, heightened by his monastic temperament, he declares that good is only to be wrought through good, and that the desired end, however pure, is never to be attained by wrongful acts; so that to the padre the discovery seems good and the conquest evil, as though the two were not correlative, and as though, in the ill-starred inheritance of our race and through all the sad pages of our history, stained by dark and baleful deeds to which even slavery itself seems merciful, man had not ever ruthlessly exterminated man in the implacable fury of hatred and the horrors of perpetual combat.

Columbus, who had come to Cuba filled with the dreams of hope, found not in Cuba the gold he so ardently sought as a tangible evidence of his marvelous achievement. On the alert for any hint given by the natives, he blunderingly believed every conjecture gleaned from their uncomprehended speech, when it seemed to confirm his own imaginings. The Indians said "*Babeque*," and he fancied he recognized the title they gave to the golden empires figured on the maps of that fantastic age and limned in his own confused cosmology. Passing from one false interpretation to another, at length he came to believe that another shore was near, whose inhabitants were covered with ornaments of massy gold, and yet other lands peopled by a race resembling the Cyclops fabled of old, having but one eye set above a dog's muzzle. He went on, ever in quest of these treasures and marvels. Having met with chilly weather, as might be expected in November and December, he bore eastward and southward. In this voyage everything allured and enchanted him: the serene skies, the celestial water, the graceful headlands, the deep and calm bays, so pellucid and tranquil as to elicit his lively admiration; the island groups, like heavenly constellations—all these our new pilgrim of nature beheld, absorbing their vitality as a sponge absorbs water. Yet the manifold beauties and lovely changeful aspects of the

Cuban landscape only intensified his keen disappointment at finding no gold.

November 19, he sailed in search of the new region toward Puerto Principe, where he erected a cross. He intended to sail along the coast, to gain a better knowledge of the land that lay in sight, while seeking that other realm pictured in fancy; but strong head-winds that baffled and drove him upon dangerous shoals constrained him to stand out to sea. And now befell the greatest misfortune of his voyage—the parting company with his lieutenant, that matchless pilot and unequalled organizer, to whose efforts the successful outfitting of the expedition was mainly due, and whose firmness had overcome all obstacles in its path. The thirst for glory and gain which our race inherits; the inevitable insubordination of those natures who fancy themselves born to command, not to obey; the temptation to forestall Columbus in the quest for the golden shores, and elevate himself by reaping the harvest now that his captain had won the fame of the discovery, led Pinzon to an act whence sprang all his subsequent disasters. The admiral, however, was not disconcerted by this. As often as the wind allowed he stood toward the land, and again made the offing, entranced alike by the magic vistas of shore and sea. Poetical and sensitive by nature, he never tired of gazing upon the waters, to which he gave the name of "Our Lady's Sea," or upon the calm bosom of the limpid rivers, the blossom-laden banks, the rocky cliffs gilded and glittering like illusive hopes, the pine-woods exhaling balm, the amber-like gums, the delectable brooks below contrasting with the peaks far above and bright with evanescent hues, the intermingling of palms and cedars, the countless quiet bays lake-like in beauty and like havens in their repose, the canoes floating by the shores or drawn up on land and concealed by leafage, the unclad Indians indistinguishable save by their varied painting and fanciful head-gear of feathers, the emotions awakened in those savages at the sight of the Spaniards, white and thick-bearded, cased in armor which they imagined to be the natural covering of their bodies, and apparently descended from some higher celestial sphere to mingle with puny mortals on the lowly earth.

At length Columbus reached the most easterly point of Cuba, and there he learned that before him lay another island, called by the natives Haïti—the lofty land. Columbus, who kept on giving new names at will to the islands he found, called Cuba *Isla Juana*, in memory of the ill-fated prince Don John, later to be cut down in the flower of young manhood when about to unite Spain and Portugal as his parents had united Castile and Aragon. Before

he sighted Haiti he cast about for a name to bestow upon it, not rightly apprehending the import of the Indian word. He discovered it December 5, 1492, after sailing eastward sixteen leagues from the extremity of Cuba. He was much struck by its resemblance to Spain. Soles and red mullet were caught in its waters; asphodel and arbutus blossomed on the uplands; on the hillsides stretched dense oak-forests, and in their deep intervals lay neat, well-tended gardens, familiar plants of dark-green foliage festooned the streams; and the cone-folled pine crested the heights, while huts much like our own were seen. These resemblances led Columbus to give it the name of Española (Hispaniola), in harmony with his reawakened memories of the mother-country. The natives appeared to be fairer of skin than those seen before, and higher in culture. They fled, like the rest, but came back at the call of the Spaniards. Two chiefs were soon met with, and the Spaniards learned that they were called *caciques* throughout the islands. The first and younger of them was timid and shy, but the second confident and accessible to every emotion. They came in procession, carried upon litters, in great pomp and with a numerous following. They went on board without distrust, and with well-bred courtesy took seats at the admiral's table. When offered refreshments, they ceremoniously tasted of the delicacies, and shared them with their attendants, who devoured them greedily. More gold was found in this island than in the others, nose-jewels worn by the women, and even thin plates, but all of small size and infrequent. No wonder that all December was agreeably spent by Columbus between Española and Tortuga, gathering information and naming the country. The first port in which he cast anchor, as fair as any of Cuba, he called San Nicolas, having landed there on that saint's day; the second he called Concepcion, the third St. Thomas. As in all the spots thus far visited, the Indians fled at the coming of the Spaniard. But when the fugitives were called back by their fellow-Indians whom Columbus had brought with him, they returned and began to examine and touch the visitors, although fighting shy of them, timorous of every gesture and frightened at the slightest sign, yet accepting the most trifling gifts with simple confidence, and exhibiting the greatest delight thereat. In Española they found a *cacique* of more importance than any before met. His name was Guacanagari. He was distinguished from the rest by his greater interest in the new order of things heralded by his guests, and by his reverential treatment of them, as though strangely forecasting the changes their advent was to bring. There were five other chiefs in the island, and Guacanagari

ruled over the northern part, where the caravels then were. At the first offers of barter he displayed a wealth and authority above what they had witnessed hitherto. The Indians had been in the habit of offering girdles to their guests in sign of friendship, and Guacanagari gave one of notable magnificence. Composed of three folds of cotton cloth, so thick and closely woven that an arquebus could scarcely have pierced it, it was ornamented with coral, shells, and pearls, and at the side hung a grotesque mask with eyeballs and tongue of pure gold. An embassy from the chief brought this gift, and Columbus spent the whole day endeavoring to interpret the signs made by the envoys in offering him all he might desire. Guacanagari was eager to see more of the Spaniards, and sent numbers of his light-hearted people to welcome them and bring them gifts of every sort. Their enthusiasm was unbounded, their generosity unstinted. The land was gay with festivities, the sea swarmed with canoes. On nearing the caravels, the Indians that crowded them stood up, tendering all kinds of offerings with gestures of devotion, as in idolatrous worship.

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus despatched a formal embassy to Guacanagari, and on hearing their report he determined, despite the prevailing land-breeze, to weigh anchor and sail to the dominions of his friends, which were some five leagues distant. He set out at daybreak on December 24. Little progress was made during all that day. The night came, Christmas Eve, and Columbus determined to celebrate it, as best befitted his own health and the comfort of his own crew, by enjoying a sound sleep. He retired, worn out by three nights of vigil following three days of herculean labor. Sweet must have been his rest! His discovery of that new world whose very existence had been denied, the endless upspringing of Eden-isles, the simple races bound to nature by such mysterious ties and soon to be brought into the fold of civilization and Christianity, must have filled his mind with happy dreams on this the first restful Christmas Eve he had passed in thirty years of titanic contest with all the world, and at times even with his own self. It was midnight, when the echoes of childhood and of times long past fill the slumbering ear. The heavens smiled, and the sea was calm. The sailors slept soundly, sure of their bearings and sea-room because preceded by the little fleet of skiffs and canoes sent by Columbus to the Indian king. A ship's boy held the helm, so assured were they all of the fairness of the weather and the safety of their course—when the flag-ship suddenly struck upon a sunken reef. Columbus instantly divined his peril, and hurried on deck. With

lightning rapidity he gave orders to cut away the mast and throw the cargo overboard. But the remedy was futile; it was no mere stranding, it was a wreck. With the desertion of the *Pinta* and the loss of the *Santa María*, only the smallest and frailest of the three caravels that had set sail from Palos remained. He went on board the *Niña*, and sent a fresh embassy to Guacanagari, giving an account of the disaster, while he stood off and on till day broke. When the chief learned the misfortune, he sought in every way to alleviate it, sparing neither means nor sacrifice. Disastrous indeed it was to face such superstitious races, who confided in the prosperity and success of the supernatural, with the slender remnants of such a wreck, which showed how the sea overcomes all created things and bows us all to its sovereign power. But the sentiment of hospitality was uppermost in that faithful tribe and in their kindly monarch. All the succor needed in that sad hour, and all requisite provision for the future, were given to the sufferers with admirable orderliness. The salvage of the wreck was piled on shore and, under the chief's orders, scrupulously guarded by the natives as though it were their own. The cargo was rapidly discharged and stored in a place of safety, without the loss of a pin's point.

On December 26, Guacanagari visited Columbus, and, finding him much cast down, renewed his assurances of friendly aid. The discoverer thanked him heartily, and accepted his proffered assistance in furtherance of his continued discoveries. As there is no evil un-fraught with good, this setback greatly aided the discoverer's plans by giving him information on which to base new explorations, and by affording him the means of cementing friendship with the natives. Indeed, scarcely had the chief regretfully quitted him when other Indians came out in a canoe, bringing gold in barter for hawk-bells. Being but a degree above nature, the Indians were attracted by all that appealed to their senses, and enjoyed the cheery tinkle of the cascabels, being used to the much less musical rattling of pebbles in a hollow stem. The chroniclers of that time mention how the Indians mingled our strange words with their native speech, as primitive and instinctive as the first chirpings of nestling birds or the bleating of nursing lambs. "*Chuca, chuca, cascabeles!*" they cried, begging those gay and useless baubles with all a child's eagerness. It is narrated that some of them, bringing bits of gold to exchange for hawk-bells, gave up the priceless treasure as of little worth, and snatched the worthless toys, with which they hurried away, looking anxiously back as though fearing the Spaniard might repent his bargain. Simple creatures, and to be envied,

were they, to fancy they had tricked the Spaniards in giving gold for dross in that happy age, fitly comparable with the poetic era when riches were despised, and man was content with a handful of acorns and a draught of cool water from the crystal spring. So primitive an age seems impossible so near to our own materialistic times. "Of such cheating," says a monkish writer of twenty years later, "the Spaniards of that time were glad to have more and more day by day"; and I even think that those of our own day would not refuse to be so tricked. Anything of brass captivated their simple fancy. The clink and luster of that metal, joined to its flexibility, so charmed them that they sought it eagerly. They called it *turey* (heavenly). They offered to take it for their gold. It is needless to say that Columbus, delighted with the readiness of the Indians to give him such wealth as this for mere dross, looked upon his wreck as a heaven-sent blessing. Moreover, the *cacique* generously invited him to visit his dominions, and the reports of the gold that there abounded gladdened the discoverer's soul. After Guacanagari had supped with Columbus on the *Niña*, the admiral supped with the chief in his *bohio*, or village. On those occasions he told him of a place called Cibao, where gold was found strewn upon the earth's surface and freely to be gathered by any comer, for the natives attached no value to it. When the admiral heard the name Cibao, he at once fancied the chief spoke of Cipango, and began to build airy castles, and to suppose himself already arrived in the coveted realm of India. On inquiring of the simple natives in regard to the inhabitants and the characteristics of that region, he understood them, in his confused interpretation of their replies, to complain of their treatment by their Caribbean neighbors, and of their terrible and unnatural voracity. Thus, owing in part to his utter misinterpretation of what they told him, and in part to the fancies of his own fertile mind, he supposed them to speak of a race as perverse in moral nature as deformed in body, having a single eye in the forehead like the fabled Cyclops, a dog's head, and a long tail, and gorging on human flesh and blood. In gratitude for the tidings they gave him of the Cipango of his dreams, Columbus promised the potent aid of his sovereigns against the Caribs, and rich rewards for the gold they offered. Thereupon he set before them the advantages of such a civilization as the Spaniards possessed, and the benefits to flow to them from its adoption. In order to demonstrate this, he put a shirt on the back of his savage friend, and a pair of gloves on his hands. Custom has decreed that the raiment shall be adapted to the form, and hence an ill-fitting garment is ridiculous in our

sight. Most laughable, then, must have been the appearance of the chief, framed for the air and light of freedom, and belonging by nature to the animal and vegetative life about him, when thus arrayed in the vesture appropriate to the highest civilization, but wholly at odds with the man as he was. Fancy an ape in human attire, and you have this savage, be-shirted and begloved after the Spanish fashion. Some idea of the primitive life of those Indians may be formed from the fact that they possessed no weapons of any kind, if we are to credit what Columbus wrote in his journal for the information of his sovereigns. This is somewhat at variance with what he elsewhere says about the constant warfare between the Haitian and Caribbean tribes; but as Columbus is the sole witness of the facts of the discovery, and as we have no evidence but his, we must perforce believe him. He adds that, the more to astonish them, he sent to the caravel for a Turkish bow and Castilian arrows, and when one of the crew showed their use, these children of nature looked upon them as miracles. Their amazement became terror on hearing the roar of the cannon and the rattle of the muskets, fired by way of salute, and sounding in their untutored ears like the awful crash of thunder in the storm. They fell upon the ground, with cries and signs of terror, as though themselves smitten with death. No wonder, then, seeing and hearing these things, that they believed in the divinity of him who could thus control the lightning and the thunderbolt. The fair skin, the look of command, the glistening armor, the manly beard, the flashing sword, the death-dealing carbine, all were so manifestly beyond aught they knew, as to render supernatural and divine in their eyes these strangers cast up by the celestial and solitary ocean. So, therefore, the Haitians knelt before the Spaniards and hailed them as their natural masters. To them any guest was sacred; how much more, then, these superhuman visitants? Columbus deemed his moral conquest of those Indians complete. Nothing more appropriate, then, than to seal it by some striking and visible sign, a castle or fortress, for example, the effective symbol of sovereignty in feudal and monarchical Europe. The timbers of the wreck served for this purpose, and the Indians so diligently helped to carry out

the design that the fort was soon raised before the eyes of those docile tribes in the bosom of that virgin land. It was called by Columbus Fort Nativity, in memory of the day of the wreck. This act of taking possession, far from dismaying the enslaved, only strengthened their loyalty to their conqueror, while it served Columbus as a means of inaugurating the conquest and disposing of a crowd of sailors whom he could not well transport back to Spain, having only the smallest of the caravels left to him, besides insuring him willing recruits in Spain to join their predecessors who had so willingly remained in Haïti. The friendly disposition of the Haitians increased with their daily intercourse. The *cacique's* brother took the discoverer to his hut, a large structure with hangings of plaited palm-leaves called *yaguas*, where he treated him with much ceremony, and reverently seated him on a long wooden settle, as big as a bed and black and polished as jet. The *cacique*, being informed by his brother of the visit of Columbus, repaired to the hut, and, after saluting his honored guest, hung about his neck an ornament of gold. It is superfluous to describe the delight of Columbus. The honors paid him did not stop here. Other *caciques* being subject to Guacanagari, he speedily assembled them and led them to the admiral's presence, all like himself wearing crowns; whereupon he, their natural chief, took off the golden circlet from his brows and set it on the newcomer's head in recognition of his supernatural authority. In return for his gold, Columbus set strings of glass beads on the neck of the *cacique*, a fine woollen cloak upon his shoulders, a silver ring on his finger, and red buskins on his feet, to the intense delight of the poor deluded creature, who prized these gauds above all earthly riches.

After receiving this vassal tribute to the mastery of the Spaniards, Columbus deemed it high time to return, and to give in person to his sovereigns an authentic account of his discoveries, as well to enable him to continue in the favor he had won as to induce them to follow up and perfect the enterprise with ampler means than those he had brought from the peninsula, and which were now much reduced by the mishaps incident to his voyage, although, by divine grace, the outcome had been most fortunate.

Emilio Castelar.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

BLAZON Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 't was born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and tasseled sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 't was fed,
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread.
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal;
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves and flowers, the sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold:
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn,
Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain-laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear;
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn:
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

Edna Dean Proctor.

CLAUDE MONET.



WHEN the group of painters known as impressionists exhibited together for the first time twelve or fifteen years ago, they were greeted with much derision. In fact they were hardly taken seriously, being regarded either as mountebanks or as *poseurs* who served the purpose of furnishing the quick-witted but not infallible Parisians with something to laugh at once a year. But they have seen their influence increase steadily in a remarkable manner, first, as is always the case, with the painters, and latterly with the public. It is a very superficial observer who sees in the impressionists only a body of bad or inefficient painters who would attract attention at any cost except that of study. The sum total of talent represented by M.M. Manet, Degas, Monet, Pizarro, Caillebotte, Sisley, Renoir, Mlle. Berthe Morisot, and the American Miss Cassatt, not to mention others, is very considerable. Of course there have appeared the men of small talent with their little invention, who have tacked themselves on to the movement, notably the genius who imagined the fly-speck or dot *facture*, while streaks and stripes have been considered a part of the new school's baggage. All this does not take away from the fact that the influence of the movement has been a healthy and much-needed one. It is to be thanked first, of course, for its independence and revolt from routine, the *chic* and *habileté* of the schools; next for its voice in behalf of pure, bright color and light, things of which painters as well as the public are more or less afraid. That refined color must necessarily be dull color; that one should not paint up too near white; that one should "husband his resources"; and that if any qualities must be sacrificed, let those be color and air—all these theories have been stoutly and efficiently combated by the impressionists.

Of them all M. Claude Monet is the most aggressive, forceful painter, the one whose work is influencing its epoch the most. If he has not, as M. Guy de Maupassant says with enthusiasm,

"discovered the art of painting," he has certainly painted moving waters, skies, air, and sunlight with a vividness and truth before unknown. Though occasionally painting indoors, he is, in my opinion, most original as an open-air painter, and he has scored his greatest success in that line. No one has given us quite such realism. Individual, and with the courage of his opinions from the first, his work, while remaining substantially the same in intention, has become larger and freer. In the beginning there was a visible influence of Corot, and certain mannerisms which have disappeared with increasing years. Superbly careless of *facture*, or at least with no preoccupation in that direction, he has arrived at that greatest of all *factures*, large, solid, and intangible, which best suggests the mystery of nature. And all painters working in the true impressionist spirit, absorbed by their subject, must feel that neat workmanship is not merely not worth the while, but is out of the question. "No man can serve two masters," and this noble indifference to *facture* comes sooner or later to all great painters of air, sea, and sky.

Most painters have been struck by the charm of a sketch done from nature at a sitting, a charm coming from the oneness of effect, the instantaneousness seldom seen in the completed landscape, as understood by the studio landscape-painter. M. Claude Monet was the first to imagine the possibility of obtaining this truth and charm on a fair-sized canvas with qualities and drawing unattainable in the small sketch. He found it attainable by working with method at the same time of day and not too long, never for more than an hour. Frequently he will be carrying on at the same time fifteen or twenty canvases. It is untrue that he is a painter of clever, large *pochades*. The canvas that does not go beyond the *pochade* state never leaves his studio, and the completed pictures are painted over many times.

Though these details may be of some interest, it is, of course, the spiritual side of the painter's work that is really worth dwelling on. M. Claude Monet's art is vital, robust, healthy. Like Corot's, but in more exuberant fashion, it shows the joy of living. It does not lack thought, and many of his pictures are painted with difficulty; but there is never that mysterious something



TH. RODGERSON
1890

CLAUDE MONET.



DRAWN BY THEODORE ROBINSON

THE HOME OF MONET AT GIVERNY, EURE.

which often gets into a picture and communicates itself to the spectator, a sense of fatigue, or abatement of interest in the motive. There is always a delightful sense of movement, vibration, and life. One of his favorite sayings is "*La Nature ne s'arrête pas.*" Clouds are moving across the sky, leaves are twinkling, the grass is growing. Even the stillest summer day has no feeling of fixedness or of stagnation; moving seas, rivers, and skies have a great charm for him.

The exhibition at the Rue de Sive last summer was a surprise to many from the variety, rare in a collection of pictures by one painter. Those who knew M. Claude Monet only as a painter of sunlight saw him in a new vein in the somber, rocky hillsides of La Creuse. There were Paris streets and gardens, gay in movement and color, railway-stations, Holland tulip-fields, and Normandy winter landscapes. One, of grain-stacks in the early morning, with a thin covering of snow, was a most extraordinary piece of realism. Then the sea, for which he has a lover's passion, seen from the Normandy chalk cliffs dazzling in sunlight, blue and green shadows chasing one another across its surface, or the stormy waters and black rocks of Belle Isle. And his "*Essais de Figures en Plein Air*"—

what charm of color and life! how they belong to the landscape in which they breathe and move! To my mind no one has yet painted out of doors quite so truly. He is a realist, believing that nature and our own day give us abundant and beautiful material for pictures: that, rightly seen and rendered, there is as much charm in a nineteenth-century girl in her tennis- or yachting-suit, and in a landscape of sunlit meadows or river-bank, as in the Lefebvre nymph with her appropriate but rather dreary setting of "classical landscape"; that there is an abundance of poetry outside of swamps, twilights, or weeping damosels. M. Claude Monet's work proves this fact, if there be need to prove it: that there is no antagonism between broad daylight and modernity, and sentiment and charm; that an intense lover and follower of nature is not necessarily an indiscriminating note-taker, a photographer of more or less interesting facts. Beauty of line, of light and shade, of arrangement, above all, of color, it is but a truism to say that nowhere except in nature can their secrets be discovered.

M. Claude Monet's art leaves few indifferent. There is a whole gamut of appreciation, from the classicists who abhor him,—as Ingres is said to have spat at the sight of a Dela-

croix,—to M. de Maupassant, whose judgment I have already given. He is often aggressive, sometimes wilfully so, and you feel that he takes a delight in making the "heathen"—*i.e.*, Philistine—"rage." There is always need of such work and such painters. His work is quite as often sane and reasonable, and should interest all who love nature. His painting, direct, honest, and simple, gives one something of the same impression, the same charm, that one gets directly from the great mother—Nature—herself.

One cause of the popular prejudice against impressionism is the supposed wilful exaggeration of color. No doubt restrained, negative

and colors than we; that they had, in fact, a simpler and more naive vision; that the modern eye is being educated to distinguish a complexity of shades and varieties of color before unknown. And for a comparison, take the sense of taste, which is susceptible of cultivation to such an extraordinary degree that the expert can distinguish not only different varieties and ages of wine, but mixtures as well; yet this sense in the generality of mankind, in comparison, hardly exists. In like manner a painter gifted with a fine visual perception of things spends years in developing and educating that sense; then comes the man who never in his life looked at nature but in a casual and patro-



FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET, IN POSSESSION OF JAMES F. SUTTON.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

BORDIGHERA.

color pleases better the average mind, and only a colorist and searcher can use pure, vivid color with good effect, as Monet certainly does. That there is more color in nature than the average observer is aware of, I believe any one not color-blind can prove for himself by taking the time and trouble to look for it. It is a plausible theory that our forefathers saw fewer tones

nizing way, and who swears he "never saw such color as that." Which is right, or nearest right?

Another cause has been its supposed tendency toward iconoclasm and eccentricity. But in reality, while bringing forward new discoveries of vibration and color, in many ways the impressionists were returning to first principles. Manet's "Boy with a Sword" and

the much discussed "Olympia" may claim kinship with Velasquez for truth of values, and for largeness and simplicity of modeling, while the best Monets rank with Daubigny's or, to go farther back, with Constable's art in their self-restraint and breadth, combined with fidelity to nature.

While the movement is much in sympathy with the naturalistic movement in literature, yet I should rather insist on its resemblance to that brought on by Constable. In independence of thought and intense love of nature, in the treatment received from public and critics, and in their immediate influence on the younger painters of their day, there is a remarkable similarity between Constable and M. Monet. In Leslie's "Life" Constable preaches

Perhaps the sacrifices I make for lightness and brightness are too great, but these things are the essence of landscape."

In 1824 some of his landscapes exhibited in Paris made a sensation. The French artists "are struck by their vivacity and freshness, things unknown to their own pictures—they have made a stir and set the students in landscape to thinking. . . . The critics are angry with the public for admiring these pictures. They acknowledge the effect to be rich and powerful, and that the whole has the look of nature and the color true and harmonious; but shall we admire works so unusual for their excellencies alone—what then is to become of the great Poussin?—and they caution the younger artists to beware of the seduction of these English works."



FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET, IN POSSESSION OF JAMES F. SUTTON.

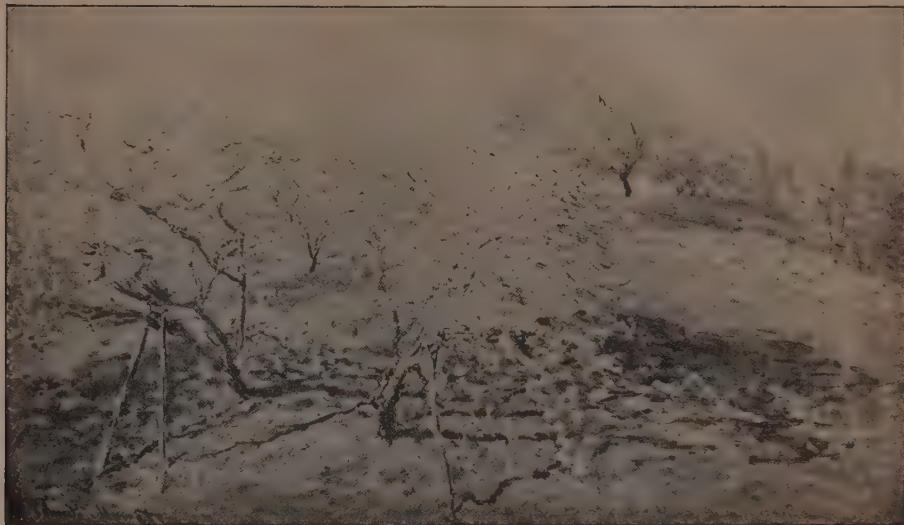
ON CAPE MARTIN, NEAR MENTONE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

against *chic*, then called *bravura*, "an attempt to do something beyond the truth. Fashion always had and always will have its day, but truth in all things only will last and can only have just claims on posterity." "The world is full enough of what has been already done." "My execution annoys the scholastic ones.

But a few years later the younger artists began to profit by Constable's ideas, and the noble school of 1830 appeared, carrying the art of landscape-painting another step in advance.

It is not perhaps too soon to prophesy that in the same manner the influence of M. Claude Monet on the landscape art of the future will



FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET, IN POSSESSION OF F. H. FULLER.

THE ORCHARD.

be strongly felt. Imitation can go but a little way, and is always without value, although its appearance is no argument against the art imitated—witness M. Trouillebert. But as the young Frenchmen of 1830 profited by the example of Constable, his discovery of breadth

and values as we understand them to-day, so will the coming landscape-men use the impressionist discoveries of vibration and the possibilities of pure color, and, while careful to “hold fast that which is good,” will go on to new and delightful achievement.

Theodore Robinson.

TWO POEMS.

AN IMPULSE.

THE silent little glen I often seek,
 Moist, dark: a tiny rivulet runs through
 The lush, wet grass, so small a silvery thread
 That one might take it for a line of dew.
 The trees have shut it in a sylvan room
 Full of chill earthy scents. Diana might
 Choose such a spot to don her huntress garb,
 Or stretch her cold, chaste body there at night.
 And yet to-day, thou thing of Eastern suns,
 The very contrast of the place to thee
 Made me look up, and through the undergrowth,
 With the wild dream that thou hadst come to me!

MELODY.

WHEN the land was white with moonlight,
 And the air was sweet with May,
 I was so glad that Love would last
 Forever and a day.

Now the land is white with winter,
 And dead Love laid away,
 I am so glad Life cannot last
 Forever and a day.

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.¹—V.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



XV.

MARGARET had been able to choose her successor, a young woman who presented herself with an appositeness which might have been called providential but for the drawback of a ten-months-old baby. Margaret made light of the baby in comparison with the baby's dire alternative, a Chinaman; and the family assented. No one likes to think one's self so inhuman as to mind a baby. A baby, Margaret claimed, steadies a young woman and gives her ambition; she had seen a slender bit nursing mother go through the same work, and find time to rest and tidy herself, that "twa jaukin' hizzies wad be dallyin' with the lee-lang day." The young woman's husband was busy, like Job, getting his land in shape for the water, which had been promised by the following spring.

It was several weeks before the admis-

ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

"DOLLY WAS SERVING A HOUSEKEEPER'S APPRENTICESHIP."

¹ Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

sion crept out that the baby was getting oppressive. They continued to give themselves credit for the feelings proper to the baby and to Jenny, who was doing her best to combine her natural duties with those for which she was paid. The baby was a splendid, great, fair, brown-eyed boy baby; they were the ideal settler's wife and child, the very people for whom the canal was building. All this made it harder to confess that so appropriate a connection was far from comfortable. Dolly, who had entered with girlish enthusiasm into the scheme, had won Jenny's heart at the outset by hersweet, inviting ways with the baby, of whose position in the family the mother was naturally jealous; but Dolly's success was her own undoing—the baby screamed to go to her whenever he saw her in the distance. She had pleased him too well; she had rashly admitted him to her own part of the house, far more attractive than the kitchen, and thereafter, short of downright forcible expulsion, he was not to be denied. He could creep faster than a clock ticks, and as, in the summer weather, doors were left wide, the sound of his scuffling toes and his bubbles and guggles of delight became a comic source of terror. She felt constrained to keep up her character, too ambitiously assumed. She sympathized with Jenny, and tried dishonestly to persuade her that the baby was no trouble to any one; and between specious protestations to the mother, tyrannous exactions on the part of the baby, and her own secret dismay, Dolly's path became daily more complicated and arduous.

Philip despised the baby because it took up precious moments of Dolly's time that he had formerly been able to monopolize. Dunsmuir found all his autocratic habits trampled upon by that terrible, sunny-headed radical, who was always underfoot when he was not in Dolly's arms, or swinging by his mother's skirts, or pulling things off the kitchen table, or mixing himself up in squalid fashion with the sacred ceremonies of dinner, or digging holes in the flower-beds, or strewing the piazza floor with his idols,—bits of coal or chicken-bones or mumbled crusts of bread,—and leaving indispensable parts of his clothing about in conspicuous places, to be hastily gotten rid of or futilely ignored. The young settler had a habit of screaming at meal-times, occasions which seemed to excite him and to remind him of his own infringed rights. Jenny would dash in and out with a flushed face and a high-strung manner, the tension of her nerves increasing with the baby's notorious demands. In her brief disappearances she would catch him up violently and remove him farther and farther from his audience in the dining-room, scolding till both his heart and her own were quite broken. When his

cries came forlornly from his place of banishment in the woodshed, Dolly, unable to bear the appearance of heartlessness any longer, would rise to the rescue, and the meal would end distractedly for all. Dolly began secretly to dislike the baby, almost to wish some reasonable fault could be found with Jenny as an excuse for terminating a relation so exposing to all her own unsuspected weaknesses. It was humiliating to think how little Margaret would have made of this pother about a baby. Her hands would never have been too clean, nor her gowns too fresh and fine, to nurse him, the young rascal, when his mother needed relief.

It was helplessly agreed, in the family, that to send away Jenny for no fault but that she was a mother would be too monstrous; but they were ripe for any desperate measure of relief. Jenny had a young sister, a lass of twelve, whom it was now proposed to have up from town, to mind the baby, and betimes to help Jenny with her work. But wages, it proved, were no object to Jenny's parents compared with the loss of a winter's schooling for their youngest daughter. They were a nomadic, tent-and-wagon family, and therefore the more regardful of educational opportunities when they came in their way. In extremity, Dolly offered to remove the difficulty by herself undertaking to teach the lass; and so it was arranged. Two hours each day she gave to the sowing of seed on that wild and stony soil, and very profitable, on the whole, was the exercise—to the teacher. But Philip rebelled against these baffling and separating influences. The atmosphere of the household was changed; it was no longer feudal and concentrated. Other matters besides the work had started up with much intrusive bustle, and Dolly was serving a housekeeper's apprenticeship instead of falling sweetly and securely in love.

On one of the evenings when Philip dined in town chance presented him with an awkward discovery. Alan had gone with a party of young girls to a play given by a traveling company. Philip was not much concerned for the lad's sentimental relations in these days, although the latter confessed to having returned Antonia Vargas her bullet; the confession being incident to his having had to borrow of Philip to pay for mounting the same. He claimed to have sent it partly as a joke; a trifle fervid in the accompanying sentiment, possibly, but a girl accustomed in her own language to the metaphorical kissing of hands and feet could not be supposed to take umbrage at a word, though strong.

He had cudgelled his wits for days, he said, and looked through stacks of books for a text not exceeding in space one inch of en-

graver's small script; but nothing could he find to the purpose of a wound but that stale bit of Latin. Virtue would not go, of course, and gratitude had sounded a trifle prudent. Such had been Alan's explanation, if sincere, and Philip had no reason to doubt him.

He was smoking at the window of his bedroom in the wing opening on a grass court in rear of the house. On the kitchen porch below Enrique was conversing with a shy figure lately

heart. You would confess to the devil himself if that were the only road to marriage with Antonia."

"I was a fool to venture back so soon; I should have waited till matters were quiet. But I died, Enrique, thinking of them together in that cursed pit!"

"It was a meeting of your own contriving."

"I tell you it was not. Did I invite him to the cave? Once there, what could I do with



THE LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

known on the streets of the town as a peddler of tomares. She was a bent old woman with a brown face, which she kept well hidden under the peaked hood of her invariable black shawl. Twice a week she brought tomares and enchillalas to the house, and gossiped with Enrique. Without paying much attention, he caught the monotonous cadence of their voices, until a sentence distinguished itself, remarkable enough, coming from the vender of tomares. Enrique had asked her a question, and this was her answer:

"The Father says that I am still in sin; he cannot give me absolution. I think it is merely an excuse to put off my marriage with Antonia. I am not worse than others that he should distinguish against me."*

"You are wrong to say that of the Father, Pacheco. He knows that confession such as yours comes but from the lips, not from the

him? Set him free, and he would prattle of what he had seen, and they would hunt me like a badger. Keep him with me? There was not food enough for two. There was scant for one till Antonia should arrive, at the time appointed. The pity was that I had bowels and left him the key to the well, or that I did not crack his skull a little harder when I threw him in the cave."

"A pity to spoil a better case than your own. He has the face of the blessed St. Michael."

The tomale-woman shook in her bundled rags like a sheaf of withered corn. Her words were a choking growl.

"Bah! the boy is not a madman like you. He is not bitten to the soul," Enrique spoke. "Antonia may never have looked at him but in compassion, as the angels might, seeing the state she found him in. The keys of thy cave were a candle to the blind. Had she been

a day later he had not been worth loading a pony with."

"You have fattened him till he could carry the pony himself, now."

"All I ever said was"—Enrique spoke again—"he has looked at her. Very good; so has many another long-legged coxcomb about the town."

"And I am forbidden the house till her father's return."

"Yes, but you art her *novio*, wolf in sheep's clothing."

"If I am a wolf, what is he?"

"A very white little lamb beside you. If he sees her, it is in the American fashion, which means anything or nothing," Enrique's shoulders went up; his hands said the rest. "Extraordinary people! He has gone with three of them to-night, his little countrywomen; not a gray hair nor a wedding ring in the company. You might hear their parrot voices screaming the length of the street. With him it is not Antonia; it is any girl."

"I am in hell with thinking on them."

"You will get there fast enough without so much thinking."

PHILIP reported this conversation to Dunsmuir. It was agreed now that Alan should be sent away; but where?

The family wound still rankled. The family itself on the other side had greatly changed in fifteen years. The present members had their own burdens sufficient to their incomes; correspondence had nearly ceased.

"Chuck him into a big school, and let him strike out for himself and learn his insignificance," said Philip.

"Send him to heaven if you happen to know the way!" was Dunsmuir's answer. The American schools were all alike in his estimation, skin-deep in scholarship, vulgar in tone, inordinately expensive.

Then Philip somewhat diffidently proposed the Continent as a compromise, with his mother's assistance in placing Alan at Zurich or Vevay. She would dote on another boy to "run" in vacations; and Alan would find it not so disagreeable to be preached to by an adorable woman old enough to be his mother, who, as she was not his mother, would know when to "let up."

To his surprise, Dunsmuir fell in with the proposition at once. Philip cabled his mother, and wrote, sending Alan's picture; the lad's good looks, he well knew, would be a great point in his favor. Meantime Philip talked to him like an elder brother. He could have wished to see him more touched in temper, and less placidly flattered by the attention his pastimes excited. Dunsmuir raved over the cost;

a cool thousand it meant at the first go off, and he had promised his next surplus to Job, who needed the money at once on his land. No matter; the old people must wait. From those that have not shall be taken even that which they have. Dunsmuir felt the want of money all the more, now that he had begun to straighten his affairs and to handle a salary again. He was impatient to be free.

Pacheco had been arrested. Vargas had returned with his mules from Sheep Mountain, and was looking after his daughter. Alan was on parole. Dolly was cold, and would not talk of her brother. Her shame for him went hard with her; it was like a bilious sickness. She was for abjuring sentiment henceforth in any and every form. Away with it all! The lights were out in her own secret place of worship; cold daylight showed the images to be mere tawdry dolls; her flowers of passion were turned to rags and shreds of tinsel. Not one kind word could Philip get from her in her revolt; not a single acknowledgment of all that had so nearly come to pass between them.

XVI.

THE river was now at its lowest. Cofferdams were in place, which were to cramp it and turn it aside, and at night, when the pile-drivers, and the steam-hoists, and the dump-carts were silent, the harassed stream made loud its complaint. Dunsmuir's orders were to "go ahead" and put in his dam on a pile foundation where the rock gave out, that water might be turned into the ditch by May 1, in time to reap the next season's crop of contracts. Dunsmuir had protested in vain against the issuing of contracts which called for this early delivery of water. He had submitted his own plan of the dam—excavation till solid rock should be reached, that the masonry might rise in one coherent mass from a permanent and homogeneous foundation. But such construction demanded more time than the contracts were giving him.

"What 's the matter with piles and concrete?" Norrisson had asked; and he mentioned several dams with pile foundations that were doing their duty. While in Denver, soon afterward, he took the occasion of meeting a friend, an engineer of reputation, to put the case of the Wallula dam, and asked his opinion. The engineer gave it, unofficially, on the facts as Norrisson presented them; he said that a pile foundation would serve. Norrisson quoted him triumphantly to Dunsmuir, who was unshaken, though considerably irritated by Norrisson's methods of warfare. If he had wanted a consulting engineer, why had he not retained one and got his report after a personal examination?

The argument ceased in words. A few days thereafter Dunsmuir received an official communication to the following effect:

DEAR SIR: It will be necessary to proceed immediately with the construction of the dam, in accordance with the plan suggested by me and discussed in our last conversation. You may consider this authoritative. Very truly yours,

PRICE NORRISSE,
Manager.

ROBERT DUNSMUIR,
Chief Engineer.

Such an order from the manager to the chief engineer precisely indicated the relation between them, as Norrisse intended it should. The chief's resignation was in order, else he would remain as the servant of the company, not the responsible agent of the work. In his first outburst of indignation Dunsmuir wrote such an answer as the situation demanded. It was some consolation to watch Philip's face while he read it aloud to him with satisfied emphasis.

"Understand, I don't make it personal." Dunsmuir looked kindly, almost fondly, at Philip, who had not a word to say. "It is the old issue that parted us the first time. It has parted better friends than your father and I ever pretended to be; and I don't say the alternative is of his contriving. I was my own promoter some weary years; I should know something of the difficulties on that side. But my choice is plain. I must stick to the first principle in our profession, Philip: the honest builder can wait, he can fail, he can starve; he cannot botch his work. I speak for myself, who am the only one accountable."

"I shall leave the work when you do."

"I don't see that you need; and I should be as jealous for you as for my son."

"I shall go with you, sir, for the sake of adding my protest, and because of what you have just said."

"There are moments of defeat worth more than many a victory," said Dunsmuir.

But in the silence of night, when consequences obtrude, he revised his decision. No man may be captive, even to his own will, for as long as Dunsmuir, without suffering the prison change. If Norrisse's company owned the scheme, the scheme owned Dunsmuir; and he knew it now. He thought of his debts; of his children, restless and half-educated; of his forsaken connections in the world that no longer knew him. A morbid dread of change had grown upon him; his fixed life had singularly, appealingly unfitted him for a fresh start. He had lost the habit of society; he was out of touch with the new movements in his profession; he had no elasticity, no imagination,

no conviction left for any new work so long as he was chained to this. He knew his bondage at last, and his soul cried out against it; yet he could not go forth, a penniless, broken man, with the scars of failure upon him. He had worn out his powers of waiting. A specious victory had granted him the respite of three months of action in command of forces he called his own; he could not bear now to feel the screws take hold again in the same old shrinking places.

Then followed those lower considerations that lie in wait for moments of irresolution to worry the doubting heart. The truth concerning his resignation would never be known. Gossip would have it, in circles where an engineer's reputation is discussed, that here was a presumptuous dreamer who fancied himself called to a great work, who, after more than a decade spent in contemplating it, was found unequal to the initial problem of its fulfilment. How he hated that word theorist! there was nothing he so loved as to be considered practical. Now, the practical man would be his successor. He would reap the honors should the dam stand; if it went out, how easily the blame might be shifted back upon the theorist. Dunsmuir was well acquainted with the dark side of his profession—the long waitings, the jealousies, the wrested honors, and the bitter rewards. He knew how a man's one mistake may follow him to his grave, while his successes are forgotten or credited to another man.

At daybreak, when the wind fell, and with it a silence upon the sleeping house, he stole out from his bedroom to the office, and abstracted his letter of resignation from the post-bag. His decision was already reversed, yet he hesitated before the act that should cancel all that brave talk of the night before.

Yet why assume that it was a betrayal of the work? What are the risks that success will not justify? It was well enough known in the history of engineering that there is an heroic margin outside the beaten track of precedent which bold spirits yet may tread. He was half angry with Philip, now, as he thought of their conversation, that the younger man should have seen no way out of the difficulty but his chief's resignation. Decidedly Philip was too conservative. Of what use to be twenty-three and an American! The letter was torn into bits and went into the waste-basket, and Dunsmuir sat out the dawn, and heard the house awake, scarcely moving, face to face with the first deep, secret humiliation of his life. By breakfast-time he had got his most presentable arguments in order. He sat working them, in silence, during the meal, and when it was over he summoned Philip into the office, and said to him coldly:

"I have called a halt, Norrisse. It is too

late now to back out of the work ; it would be desertion. I do not give orders here, it seems, but that is the fortune of war. They have captured my scheme by the strong arm. They can make what hash of it they please ; but for better or worse I stay with it, and pride may go to the dogs. My pride shall consist in making the dam as strong as their infernal meddling will let me. If it goes, at least I shall know all was done that could be done with such a management in the saddle. I know no fathers or fathers' sons in this business. It's a fight, and they have won. Let them make the most of it."

There was little Philip could say not seeming to remind Dunsmuir of his recantation. Dunsmuir understood him. They spent a bad day, each inside his defenses. The pause in the work left them conscious of each other's presence as a burden in the room where they had labored and argued together harmoniously. Philip brought on the explosion by a restless allusion to Dolly. He was always trying the ice of Dunsmuir's doubtful sanction, boy-fashion, to know when it would bear. To-day he ventured too far ; it cracked without warning ; it thundered from shore to shore.

Philip had hazarded a nervous expression of the hope that, whatever grinds or hitches should come to the work, the peace of the relation might stand ; and since men do not usually mean each other when they talk in this strain, Dunsmuir became fidgety and Philip more nervous.

He had never had a home life before, he awkwardly expatiated, unsupported by a sign of encouragement from Dunsmuir, even for as long as he had lived in the cañon ; never known a girl in her home as he had been privileged to know —

He paused, and Dunsmuir growled : " I don't know where you got the privilege. The home is one thing, the office is another."

Philip, seated on the table-ledge, thrust his hands into his pockets to hide that they were trembling. " The distinction comes a trifle late," he said.

" I will thank you to take note of it now. We have worked together well enough ; my daughter is another matter."

" She is to me."

" What is she to you ?"

" She is the girl I hope, with your leave, to marry."

" And how long have you had this hope ?"

" I hardly know," said Philip, white with stress of feeling. " I have been trying, for some time, to speak to you."

" I don't know what has prevented you. Are you sure you have not spoken to her ?" Dunsmuir laid his keen blue eyes on Philip's conscious face.

" Ye have spoken ! Deny it if you can." His big voice rang as clear as a sheet of iron under the hammer.

" Why should I wish to deny it ? It is the American way to speak to the girl first ; her answer is the only one any man would take."

" I know nothing of your American ways. But if you have spoken to my motherless child before that you spoke to me, ye have done me a treachery worthy your father's son ; and you may quit my house !"

Philip jumped to his feet, and the table recoiled with a loud jar ; for a moment there was no other sound in the room. Then he said, striving for self-control : " I don't know whether you consider yourself in a position to insult my father ; but I am in no position to answer you as your words deserve. As my father's son, or as anybody's son, my record is before you. By heaven ! I don't know why fathers should be so arrogant. A father is not a god. If you are the one appointed to look after Dolly, it's not my fault if you have neglected your business. No, sir ; I will finish now. I found her here where you had fixed her, at the mercy of your scheme. I was first, and I took no advantage that was not simply a man's. If I don't deserve her, do men generally deserve the girls they marry ? None the less I mean to make her love me, if I can. I am not called traitor for nothing. I shall take all the chances now, whatever comes."

Dunsmuir listened coolly to this explicit though somewhat mixed defiance, and smiled to himself, " The lad has spirit, after all." His eyebrows went up like clouds after a storm ; a gleam of humor tugged at the corners of his grim mustache. He held, with most short-tempered men, that you cannot make a double-dealer forsake his guard ; anger being like drink, in that it exposes a man. When, therefore, he had seen this smooth-mannered son of the " commissioner " in a fine, loose-tongued rage, — with his jacket off, so to speak, — his own tall mood unconsciously subsided. Presumably the charge of treachery had not come from very deep.

" We have taken a hot day for it," he remarked, with moderation, while Philip's mental reflection was that he would be happy to punch his much-desired father-in-law's head.

Dunsmuir filled his pipe, thrust his hands into the pockets of his loose riding-breeches, and strode out upon the blazing porch, where the western sun, barred by shadows of the pillars, lay half across the floor. The seat of his wooden chair was as hot as a hearthstone ; he kicked it away, and took a canvas one, stretching his long length on it, with a loud, obtrusive yawn. He was in one of his man-childish moods, not so lovely and pleasant as he might

have been. It might well be doubted if at Philip's age he had thought greatly of father's rights himself.

Philip went about his preparations for leaving with the haste Dunsmuir's hint demanded. But he proposed to retreat with his baggage in good order, not to have his things hurled after him. He swept a place on the office table, which he heaped with small effects from drawers and pigeonholes. Then he shot out across the hill bareheaded to the tent where the junior assistants worked, returning with an armful of drawing-tools and rolls of paper.

"I suppose I may take these—copies of my drawings for the head-works?" He indicated, without looking at his chief, a roll of photographic blue-prints.

"Take anything you want."

Half an hour later Dolly heard him in the attic chamber, dragging trunks about furiously; he was making a lane for his own, which were stowed far back under the eaves, bitterly recalling meanwhile how he and Dolly had discussed their location three months before. They had been civil to each other in those days, and Dolly had insisted that he should take the high part, as he was tall, and he had refused because he went less often to his trunks than she to the family chests. No talk could have been smaller, but it was a thing to remember now when all the little homely intimacies were at an end. Already the spent days and bygone evenings began to glow and shine like memory pictures in the retrospect. Under the eaves the temperature was near to that of the stoke-hole of a steamer. Dolly opened the door, letting in a breath of freshness and a vision of herself, on a bright background, in a thin blue muslin frock.

"Leave it open, will you, please? I want the light," Philip panted.

"What are you looking for? It's frightful in here; can't you wait till evening?"

"I shall not be here this evening."

"Going to town again?"

"I'm going to leave."

Dolly appeared to be closely considering a veil of dust-laden cobweb that wavered from the nearest beam.

"To leave the cañon? Dear me! Jenny must sweep this place," she parenthesized.

Philip gave her no answer. Down came a trunk on top of another trunk with an offensive slam.

"I did n't understand you. Are you going on some other part of the work?"

"I have left the work."

"I suppose it's none of my business why?"

"It is; and I don't mind telling you. I've been fired."

"Not from the work?"

"Not precisely; only from the house."

"I don't believe it. There must be some mistake. It's the silliest thing I ever heard," cried Dolly, indignantly.

"Silly if you like, but quite true. Your father's language is plain."

Here Philip grappled with a trunk, hurling his weight upon the handle; the bulk gave way more quickly than he had expected, he lurched forward, rose too suddenly, and his bump of self-esteem smote the rafter overhead with a blinding crash. He dropped sideways on the trunk, and clutched his head, setting his teeth upon the brutal pang. As if that were not enough, Dolly, sickening at the sound of the blow, began to "poor" him and pity him with all her might.

"Oh, how it hurts!" she moaned, as if the head had been her own. She dropped on her knees before him, and begged to see the place. He shuddered, feeling her cool hands take soft hold of his throbbing wrists, and the natural man in him demanded that he snatch her instantly and kiss away the anguish of his double hurt. Why not be the traitor he had been called? But the barbarian was not on deck this time; he subsided, with a groan, which Dolly thought was for the aching head.

When Philip looked up, frowning and blushing with pain, and his clouded eyes met hers brimming with purest mother-pity, he blessed God that he had not wounded her innocent trust, or blotted the memory—all that was left him—of their perfect days together in the cañon.

He gave thanks again, that afternoon, when Dunsmuir made overtures of peace on magnanimous terms, including a withdrawal of all uncertain charges.

About four o'clock the up-cañon wind, forerunner of a dust-storm, began to blow. The women ran about, shutting doors and windows, and Dunsmuir was driven in from the porch. Dead leaves, chips, bits of paper, whatever was detachable, drove past the house, whirled in the murky onset of the storm.

Dunsmuir heard the hammock slapping the piazza-posts; the willow rockers slammed to and fro; one went over with a crash, and the front door banged wide, filling the room with dust. Every day for six weeks Dunsmuir had meant to fix that latch; he cursed it now, and went outside to pick up chairs and pile them to leeward, locking the door after him in the teeth of the storm. Half his letters and papers were on the floor, and where he stepped to pick them up he left prints of his feet in the dust.

Philip came down-stairs, pale from his hurt, with bloodshot eyes. He was dressed for the road, and carried a canvas covert-coat on his arm. A transit-book he had forgotten showed

in the inside pocket; he drew it out and tossed it on the desk.

"I'll send you those vouchers to-morrow," he said to Dunsmuir. Then he asked which of the men should drive him to town.

"Sit down." Dunsmuir looked at him hard. "You can't start till this is over." He went out and gave an order in the kitchen, which was followed soon by Jenny with beer and biscuits.

Philip would take neither, and Dunsmuir finished the beer himself, feeding the biscuits to Jenny's boy, who had tagged his mother into the room, and declined to be peacefully evicted. Every few mouthfuls the child paused in his copying eating, and pointed to the chimney, saying: "Hark! Win'!"

"Right you are, mannie. Wind that would take the hair off your head if you were out in it. Now the little beggar's choking! Save us! where 's that woman?" Dunsmuir picked up the child by his garments, coughing and spluttering, and handed him out of the door like a puppy.

"Have a pipe?" he suggested affably, when peace was restored, with the sound of the wind asserting itself.

"Thanks, I don't care to smoke," said Philip.

"What 's your quarrel with the work, man? I never said you could not do your work."

"I never said you did. If you had, it would not have been true," Philip answered roughly.

"Then why do you quit it?"

"Should you care to work under a man that had called you a traitor and the son of a traitor?"

"Tush! you would have it. You brought it on yourself. Ye knew I was hit between wind and water, and the less said about that the better. But you need not have come purring after my daughter."

"The time was ill chosen, I acknowledge; but the fact remains," said Philip.

"Let it remain, then. There 's no occasion to meddle with it. You did not come here to make love to my daughter."

"I had not done so—not more than I could help—when you opened on me. But you have relieved me of my scruples. I intend to give my mind to it now."

"You said that before. Now suppose we talk sense. It 's ill changing horses when you 're crossing a stream. I don't deny that I 'd rather have you than another on this job, now we 've started in. There 's little time to waste, and I might be a month wiring back and forth for a man to fill your place. Stay where you are, and behave yourself cannily, and when the right time shall come, maybe we can talk of it and keep our hair on. I would see first if you are a man of your word as well as your work. What 's six months to

serve for a lassie! When the work is done, when the dam is in, why, then, if I am content with the way you have borne yourself, we 'll speak of this again. This is no time for marrying or giving in marriage."

"I am willing enough to wait," said Philip, "if the terms of waiting are not made impossible."

Dunsmuir smiled. "You may look at her in reason, so far as is needful to keep out of her way. No, no, lad; ye shall be friends. Make each other's acquaintance, but keep to the windward of promises and—and such toys. I have some notion of a man myself. I 'm not taking you on trust altogether—and I 'm not so ruthless, nor so careless of my household as you 've had the insolence to insinuate. Now, shall we take a fresh grip of the work? It would be a waste of good material for you and me to quarrel."

They looked each other in the eyes hard and long. Then Philip went to the mantelshelf and filled him a pipe, and they smoked together in silence, while the wind fell, and scattering gleams from the low sun showed lines and surfaces of dust like fine ashes that toned the colors of the room.

"But am I not to have leave to explain?" asked Philip, frowning over the match with which he was lighting his second pipe. "Not a word before the shutting down? Consider, I have told her—"

"You have told her enough, I have little doubt. I 'll do the explaining myself."

"But she will think—"

"Let her think, and let her fash herself with thinking. Philip, I mean this in fair kindness to you both. If the lassie cannot bear with a touch of doubt beforehand, do you think you 'll be able to satisfy her hereafter? Let her think, and let her misdoubt and upbraid you in her thoughts. It 's what you well deserve, if I know what young men are. A little thinking beforehand will do you both no harm.

XVII.

THE false position on the work began to make itself felt. Dunsmuir settled into a cynical tone, which he held from this forth: that the new plan was well enough; that the dam would stand; that he had been over-conservative, but was not hidebound or wedded to a method. He rather implied that Philip was. There was a ghastly amity between the chief and the manager, which Philip blushed to behold.

The work went on, but the light of a fine enthusiasm was gone. The changed atmosphere pervaded the house. Dolly guessed that her father and Philip disagreed about the work, and that Philip had been sullen in yielding.

She had her own hesitations concerning Philip. Alone with her judgment of eighteen, she put this and that together and asked herself what such things meant, and Philip read the doubt in her transparent face. He yearned to make himself understood. He knew and half despised his graceless advantage, first as he was, and strong in the indispensable offer of that comradeship for which her bright nature was starving. He knew that she was the child of solitude, which makes sensitive and weakens the nerve, and darkens the chamber of the imagination, through which pictures are printed on the soul.

Yet he was not brave or generous enough to wait and to trust to win her in an open field. Who was he that he should measure himself with the world—ringing with men, with the confusing shibboleth of art and culture, with the pride of modern life, as Dolly could barely conceive it, and with those most subtle temptations which beset a girl of spirit through her longing to excel? Therefore Philip made the most of such chances as his contract left him free of, and few men could venture to blame him; and if Dolly did not understand, it was her bashfulness and inexperience that defeated his efforts to make her.

Dolly was hearing gossip in these days. It touched the fabric of her dreams, and made the appearances which were supposed to be the facts of her life more puzzling than ever.

"You like Mr. Norrisson better than you did; not so?"

It was Friday morning, and Dolly was dusting in the office, under her father's jealous supervision, lest she carry her ministrations too far.

"Not so?" he mimicked; and Dolly, remembering that the phrase was one of Philip's, turned a vexed red.

"Well, well, keep your blushes! All our speech is but imitation. What was the question?"

"It does n't matter."

"It matters that you pout like that at a word. Come, repeat me the question!" He caught her hand as she passed his chair and drew her down into his lap. She cast her arms about his neck, and burst into tears. Dunsmuir expostulated in awkward man-fashion, and cried, "Come, come!" and tried to raise her head and to make her speak. She dived into her skirt for a handkerchief, and, finding the pocket empty, begged in an abject whisper for her father's. He gave her his ample silk one, and she settled her face into its folds for a good cry. Already she felt better; but Dunsmuir was thinking severely.

"Are you keeping something from me, Dolly?"

"No; I have nothing to keep," said Dolly,

forlornly. "I wish—Margaret—" She could not bear the piteousness in her own voice, and a fresh burst followed the effort to speak.

"Yes, yes; I quite understand," said Dunsmuir, soothingly. "We are all out of kilter since Margaret went. She has spoiled us, every one. But I have been proud to see how you buckle to the housekeeping. Why, Margaret herself would never believe it. But maybe you're not mindful enough of your own strength?"

Dolly shook her head, and nestled closer in response to these paternal blandishments.

"Forgive my sulking," she apologized. "All I asked was, Do you not like Mr. Norrisson better since you've known him better?"

"I have always liked Philip Norrisson in a way."

"I mean the father. Is he the same man, or is he changed—or are we changed?"

Dunsmuir put the girl gently off his knee, and wheeled about in his screw-chair facing his desk. "Come, come!" he said. "Get these shelves in order before you forget where the boxes belong."

"Can you not spare me a few minutes? We scarcely ever talk by ourselves any more. I hear a word here and a word there, and every word is a fling at the name of Norrisson." She stood up and braved the blush that mounted to her face as she spoke. "Once it was Margaret, now it is Jenny, and even Adeline must have her say, and they are people only lately in the country. What is it that's so well known, and why do we have to condone it?"

"If you are not above picking up tales in the kitchen," Dunsmuir interrupted.

"Do you call Margaret 'the kitchen'?"

"Margaret cannot speak a word without prejudice, nor ever could since I have known her."

"Has it been prejudice with you, then, father? Since I can remember,—until very lately,—you have made no secret of your disdain of Mr. Price Norrisson and all his works. It is a prejudice your women were brought up on. Has there been some mistake?"

"The mistake is that you should perplex yourself with the matter at all. You cannot know the whole; and without the whole you cannot understand a part. It is a history impossible for one side to tell with fairness to the other."

"There are still two sides, then? I had supposed from present appearances that you were both on the one side."

"Come, get along wi' ye! Ye deave me wi' your clatter," Dunsmuir evaded. But his playfulness sat grievously on him, and it jarred upon his child.

"You may joke and put me off, but it's a thing that cries for explanation."

"I am not a man who explains. Go ask Philip Norrisson to expound his father to you. I should be blithe of the young man's interpretation."

"I ask you simply, What has he done? What have you—or had you—actually against him? And why do poor people speak of him in the same breath with their injuries, as if he were a public swindler?"

"Is that how the talk goes? Why, bless me, I supposed he was the man on horseback, the biggest frog in the puddle. So the people have memories, after all? It must be the sore-heads, then; the ones who got left. The peculiar disgrace in this country is to 'get left,' you'll observe; to grumble is next to it; the two go together, like cowardice and lying."

"Are we soreheads, then? Is that why we have grumbled?"

"You have a shrewd Scots tongue, young woman," said Dunsmuir, with a bitter chuckle. "It is well seen we have had catechists in the family."

"This may amuse you," Dolly answered, and her lip trembled. "It reminds me that once you would not have put me off so, when I had far less reason for asking to be satisfied."

Dunsmuir considered her flushed, excited face, and answered soberly: "Dolly, the trouble between Price Norrisson and your father was never a personal quarrel, understand; it was a difference in our methods of working. He is a promoter, one who peddles schemes in the money-markets; he neither builds out of his head nor pays out of his pocket; he is the man who talks. And I am the man who builds, wisely or fondly as the case may be. It is well known we engineers have a great conceit of our own ideas. But my plan was no more to Norrisson than any other man's; its merit to him was its price. He was jealous of the time spent pothering with a slow project, while he might have been reaping commissions from several. So he patched up a scheme of his own, which he privately substituted. To do him justice, he offered me half; but I could not look at it, from the nature of it, which was rotten, and he was tired of what he called my overniceness; and that was the break between us. I dare say I may have been invidious; I was angry. And he might have been more open with me. He might have waited to be off with one deal before he was on with another. He might afterward have been either for me or against me, and not have kept a vengeful interest in my scheme, which he used to strangle whenever it showed signs of life. Still, that is 'business,' according to the business man's code.

If I could have had a partner as sagacious and plucky as Norrisson, with a better sense of faith and a larger grasp of the scheme, we had not waited so long, perhaps. Yet it has not been long. Land-builders must be content to work as nature works. But he had never a conception of the thing in hand; he does not love the making of a country: he wants the price of his dicker, and so away to the next one. The present combination, if you insist on knowing, was forced upon me. It's a union like that between the Scots and the English—neither was happy in it nor very proud of it; yet both-lived, as we shall, to reap its benefits and to forget its humiliations."

"It is an ill-omened comparison. Our ditch-union, I hope, is not a sale," said Dolly, deeply moved. "And does the sun shine, now, on you both? Do you remember how you said you would never forgive him till he stood out of your sunlight?"

"A poor, silly speech. You would credit me more by forgetting it. Men make such speeches to their women, who are indulgent to a phrase. The sun is for him that can make hay while it shines. That is what Norrisson did, in fine, when he built his ditch."

"Are you now the apologist, papa, or the historian?"

"Are you ever going to get over that ill-bred habit of retort? It is intolerable in a woman. You and Alan have argle-bargled till you know no other way of speaking. I have answered your first question. Now what else have you heard, between kitchen and parlor? What are the people's injuries?"

"I should like to know the whole story of Norrisson's ditch."

"Would you, indeed? and do you think your father is the man to tell it? Would you take for gospel Norrisson's story of my ditch?"

"I will make allowance; but I would have it from you. I ask you not to spare whatever to you is the truth."

"Poor Norrisson! If he only knew that the girls are after his record. I don't quite perceive the grounds of my daughter's interest."

"I should think you might. He has stood for the enemy of my house these years and years; now he stands for the friend. I am all turned about, and I'm tired of being put off with phrases."

Dunsmuir laughed at her sharpness, but still with that bitter levity which took away her confidence in his answers. Dolly saw he was talking speciously, but could imagine no reason for his want of frankness.

"Well, then," he began, "Norrisson built a ditch seventy miles long in something less than a hundred days. He boomed up the lands, and the settlers rushed in; and as most of them were

short of cash, Norrisson's company forms another company—two names, but one pocket. The loan and mortgage company advanced money to the settlers on their lands, and the water company sold them water. But the ditch was got together in such a hurry-scurry that it took a year or two to settle down to regular work: the water was here and there and everywhere but where it was wanted. The first crops went under, and the first crop of settlers went along with them. There was a terrible tumble in real estate; claims were jumped; there were foreclosures, contests, and scandals, and the deuce to pay generally. And when the pie was smashed, Norrisson and his crowd gathered and picked out the plums. After that it was well seen they could afford to patch up the leaks in their ditches. There was never a wilder water-system on the face of this earth, yet somehow they have scrambled through. I understand the farmers are making money now. I supposed the past was forgotten, except they used it as an election cry. What I have chiefly against Norrisson is not personal to the man. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; honesty is comparative, and the best of us cannot boast. It is the man's methods of business I object to. He has antagonized the farmers at the outset; he cinched them, there's not a doubt; and we are now to reap the fruits of the stone-age policy. It means a fight, and a great waste of the energies and the money of a new community. And when our big ditch is lined with ranches, and the farmers poll more votes than the company, they'll have to be bought, or they'll swing the elections and use their power as he has used his. It is all very corrupting, and a weariness to think on, when there's a

policy so much broader, which has been proved by the sad, wasteful experience of centuries. But it is written that young nations and young lives shall never profit by the mistakes of the old; every life and every country must learn its own lessons. But for an Old World looker-on, who has seen it all thrashed out before, it is a dowie business."

"Then you think Mr. Norrisson means to be honest, by his way of thinking?"

"I think he means to be a rich man."

"Have you ever seen the beautiful Mrs. Norrisson?"

"No; she has never shown up in this part of the country. I hear she is disaffected toward her husband and her native land, but she accepts her living from both; a lady with a small fist that can hold a heap of money. And there, you see, is where it befits to be charitable to the husband who has that hand to fill. Small blame to him if—"

"Oh, I've heard enough!" the girl broke in with a passionate gesture. "And where do you suppose the son comes from? His honesty is comparative too, I suppose?"

"He is a canny chiel," Dunsmuir answered coldly.

He watched Philip jealously in these days of his probation; took note of his prudent silence on a situation both had agreed was impossible—to any but a venal chief attainable through the loaves and fishes. Assuredly the young man had powers of self-control. Dunsmuir watched him come and go, faithful to the work, yet uncommitted; eyed him as Saul eyed David, and loved him not, yet could find in him no cause of offense.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mary Hallock Foote.



HERBERT MAPES.

(DROWNED AUGUST 23, 1891.)

LAST night, what kingdom on his brow!
What mellow music in his voice!
What strength to make the eye rejoice!
What life! what flush of youth! . . . and now!

O brow dethroned! O muffled bell
Of speech! O net too loosely wove!
O sunken freight of hope and love!
Come back till we have said farewell.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

AN ELK-HUNT AT TWO-OCEAN PASS.



NE fall with my ranch-partner, Ferguson, I made an elk-hunt in northwestern Wyoming among the Shoshone Mountains, where they join the Hoodoo and Absoraka ranges. There is no more beautiful game-country in the United States. It is a park-land, where glades, meadows, and high mountain pastures break the evergreen forest: a forest which is open compared to the tangled density of the woodland farther north. It is a high, cold region of many lakes and clear, rushing streams. The steep mountains are generally of the rounded form so often seen in the ranges of the Cordilleras of the United States; but the Hoodoos, or Goblins, are carved in fantastic and extraordinary shapes; while the Tetons, a group of isolated rock peaks, show a striking boldness in their lofty outlines.

This was one of the pleasantest hunts I ever made. As always in the mountains, save where the country is so rough and so densely wooded that one must go afoot, we had a pack-train; and we took a more complete outfit than we had ever before taken on such a hunt, and so traveled in much comfort. Usually, when in the mountains, I have merely had one companion, or at most two, and two or three pack-ponies; each of us doing his share of the packing, cooking, fetching water, and pitching the small square of canvas which served as tent. In itself packing is both an art and a mystery, and a skilful professional packer, versed in the intricacies of the "diamond hitch," packs with a speed which no non-professional can hope to rival, and fixes the side packs and top packs with such scientific nicety, and adjusts the doubles and turns of the lash-ropes so accurately, that everything stays in place under any but the most adverse conditions. Of course, like most hunters, I myself can in case of need throw the diamond hitch, after a fashion, and pack on either the off or near side. Indeed, unless a man can pack, it is not possible to make a really hard hunt in the mountains, if alone, or with only a single companion. The mere fair-weather hunter, who trusts entirely to the exertions of others, and does nothing more than ride or walk about under favorable circumstances, and shoot at what somebody else shows him, is a hunter in name only. Whoever would really deserve the title must be able at a pinch to shift for himself, to grapple with the difficulties and hardships of

wilderness life unaided, and not only to hunt, but at times to travel for days, whether on foot or on horseback, alone. However, after one has passed one's novitiate, it is pleasant to be comfortable when the comfort does not interfere with the sport; and although a man sometimes likes to hunt alone, yet often it is well to be with some old mountain hunter, a master of woodcraft, who is a first-rate hand at finding game, creeping upon it, and tracking it when wounded. With such a companion one gets much more game, and learns many things by observation instead of by painful experience.

On this trip we had with us two hunters, Tazewell Woody and Elwood Hofer, a packer who acted as cook, and a boy to herd the horses. Of the latter there were twenty; six saddle-animals and fourteen for the packs, two or three being spare horses, to be used later in carrying the elk-antlers, sheep-horns, and other trophies. Like most hunters' pack-animals, they were either half broken, or else broken down; tough, unkempt, jaded-looking beasts of every color — sorrel, buckskin, pinto, white, bay, roan. After the day's work was over, they were turned loose to shift for themselves; and about once a week they strayed, and all hands had to spend the better part of the day hunting for them. The worst ones for straying, curiously enough, were three broken-down old "bear-baits," which went by themselves, as is generally the case with the cast-off horses of a herd. There were two sleeping-tents, another for the provisions, — in which we ate during bad weather, — and a canvas tepee, which was put up with lodge-poles, Indian fashion, like a wigwam. A tepee is more difficult to put up than an ordinary tent; but it is very convenient when there is rain or snow. A small fire kindled in the middle keeps it warm, the smoke escaping through the open top; that is, when it escapes at all. Strings are passed from one pole to another, on which to hang wet clothes and shoes, and the beds are made round the edges. As an offset to the warmth and shelter, the smoke often renders it impossible even to sit upright. We had a very good camp-kit, including plenty of cooking- and eating-utensils; and among our provisions were some canned goods and sweetmeats, to give a relish to our meals of meat and bread. We had fur coats and warm clothes, which are chiefly needed at night, and plenty of bedding, including water-proof canvas sheeting and two caribou-hide sleeping-bags, procured

from the survivors of a party of arctic explorers. Except on rainy days I used my buckskin hunting-shirt or tunic; in dry weather I deem it, because of its color, texture, and durability, the best possible garb for the still-hunter, especially in the woods.

Starting a day's journey south of Heart Lake, we traveled and hunted on the eastern edge of the great basin, wooded and mountainous, wherein rise the head waters of the mighty Snake River. There was not so much as a spotted line,—that series of blazes made with the ax, man's first highway through the hoary forest,—but this we did not mind, as for most of the distance we followed well-worn elk-trails. The train traveled in Indian file. At the head, to pick the path, rode tall, silent old Woody, a true type of the fast-vanishing race of game-hunters and Indian-fighters, a man who had been one of the California forty-niners, and who ever since had lived the restless, reckless life of the wilderness. Then came Ferguson and I; then the pack-animals, strung out in line; while from the rear rose the varied oaths of our three companions, whose miserable duty it was to urge forward the beasts of burden.

It is heart-breaking work to drive a pack-train through thick timber and over mountains, where there is either a dim trail or none. The animals have a perverse faculty for choosing the wrong turn at critical moments, and they are continually scraping under branches and squeezing between tree-trunks, to the jeopardy or destruction of their burdens. After having been laboriously driven up a very steep incline, at the cost of severe exertion both to them and to the men, the foolish creatures turn and run down to the bottom, so that all the work has to be done over again. Some travel too slow, others travel too fast; yet one cannot but admire the toughness of the animals, and the sure-footedness with which they pick their way along the sheer mountain-sides, or among boulders and over fallen logs.

As our way was so rough, we found that we had to halt at least once every hour to fix the packs. Moreover, we at the head of the column were continually being appealed to for help by the unfortunates in the rear. First it would be "that white-eyed cayuse; one side of its pack's down!" then we would be notified that the saddle-blanket of the "lop-eared Indian buckskin" had slipped back; then a shout "Look out for the pinto!" would be followed by that pleasing beast's appearance, bucking and squealing, smashing dead timber, and scattering its load to the four winds. It was no easy task to get the horses across some of the boggy places without miring, or to force them through the denser portions of the forest, where there was much down timber. Riding with a pack-train,

day in and day out, becomes both monotonous and irritating, unless one is upheld by the hope of a game-country ahead, or by the delight of exploration of the unknown. Yet when buoyed by such a hope, there is pleasure in taking a train across so beautiful and wild a country as that which lay on the threshold of our hunting-grounds in the Shoshones. We went over mountain passes, with ranges of scalped peaks on each hand; we skirted the edges of lovely lakes, and of streams with boulder-strewn beds; we plunged into depths of somber woodland, broken by wet prairies. It was a picturesque sight to see the loaded pack-train stringing across one of these high mountain meadows, the motley-colored line of ponies winding round the marshy spots through the bright green grass, while beyond rose the dark line of frowning forest, with lofty peaks towering in the background. Some of the meadows were beautiful with many flowers—goldenrod, purple aster, bluebells, white immortelles, and here and there masses of blood-red Indian pinks. In the park-country, on the edges of the evergreen forest, were groves of delicate quaking-aspen, the trees often growing to a considerable height; their tremulous leaves were already changing to bright green and yellow, occasionally with a reddish blush. In the Rocky Mountains the aspens are almost the only deciduous trees, their foliage offering a pleasant relief to the eye after the monotony of the unending pine and spruce woods, which afford so striking a contrast to the hard-wood forest east of the Mississippi.

For two days our journey was uneventful, save that we came on the camp of a squawman, one Beaver Dick, an old mountain hunter, living in a skin tepee, where dwelt his comely Indian wife and half-breed children. He had quite a herd of horses, many of them mares and colts; they had evidently been well treated, and came up to us fearlessly.

The morning of the third day of our journey was gray and lowering. Gusts of rain blew in my face as I rode at the head of the train. It still lacked an hour of noon, as we were plodding up a valley, beside a rapid brook running through narrow willow-flats, with the dark forest crowding down on each hand from the low foot-hills of the mountains. Suddenly the call of a bull elk came echoing down through the wet woodland on our right, beyond the brook, seemingly less than half a mile off, and was answered by a faint, far-off call from a rival on the mountain beyond. Instantly halting the train, Woody and I slipped off, our horses, crossed the brook, and started to still-hunt the first bull.

In this place the forest was composed of the western tamarack; the large, tall trees stood well apart, and there was much down timber,

but the ground was covered with deep, wet moss, over which we trod silently. The elk was traveling up-wind, but slowly, stopping continually to paw the ground and to thrash the bushes with his antlers. He was very noisy, challenging every minute or two, being doubtless much excited by the neighborhood of his rival on the mountain. We followed, Woody leading, guided by the incessant calling.

It was very exciting as we crept toward the great bull, and the challenge sounded nearer and nearer. While we were still at some distance the pealing notes were like those of a bugle, delivered in two bars, first rising, then abruptly falling; as we drew nearer they took on a harsh, squealing sound. Each call made our veins thrill; it sounded like the cry of some huge beast of prey. At last we heard the roar of the challenge not eighty yards off. Stealing forward three or four rods, I saw the tips of the horns through a mass of dead timber and young growth, and slipped to one side to get a clean shot. Seeing us, but not making out what we were, and full of fierce and insolent excitement, the wapiti bull stepped boldly toward us with a stately, swinging gait. Then he stood motionless, facing us, barely fifty yards away, his handsome twelve-tined antlers tossed aloft, as he held his head with the lordly grace of his kind. I fired into his chest, and as he turned I raced forward and shot him in the flank; but the second bullet was not needed, for the first wound was mortal, and he fell before going fifty yards.

The dead elk lay among the young evergreens. The huge, shapely body was set on legs that were as strong as steel rods, and yet slender, clean, and smooth; they were in color a beautiful dark brown, contrasting well with the yellowish of the body. The neck and throat were garnished with a mane of long hair; the symmetry of the great horns set off the fine, delicate lines of the noble head. He had been wallowing, as elk are fond of doing, and the dried mud clung in patches to his flank; a stab in the haunch showed that he had been overcome in battle by some master bull, who had turned him out of the herd.

We cut off the head, and bore it down to the train. The horses crowded together, snorting, with their ears pricked forward, as they smelled the blood. We also took the loins with us, as we were out of meat, though bull elk in the rutting season is not very good. The rain had changed to a steady downpour when we again got under way. Two or three miles further we pitched camp in a clump of pines on a hillock in the bottom of the valley, starting hot fires of pitchy stumps before the tents, to dry our wet things.

Next day opened with fog and cold rain. The

drenched pack-animals, when driven into camp, stood mopingly, with drooping heads and arched backs; they groaned and grunted as the loads were placed on their backs and the cinches tightened, the packers bracing one foot against the pack to get a purchase as they hauled in on the lash-rope. A stormy morning is a trial to temper: the packs are wet and heavy, and the cold makes the work even more than usually hard on the hands. By ten we broke camp. It needs between two and three hours to break camp and to get such a train properly packed; once started, our day's journey was from six to eight hours long, making no halt. We started up a steep, pine-clad mountain-side, broken by cliffs. My hunting-shoes, though comfortable, were old and thin, and let the water through like a sieve. On the top of the first plateau, where black-spruce groves were strewn across the grassy surface, we saw a band of elk, cows and calves, trotting off through the rain. Then we plunged down into a deep valley, and, crossing it, a hard climb took us to the top of a great bare table-land, bleak and wind-swept. We passed little alpine lakes, fringed with scattering dwarf evergreens. Snow lay in drifts on the north sides of the gullies; a cutting wind blew the icy rain in our faces. For two or three hours we traveled toward the farther edge of the table-land. In one place a spike-bull elk stood half a mile off in the open; he traveled to and fro, watching us.

As we neared the edge the storm lulled, and pale, watery sunshine gleamed through the rifts in the low-scudding clouds. At last our horses stood on the brink of a bold cliff. Deep down beneath our feet lay the wild and lonely valley of Two-Ocean Pass, walled in on each hand by rugged mountain-chains, their flanks scarred and gashed by precipice and chasm. Beyond, in a wilderness of jagged and barren peaks, stretched the Shoshones. At the middle point of the pass two streams welled down from each side. At first each flowed in but one bed, but soon divided into two; each of the twin branches then joined the like branch of the brook opposite, and swept one to the east and one to the west, on their long journey to the two great oceans. They ran as rapid brooks, through wet meadows and willow-flats, the eastern to the Yellowstone, the western to the Snake. The dark pine forests swept down from the flanks and lower ridges of the mountains to the edges of the marshy valley. Above them jutted gray rock peaks, snow-drifts lying in the rents that seamed their northern faces. Far below us, from a great basin at the foot of the cliff, filled with the pine forest, rose the musical challenge of a bull elk; and we saw a band of cows and calves looking like mice as they ran among the trees.

It was getting late, and after some search we failed to find any trail leading down; so at last we plunged over the brink at a venture. It was very rough scrambling, dropping from bench to bench, and in places it was not only difficult but dangerous for the loaded pack-animals. Here and there we were helped by well-beaten elk-trails, which we could follow for several hundred yards at a time. On one narrow pine-clad ledge we met a spike-bull face to face, and in scrambling down a very steep, bare, rock-strewn shoulder the loose stones started by the horses' hoofs, bounding in great leaps to the forest below, dislodged two cows.

As evening fell, we reached the bottom, and pitched camp in a beautiful point of open pine forest thrust out into the meadow. There we found good shelter and plenty of wood, water, and grass; we built a huge fire and put up our tents, scattering them in likely places among the pines, which grew far apart and without undergrowth. We dried our steaming clothes, and ate a hearty supper of elk-meat; then we turned into our beds, warm and dry, and slept soundly under the canvas, while all night long the storm roared without. Next morning it still stormed fitfully; the high peaks and ridges round about were all capped with snow. Woody and I started on foot for an all-day tramp; the amount of game seen the day before showed that we were in a good elk-country, where the elk had been so little disturbed that they were traveling, feeding, and whistling in daylight. For three hours we walked across the forest-clad spurs of the foot-hills. We roused a small band of elk in thick timber; but they rushed off before we saw them, with much smashing of dead branches. Then we climbed to the summit of the range. The wind was light and baffling; it blew from all points, veering every few minutes. There were occasional rain-squalls; our feet and legs were well soaked; and we became chilled through whenever we sat down to listen. We caught a glimpse of a big bull feeding up-hill, and followed him; it needed smart running to overtake him, for an elk, even while feeding, has a ground-covering gait. Finally we got within a hundred and twenty-five yards, but in very thick timber, and all I could see plainly was the hip and the after part of the flank. I waited for a chance at the shoulder, but the bull got my wind and was off before I could pull trigger. It was just one of those occasions when there are two courses to pursue, neither very good, and when one is apt to regret whichever decision is made.

At noon we came to the edge of a deep and wide gorge, and sat down shivering to await what might turn up, our fingers numb, and our wet feet icy. Suddenly the love-challenge of an elk came pealing across the gorge, through the fine, cold rain, from the heart of the forest

opposite. An hour's stiff climb, down and up, brought us nearly to him; but the wind forced us to advance from below through a series of open glades. He was lying on a point of the cliff-shoulder, surrounded by his cows; and he saw us, and made off. An hour afterward, as we were trudging up a steep hillside dotted with groves of fir and spruce, a young bull of ten points, roused from his day-bed by our approach, galloped across us some sixty yards off. We were in need of better venison than can be furnished by an old rutting bull, so I instantly took a shot at the fat and tender young ten-pointer. I aimed well ahead, and pulled trigger just as he came to a small gully, and he fell into it in a heap with a resounding crash. On the way back that afternoon I shot off the heads of two blue grouse, as they perched in the pines.

That evening the storm broke, and the weather became clear and very cold, so that the snow made the frosty mountains gleam like silver. The moon was full, and in the flood of light the wild scenery round our camp was very beautiful. As always where we camped for several days, we had fixed long tables and settles, and were most comfortable; and when we came in at nightfall, or sometimes long afterward, cold, tired, and hungry, it was sheer physical delight to get warm before the roaring fire of pitchy stumps, and then to feast ravenously on bread and beans, on stewed or roasted elk venison, on grouse, and sometimes trout, and flapjacks with maple syrup.

Next morning dawned clear and cold, the sky a glorious blue. Woody and I started to hunt over the great table-land, and led our stout horses up the mountain-side by elk-trails so bad that they had to climb like goats. All these elk-trails have one striking peculiarity: they lead through thick timber, but every now and then send off short, well-worn branches to some cliff-edge or jutting crag, commanding a view far and wide over the country beneath. Elk love to stand on these lookout points, and scan the valleys and mountains round about.

Blue grouse rose from beside our path; Clarke's crows flew past us, with a hollow, flapping sound, or lighted in the pine-tops, calling and flirting their tails; the gray-clad whisky-jacks, with multitudinous cries, hopped and fluttered near us. Snow-shoe rabbits scuttled away, the great furry feet which give them their name already turning white. At last we came out on the great plateau, seamed with deep, narrow ravines. Reaches of pasture alternated with groves and open forests of varying size. Almost immediately we heard the bugle of a bull elk, and saw a big band of cows and calves on the other side of a valley. There were three bulls with them, one very large, and we tried to creep up on them; but the wind was baff-

fling, and spoiled our stalk. So we returned to our horses, mounted them, and rode a mile farther, toward a large open wood on a hill-side. When within two hundred yards we heard directly ahead the bugle of a bull, and pulled up short. In a moment I saw him walking through an open glade; he had not seen us. The slight breeze brought us his scent. Elk have a strong characteristic smell; it is usually sweet, like that of a herd of Alderney cows, but in old bulls, while rutting, it is rank, pungent, and lasting. We stood motionless till the bull was out of sight, then stole to the wood, tied our horses, and trotted after him. He was traveling fast, occasionally calling, whereupon others in the neighborhood would answer. Evidently he had been driven out of some herd by the master bull.

He went faster than we did, and while we were vainly trying to overtake him we heard another very loud and sonorous challenge to our left. It came from a ridge-crest at the edge of the woods, among some scattered clumps of the northern nut-pine, or piñon, a queer conifer, growing very high on the mountains, its multiforked trunk and wide-spreading branches giving it the rounded top and, at a distance, the general look of an oak rather than a pine. We at once walked toward the ridge, up-wind. In a minute or two, to our chagrin, we stumbled on an outlying spike-bull, evidently kept on the outskirts of the herd by the master bull. I thought it would alarm all the rest; but, as we stood motionless, it could not see clearly what we were. It stood, ran, stood again, gazed at us, and trotted slowly off. We hurried forward as fast as we dared, and with too little care, for we suddenly came in view of two cows. As they raised their heads to look, Woody squatted down where he was, to keep their attention fixed, while I cautiously tried to slip off to one side unobserved. Favored by the neutral tint of my buckskin hunting-shirt, with which my shoes, leggings, and soft hat matched, I succeeded. As soon as I was out of sight, I ran hard and came up to a hillock crested with piñons, behind which I judged I should find the herd. As I approached the crest, their strong, sweet smell smote my nostrils. In another moment I saw the tips of a pair of mighty antlers, and I peered over the crest with my rifle at the ready. Thirty yards off, behind a clump of piñons, stood a huge bull, his head thrown back as he rubbed his shoulders with his horns. There were several cows around him, and one saw me immediately, and took alarm. I fired into the bull's shoulder, inflicting a mortal wound; but he went off, and I raced after him at top speed, firing twice into his flank; then he stopped, very sick, and I broke his neck with a fourth bullet. An elk

often hesitates in the first moments of surprise and fright, and does not get really under way for two or three hundred yards; but when once fairly started, he may go several miles, even though mortally wounded; therefore, the hunter, after his first shot, should run forward as fast as he can, and shoot again and again until the quarry drops. In this way many animals that would otherwise be lost are obtained, especially by the man who has a repeating-rifle. Nevertheless the hunter should beware of being led astray by the ease with which he can fire half a dozen shots from his repeater; and he should aim as carefully with each shot as if it were his last. No possible rapidity of fire can atone for habitual carelessness of aim with the first shot.

The elk I thus slew was a giant. His body was the size of a steer's, and his antlers, though not unusually long, were very massive and heavy. He lay in a glade, on the edge of a great cliff. Standing on its brink, we overlooked a most beautiful country, the home of all homes for the elk: a wilderness of mountains, the immense evergreen forest broken by park and glade, by meadow and pasture, by bare hill-side and barren table-land. Some five miles off lay the sheet of water known to the old hunters as Spotted Lake; two or three shallow, sedgy places, and spots of geyser formation made pale green blotches on its wind-rippled surface. Far to the southwest, in daring beauty and majesty, the grand domes and lofty spires of the Tetons shot into the blue sky. Too sheer for the snow to rest on their sides, it yet filled the rents in their rough flanks, and lay deep between the towering pinnacles of dark rock.

That night, as on more than one night afterward, a bull elk came down whistling to within two or three hundred yards of the tents, and tried to join the horse herd. The moon had set, so I could not go after it. Elk are very restless and active throughout the night in the rutting season; but where undisturbed they feed freely in the daytime, resting for two or three hours about noon.

Next day, which was rainy, we spent in getting in the antlers and meat of the two dead elk, and I shot off the heads of two or three blue grouse on the way home. The following day I killed another bull elk, following him by the strong, not unpleasing, smell, and hitting him twice as he ran, at about eighty yards. So far I had had good luck, killing everything I had shot at; but now the luck changed, through no fault of mine, as far as I could see, and Ferguson had his innings. The day after I killed this bull he shot two fine mountain rams, and during the remainder of our hunt he killed five elk — one cow, for meat, and four good bulls. The two rams were with three others, all old and with fine horns; Ferguson peeped over a lofty precipice and saw them coming up it only

fifty yards below him. His two first and finest bulls were obtained by hard running and good shooting; the herds were on the move at the time, and only his speed of foot and soundness of wind enabled him to get near enough for a shot. One herd started before he got close, and he killed the master bull by a shot right through the heart, as it trotted past, a hundred and fifty yards distant.

As for me, during the next ten days I killed nothing save one cow for meat, and this though I hunted hard every day from morning till night, no matter what the weather. It was stormy, with hail and snow almost every day; and after working hard from dawn until nightfall, laboriously climbing the slippery mountain-sides, walking through the wet woods, and struggling across the bare plateaus and cliff-shoulders, while the violent blasts of wind drove the frozen rain in our faces, we would come in after dusk wet through and chilled to the marrow. Even when it rained in the valleys it snowed on the mountain-tops, and there was no use trying to keep our feet dry. I got three shots at bull elk, two being very hurried snap-shots at animals running in thick timber, the other a running-shot in the open, at over two hundred yards; and I missed all three. On most days I saw no bull worth shooting; the two or three I did see or hear we failed to stalk, the light, shifty wind baffling us, or else an outlying cow which we had not seen giving the alarm. There were many blue, and a few ruffed, grouse in the woods, and I occasionally shot off the heads of a couple on my way homeward in the evening. In racing after one elk, I leaped across a gully and so bruised and twisted my heel on a rock that, for the remainder of my stay in the mountains, I had to walk on the fore part of that foot. This did not interfere much with my walking, however, except in going down-hill.

Our ill success was in part due to sheer bad luck; but the chief element therein was the presence of a great hunting-party of Shoshone Indians. Split into bands of eight or ten each, they scoured the whole country on their tough, sure-footed ponies. They always hunted on horseback, and followed the elk at full speed wherever they went. Their method of hunting was to organize great drives, the riders strung in lines far apart; they signaled to one another by means of willow whistles, with which they also imitated the calling of the bull elk, thus tolling the animals to them, or making them betray their whereabouts. As they slew whatever they could, but by preference cows and calves, and as they were very persevering, but also very excitable and generally poor shots, so that they wasted much powder, they not only wrought havoc among the elk, but also scared the survivors out of all the country over which they hunted.

Day in and day out we plodded on. In a hunting-trip the days of long monotony in getting to the ground, and the days of unrequited toil after it has been reached, always far outnumber the red-letter days of success. But it is just these times of failure that really test the hunter. In the long run, common sense and dogged perseverance avail him more than any other qualities. The man who does not give up, but hunts steadily and resolutely through the spells of bad luck until the luck turns, is the man who wins success in the end.

After a week at Two-Ocean Pass,¹ we gathered our pack-animals one frosty morning, and again set off across the mountains. A two-days' jaunt took us to the summit of Wolverine Pass, near Pion Peak, beside a little mountain tarn; each morning we found its surface skimmed with black ice, for the nights were cold. After three or four days, we shifted camp to the mouth of Wolverine Creek, to get off the hunting-grounds of the Indians. We had used up our last elk-meat that morning, and when we were within a couple of hours' journey of our intended halting-place, Woody and I struck off on foot for a hunt. Just before sunset we came on three or four elk. A spike-bull stood for a moment behind some thick evergreens a hundred yards off; guessing at his shoulder, I fired, and he fell dead after running a few rods. I had broken the luck after ten days of ill success.

Next morning Woody and I, with the packer, rode to where this elk lay. We loaded the meat on a pack-horse, and let the packer take both the loaded animal and our own saddle-horses back to camp, while we made a hunt on foot. We went up the steep, forest-clad mountain-side, and before we had walked an hour heard two elk whistling ahead of us. The woods were open, and quite free from undergrowth, and we were able to advance noiselessly; there was no wind, for the weather was still, clear, and cold. Both of the elk were evidently very much excited, answering each other continually; they had probably been master bulls, but had become so exhausted that their rivals had driven them from the herds, forcing them to remain in seclusion until they regained their lost strength. As we crept stealthily forward, the calling grew louder and louder, until we could hear the grunting sounds with which the challenge of the nearest ended. He was in a large wallow, which was also a lick. When we were still sixty yards off, he heard us, and rushed out, but wheeled and stood a moment to gaze, puzzled by my buckskin suit. I fired into his throat, breaking his neck, and down he went in a heap. Rushing in and turning, I called to Woody, "He's a twelve-pointer, but

¹ Since this was written Two-Ocean Pass has been included in the National Forest Reserve.

the horns are small." As I spoke I heard the roar of the challenge of the other bull not two hundred yards ahead, as if in defiant answer to my shot.

Running quietly forward, I speedily caught a glimpse of his body. He was behind some fir-trees about seventy yards off, and I could not see which way he was standing, and so fired into the patch of flank which was visible, aiming high, to break the back. My aim was true, and the huge beast crashed down-hill through the evergreens, pulling himself on his fore legs for fifteen or twenty rods, his hind quarters trailing. Racing forward, I broke his neck. His antlers were the finest I ever got. A couple of whisky-jacks appeared at the first crack of the rifle, with their customary astonishing familiarity and heedlessness of the hunter; they followed the wounded bull as he dragged his great carcass down the hill, and pounced with ghoulish bloodthirstiness on the clots of blood that were sprinkled over the green herbage.

These two bulls lay only a couple of hundred yards apart, on a broad game-trail, which was as well beaten as a good bridle-path. We began to skin out the heads; and as we were finishing we heard another bull challenging far up the mountain. He came nearer and nearer, and as soon as we had ended our work we grasped our rifles and trotted toward him along the game-trail. He was very noisy, uttering his loud, singing challenge every minute or two. The trail was so broad and firm that we walked in perfect silence. After going only five or six hundred yards, we got very close indeed, and stole forward on tiptoe, listening to the roaring music. The sound came from a steep, narrow ravine to one side of the trail, and I walked toward it with my rifle at the ready. A slight puff gave the elk my wind, and he dashed out of the ravine like a deer; but he was only thirty yards off, and my bullet went into his shoulder as he passed behind a clump of young spruce. I plunged into the ravine, scrambled out of it, and raced after him. In a minute I saw him standing with drooping head, and two more shots finished him. He also bore fine antlers. It was a great piece of luck to get three such fine bulls at the cost of half a day's light work; but we had fairly earned them, having worked hard for ten days, through rain, cold, hunger, and fatigue, to no purpose. That evening my home-coming to camp, with three elk-tongues and a brace of ruffed grouse hung at my belt, was most happy.

Next day it snowed, but we brought a pack-pony to where the three great bulls lay, and took their heads to camp; the flesh was far too strong to be worth taking, for it was just at the height of the rut.

This was the end of my hunt, and a day later Hofer and I, with two pack-ponies, made a rapid push for the Upper Geyser Basin. We traveled fast. The first day was gray and overcast, a cold wind blowing strong in our faces. Toward evening we came on a bull elk in a willow thicket; he was on his knees in a hollow, thrashing and beating the willows with his antlers. At dusk we halted and went into camp by some small pools on the summit of the pass north of Red Mountain. The elk were calling all around us. We pitched our cozy tent, dragged great stumps for the fire, cut evergreen boughs for our beds, watered the horses, tethered them to improvised picket-pins in a grassy glade, and then set about getting supper ready. The wind had gone down, and snow was falling thickly in large, soft flakes; we were evidently at the beginning of a heavy snow-storm. All night we slept soundly in our snug tent. When we arose at dawn there was a foot and a half of snow on the ground, and the flakes were falling as fast as ever. There is no more tedious work than striking camp in bad weather, and it was over two hours from the time we rose to the time we started. It is sheer misery to untangle picket-lines and to pack animals when the ropes are frozen, and by the time we had loaded the two shivering, wincing pack-ponies, and had bridled and saddled our own riding-animals, our hands and feet were numb and stiff with cold, though we were really hampered by our warm clothing. My horse was a wild, nervous roan, and as I swung carelessly into the saddle, he suddenly began to buck before I got my right leg over, and threw me off. My thumb was put out of joint. I pulled it in again, and speedily caught my horse in the dead timber. Then I treated him as what the cow-boys call a "mean horse," and mounted him carefully, so as not to let him either buck or go over backward. However, his preliminary success had inspired him, and a dozen times that day he began to buck, usually choosing a down grade, where the snow was deep and there was much fallen timber.

All day long we pushed steadily through the cold, blinding snow-storm. Neither squirrels nor rabbits were abroad, and a few Clarke's crows, whisky-jacks, and chickadees were the only living things we saw. At nightfall, chilled through, we reached the Upper Geyser Basin. Here I met a party of railroad surveyors and engineers coming in from their summer's field-work. One of them lent me a saddle-horse and a pack-pony, and we went on together, breaking our way through the snow-choked roads to the Mammoth Hot Springs, while Hofer took my own horses back to Ferguson.



PEDIMENT FOR WOMEN'S BUILDING.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—IV.



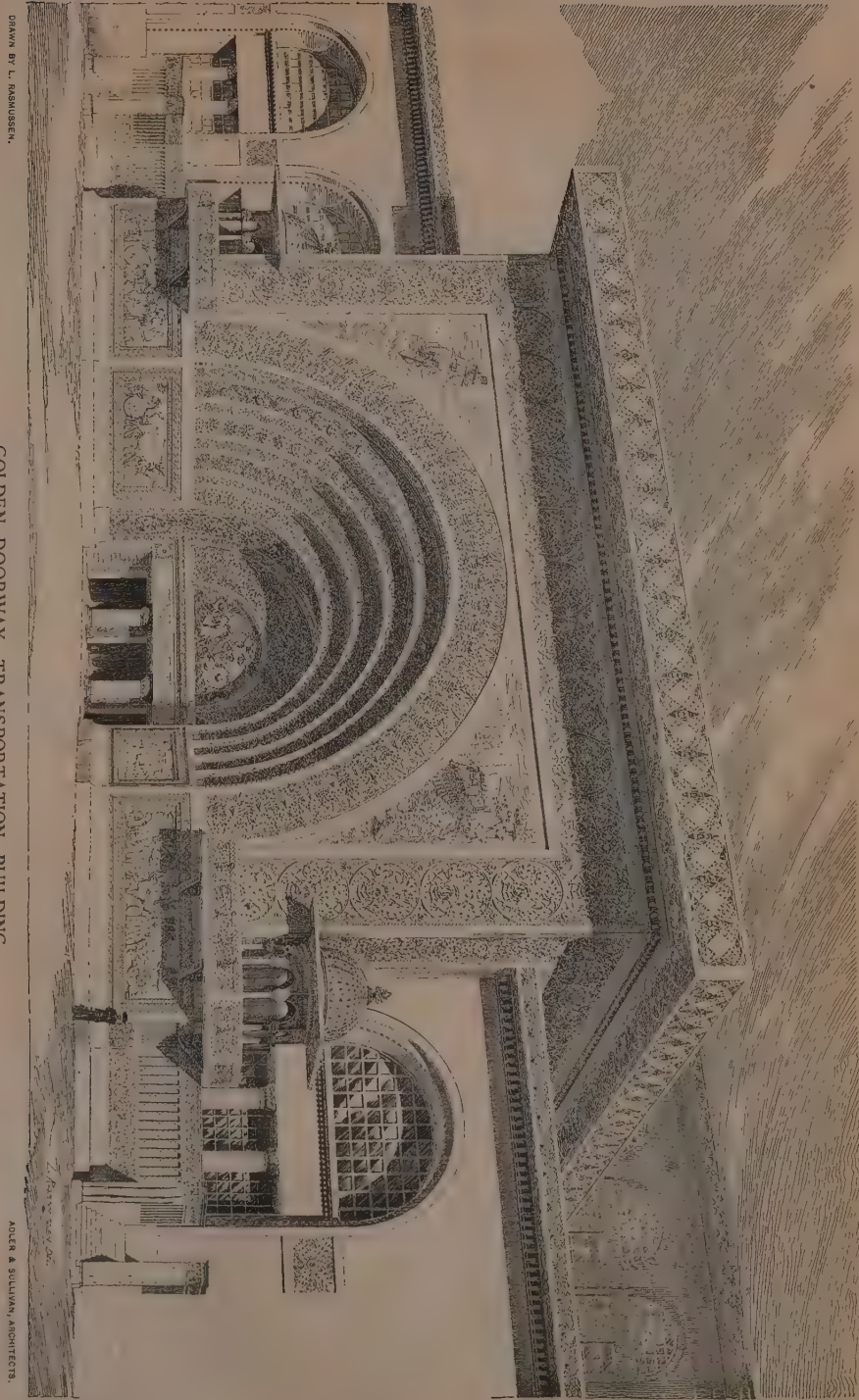
THE site of the Transportation Department lies next west of the Mines and Mining Building, and in necessary and convenient proximity to the railroads. In this case the specific character of the exhibit must dictate even more absolutely the practical plan of the structure which is to accommodate it. A very large and characteristic part of this exhibit must be locomotive engines, and other specimens of railroad rolling-stock. In laying out a system of installation for these, it was found more convenient to arrange the rails at right angles to the length of the building, and to space them 16 feet on centers, in order to allow sufficient room for circulation between them. Two pairs of rails, so spaced, to each bay gave a width of 32 feet, which thus became the constant module of dimension and the common divisor of the plan; indeed, this factor proved the basis of the whole architectural scheme. If it had been a few feet more or less, we should have had a different building. In fact, as is apparent in the analyses of all these designs, the unit of dimension must exercise an influence over architectural compositions analogous to that of the various terms of *tempo*, from *largo* or *adagio* to *allegro*, in their relation to music. The area at the disposal of the architects, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan of Chicago, permitted this divisor to enter thirty times into the length and eight times into the width of their building, which thus became 960 feet long by 256 feet wide, with a triangular area lying westward between the building and the park boundaries, whereon could be located all such annex buildings as might be required to accommodate the rougher rolling-stock, and such other exhibits as could not find place in the main building.

In studying the roofing and lighting of this space, it was found convenient to set aside three of these modules or divisors for the width of a

lofty longitudinal central nave, which should be open to its whole height to accommodate those exhibits requiring considerable vertical space (such as aerial devices and elevators); and two modules and a half on each side for two-storied aisles, where road vehicles, and all other means of light transportation by land or water, could be arranged and classified. Each aisle, as well as the nave, is furnished with double pitched roofs and skylights, and the nave is carried high enough to permit the introduction of two ranges of clearstory windows, of which the lower are circular. It was the purpose of the architects to treat this double clearstory with decorative detail; but considerations of economy have deprived us of much of this interesting interior effect. Studies, however, have been made for the occupation of the triforium wall-space beneath these windows by a broad painted frieze, extending quite around the nave, and setting forth poetically the history of transportation from archaic to modern times. For reasons which will presently appear, it was consistent with their scheme to finish these roofs at the ends with hips, and not with gables.

In considering, in outline, how these great buildings have assumed definite architectural shape, we have been anxious to show that they have grown from practical conditions by logical or reasonable processes, and are not the result of mere personal idiosyncrasies, imposing upon the work favorite formulas of design, which have no essential relations to these conditions. Nevertheless, these buildings, being, in their principles of growth, problems of art and not of mathematics or mere engineering, each has been capable of many widely differing artistic solutions, through equally rational processes, from that which it has actually received, just as the same idea would necessarily be expressed by half a dozen masters of literature in half a dozen different ways, or as the same theme would be treated by several musical composers in several harmonic ways, according to the personal equation or the accident of mood of the master

GOLDEN DOORWAY, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



DRAWN BY L. MADSEN.

ADLER & SULLIVAN, ARCHITECTS.



JOHN J. BOYLE, SCULPTOR.

DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FIGURE OF BRAKEMAN, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

in each case. The architect uses his conventional historic forms as the poet uses his conventional historic words; both forms and words have come down to us, modified and enriched by the generations of mankind through which they have passed, and for this reason there is often a deeper significance in them than is patent to the multitude. Architectural formulas, in their various developments through centuries of usage, have become symbols of the genius of nations; no architect can adapt them intelligently and successfully to his work unless his mind has been saturated with these inner meanings, and unless he has learned to respect the language which he uses. The harmonious combination which he may be able to make of these

forms, and his applications of them to his composition, may be simply correct, because free from errors of architectural grammar or rhetoric; or they may be brilliant, because they are also original without caprice; surprising without evidence of effort; poetic, because of his inner light. The degrees of success range from correctness to brilliancy, and the varieties are infinite.

Now the work of Adler & Sullivan in this Transportation Building is widely different from that which they would have produced had they been placed under those restrictions which, for the reasons stated, were voluntarily and properly assumed by the architects of the Court. The former were free to use any language of form fitted to express the purposes of their building, and they were under no other limitations than those furnished by minds educated and trained in art. In endeavoring to show, therefore, how their work took shape, we shall, in this as in other cases,—carefully avoiding the attitude of criticism, which would be premature and improper,—proceed not as if the methods of development were exact and positive in a scientific sense, and recognizing that there cannot be any single, final, and only possible solution to a problem of art. No true artist ever wrote Q. E. D. under his project.

The general plan and method of accommodation being accepted, we are now in position to see how they will affect the architectural expression of the interior. We imagine the architects reasoning as follows:

It is our purpose to confer upon an object of utility an expression of fitness and beauty—to utter truth, not only with correctness, but with the grace of poetic diction. In the first place, therefore, let us inclose the structure which we have developed with a wall having merely functions of usefulness. In piercing this wall for the necessary windows, let us make one large opening to correspond with each of the 32-foot bays established by our module of dimension; but let us not make these openings so wide as to narrow the piers between them and thus to convert what we intend to be a wall into a colonnade or arcade. Let us preserve the idea of a wall-surface by keeping our piers wide, and by finishing our openings with arches so that the spandrel surfaces between may be added to the area of repose. But in making the window-openings high enough for the practical purpose of lighting the interior, we have left only a narrow and weak wall-surface over them. In order to remedy this defect, and to bring our wall to a height which will not be low when compared with that of our neighbors, we venture to build it 10 feet higher than is constructionally necessary, so that it shall reach a total height of 53 feet, thus forming a screen to mask the aisle-roofs behind. Now,

for the necessary protection and shadow to the plain surface of our wall, let us place upon it a boldly overhanging coping. To give dignity and apparent stability to the closure which we are considering, we then find it necessary to make our wall thick and massive, and these qualities must be illustrated in the treatment of the jambs of our openings. If the jambs are cut through at right angles, we shall make an inadequate and ineffective use of this quality of thickness or massiveness of wall; on the other hand, we shall increase the apparent depth of wall, and draw attention to it, by splaying the jambs with a series of right-angled returns, thus engendering in each opening a nest of diminishing arches, and, as it were, easing off the wall-surface at these points, as was done by the Romanesque and Gothic builders. We have already arranged that our long front shall be thirty bays long, and our end fronts eight bays long. But one of these bays must occur in the center of each front for the sake of the entrances; this will leave a half-bay at the corners. The result of this is that we have a wider pier at the ends, and by this simple device give a natural pause to the succession of arches on each front at the corners, without resorting for this purpose to the conventional end-pavilions, for which our plan does not offer sufficient excuse.

But the frontage which our wall-surface has thus developed, though entirely reasonable, is low, monotonous, and mechanical in its effect. The first difficulty, in its relation to the architectural composition as a whole, we may readily remedy by exaggerating the height of our central nave, so that, from ordinary points of view, it shall be seen to disengage itself well from the ridges of the aisle-roofs which encompass it, and thus form a part of the exterior architecture. To each bay of the upper part of the clearstory, thus elevated, we give two arches, corresponding in character to the single arch in the façade, though properly smaller in scale, and, by the same reasoning, we find it essential to raise these clearstory walls higher than the eaves of the nave-roof, and to crown them with a second overhanging coping.

We have thus designed a series of wall-surfaces in what seems to us a perfectly logical manner, but, as yet, with no projections whatever to break their monotony,—no pilasters, no string-courses, no base, no moldings of any sort, and no cornice, in the usual sense,—only a blank flat wall, pierced with deep arched openings, and protected by a boldly overhanging coping, square and uncompromising.

Now shall we make a concession to convention, and attempt to illustrate structure and use symbolically by applying projecting architectural features to our flat wall-surfaces after

ADLER & SULLIVAN, ARCHITECTS.

GENERAL VIEW OF TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

DRAWN BY M. J. THARPE. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.





LOREDA TAFT, SCULPTOR.

PORTION OF FRIEZE, HORTICULTURAL HALL.

DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

academical fashion and according to Renaissance motives, thereby saying what we have to say in diplomatic language, as it were, using forms which have obtained dignity and significance because of their association with the history of civilization, of which, indeed, they are a part; or rather shall we make this flat wall-surface itself the basis of expression, avoiding words and phrases of Latin origin, and, as was done by the Saracens in the Alhambra, who worked, as we are now working, in a plastic substance, which invited molding beneath the surface rather than carving above the surface—shall we decorate these flat surfaces with repeating superficial patterns? By the latter process we may, where we require, make our planes of construction beautiful without losing

any of the advantages of simplicity and repose, which we are striving to secure by following rational methods. In treatments of this sort the example of Oriental nations is full of instruction, and we know the rich results obtained in this manner, not only by the Moors of Spain, but by Mohammedan art in the mosques at Cairo, and by Indian art in the tombs of Agra. We shall thus get architectural effects of light and shade, not by delicate playing with the complicated shadows and half-lights of pilasters, porticos, and molded entablatures, as in classic art, nor by the bolder *chiaroscuro* obtained by the buttresses, panels, and corbel-tables of medieval art, but by breaking the broadly staring sunlight on our smooth wall-surfaces with the broad black shadows of our coping, with the sharper and finer shade-lines obtained by recessing the window-reveals in a series of narrow planes, and with the regular spotted effects resulting from our spaces of superficial arabesque or fretwork. These wall-surfaces also invite a treatment by contrasts of color in masses or diapers, after the Oriental manner, thus giving opportunity for effects of festivity, which, however, need not derogate from the massiveness and breadth which seem most consistent with the fundamental character of our building.

It is a recognized principle of composition that a mass may be simplified, or even impoverished, for the sake of emphasizing by contrast a certain highly decorated point of interest. This principle seems especially applicable to our present case, because the purposes of our building do not call for an embellishment which would be appropriate in the zenana of an Indian palace, or in the tomb of an Oriental princess. The architectural virtue to be exercised in our case is self-denial rather than generosity. In the mass of our façades, therefore, we should use our facile means of decoration with great prudence, doing no more than may be necessary to make our wall respected as a work of art.

The west or rear side of our building will be completely occupied and masked by annexes; the north and south ends are so situated as

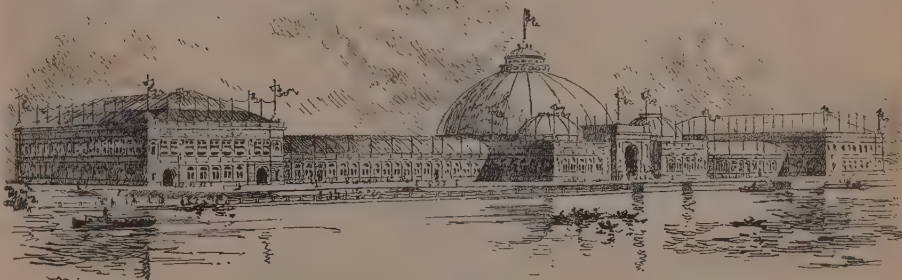


DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

BIT OF ORNAMENT, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

to make the necessary entrances at these points very subordinate: but the center of the east front, toward the Lagoon and opposite the west center of the Liberal Arts Building, must be the main portal of our design. This feature, therefore, may very properly constitute that point of architectural emphasis of which we have spoken, and to which the rest of this façade must be little more than a preparation or foil. The most majestic feature in the best art of the Mogul emperors, as in the closure of the great mosque at Delhi, or in the Taj-Mehal at Agra, is the porch. It is a flat, square-topped, projecting wall-face, pierced with a lofty pointed arch, forming the opening of

doorway. We may cover the entire superficial area of this pavilion with a delicate embroidery of arabesques and bas-reliefs — its fronts, its returns, its recessed archways, the wall-screen which closes the opening at the back, the face and soffit of its coping, its impost, and its stylobate. We will make the whole fretted mass splendid with gilding, so that this main entrance shall be known as the "Golden Doorway." The pavilion interrupts and discontinues every horizontal line in the edifice, so that we must depend upon a sparse echo of this embroidery on our long wall-faces to bring the composition together and to secure its unity of effect. We will therefore content ourselves



W. L. B. JENNEY & W. B. MUNDIE, ARCHITECTS.

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GENERAL VIEW OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

a deep square niche, and profusely decorated with borders and spandrel panels of arabesque, and with inscriptions in inlay and superficial sculpture. It has no cornice, and frequently is finished with a parapet of lacework. Instructed by a study of these Oriental masterpieces, we may adjust them to our present use with but few modifications. The rigid, square, projecting mass, with its great arched opening, the profuse superficial decoration, and even the light characteristic kiosks or pagodas which accompanied the original, may all be reproduced here; but in order to amalgamate the whole with the work which we have already developed, it must finish with a similar bold overhanging brow, the arch must be low and round, that it may occupy a proportionate space in the face of our pavilion, and its opening must diminish inward in a succession of lessening arches in the Romanesque manner (Romanesque and Saracenic art having a common parentage at Byzantium), until the opening is reduced to dimensions practicable for a

with its use on the piers at the point where our arches spring, and on the under side of the coping. Practically the rest is left in repose to offset the splendor of the center. But in order to give a degree of movement to the hard square outlines of the pavilion, and to secure somewhat of a pyramidal effect, we support it on each side with terraces and balconies on a level with the impost of the arch, and accessible by outside stairs, and on each terrace we build a light kiosk against the pavilion in the manner of the Mogul architects. By this somewhat playful device we hope to secure for our building an aspect of festivity more appropriate to the place and occasion than would be obtained if we were content to leave its lines all severely adjusted to rational conditions of design. In like manner, and with the same object of conferring points of interest on the long plain line of frontage, we may venture to open four small exit doors, two on each side of the central portal, with decorated architraves, and flanked by pedestals against the adjoining piers

to support groups of typical statuary. The end entrances may be constructed with low, square-topped, projecting pavilions, highly enriched, and flanked by terraces and staircases as in the front. In the center of the nave provision is made for a competitive exhibition of transportation by elevators. These are arranged in a group around a cylindrical core, and give access, by bridges across the nave, to the second floor and to a great terrace over the central portal, and connect with observatory balconies which surround a central lantern. This is the culminating feature of the design; it is highly decorated, and completes the exterior.

We have already stated that the decoration concentrated at various points on the Trans-

in the history of the world—the new birth of the mind, the revival of learning, the reformation in religious, political, and social life, which made modern civilization possible. These conventionalities, based upon ancient example, and highly organized by the discipline of the schools, are the symbols of this civilization. Such work as we see in the architectural system of the building which we have just been studying in outline may, in comparison, be considered romantic or barbaric (using the term in no derogatory sense, but as defining a condition of design outside the pale of classic authority), a product hardly less of invention than of convention, developing from within outward, and taking forms less consciously affected by his-

torical precedent. This assumption of freedom in the hands of uneducated men becomes license and disorder; in the hands of men of training, but without principles, it becomes insubordination, and results in clever work of mere swagger and audacity, a manifestation of personal idiosyncrasy, more or less brilliant and amusing perhaps, but corrupting and unfruitful. With knowledge, but without genius or imagination, it becomes



Drawn by H. C. Ripley.

CENTRAL DOME AND PORCH OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

portation Building is composed of arabesques. These are mostly foliations, more or less based upon regularly recurring geometrical systems, but following nature in varieties of form and principles of growth. At certain important points these arabesques are frames to figure-subjects in relief, illustrating in allegorical fashion the objects of the building. Properly to complement what we have here supposed the architects themselves might say regarding the genesis of this design, it seems desirable to add a few words of general statement and wider application.

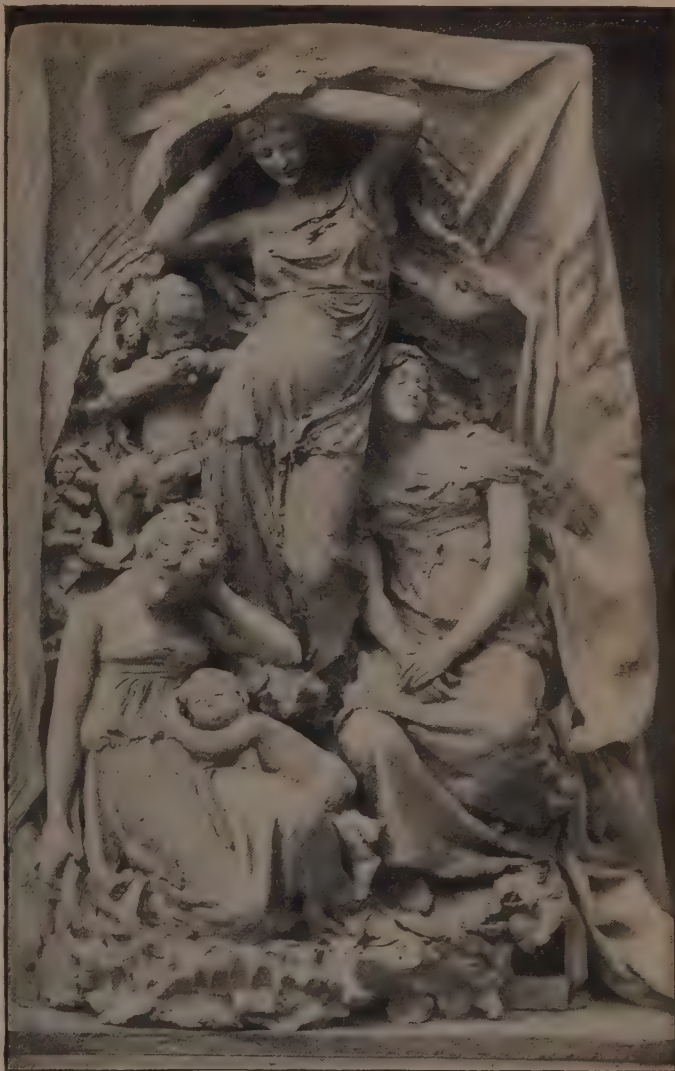
The exact and scholarly conventionalities of the Court buildings recall the most brilliant era

merely archæological: but under favorable circumstances this romanticism may rise into a region of purity, sobriety, and elegance hardly inferior to that occupied for more than twenty centuries (allowing for the medieval interruption) by classic art. Into this region of difficult access the accomplished architects of the Transportation Building are seeking to enter with a fine, courageous spirit of duty, and the evidences of their work, not only on the Exhibition grounds, but more conspicuously in the Auditorium of Chicago, and elsewhere, are sufficient to indicate that somewhere perhaps in this dangerous field there may be a regeneration for the art of our time and country—not a re-

vival of forms, but an establishing of principles, instructed rather than controlled by a spirit out of the inexhaustible past.

It is eminently fitting that in this exposition of national thought in architecture, our characteristic spirit of eager inquiry, of independent and intelligent experiment, should have the fullest illustration. If our late studies in Byzantine Romanesque and Saracenic art may seem to the foreign critic merely empirical, we may be able to show that in some instances they have been carried far enough to exercise a fructifying influence in the development of style in this country, and to infuse new blood into an art which, in the hands of the graduates of our schools of design, may be in danger of becoming scholastic or exotic, and of developing forms far removed from the uses and sympathies of modern life. In fact, it is not from loyalty to ancient formulas of beauty, not from revivals or correct archaeological repetitions, that the true regeneration of modern architecture must come, but from the application to modern necessities and modern structure of the principles which controlled the evolution of the pure historical styles.

MESSRS. W. L. B. Jenney & W. B. Mundie of Chicago, architects of the Horticultural Building, have been able to occupy the beautiful site at their disposal with a magnificent frontage of 1000 feet, facing the Lagoon, the ornamental gardens and parterres of the floral department



LOREDO TAFT, SCULPTOR.

SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS, HORTICULTURAL HALL.

stretching broadly between this long façade and the waterside. The extreme depth of their building-site is about 250 feet. It was evident to the architects that a building for the cultivation and exposition of growing plants must be based upon what has been found by experience to be the best form for a garden greenhouse or conservatory. The architecture of such a structure must therefore include, as a fundamental feature of design, a series of light one-storied galleries with glazed roofs, from 50 to 70 feet wide, so arranged upon the site as to

inclose garden courts, which would have all desirable sunlight, because practical conditions do not permit these surrounding galleries to exceed $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. As this height is only about one third that of the other buildings, and as it is necessary that the architectural mass must in some way be brought into proper relation to them, it became apparent to the architects that from the point of view of composition there should be pavilions at the north and south

possible from the main porch. A third pavilion was thus introduced in the center of the building. As a matter of convenience as well as of structure, the architects divided their galleries into bays of $24\frac{1}{2}$ feet, which dimension they assumed as the module or unit of their plan. Thirty-one of these modules entered into the length of their building between the end pavilions, leaving for each of these pavilions a width of 118 feet. By experiment they found that the largest



SOPHIA HAYDEN, ARCHITECT.

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WOMEN'S BUILDING.

ends, where they approach nearest to their neighbors, and where comparisons must be instinctively forced upon the beholder, and that these pavilions should hardly be less than 50 feet high. Of course this height suggested two stories, in which could be accommodated not only collections and models illustrative of botany and horticulture, but spacious and attractive restaurants overlooking the gardens. Upon the first story of $21\frac{1}{2}$ feet, therefore, there is constructed in these pavilions another still higher. Thus we have an outline of a building composed of two-storied pavilions at each end of the site, connected by two long, low ranges of one-storied glazed galleries, with an open court between them. But for practical as well as for architectural reasons it is necessary to break this interminable stretch of low galleries with an important and highly decorated central feature. The architects had to accommodate under cover not growing shrubs only, but full tropical tree-growths with grotto effects and fountains. This suggested a much higher but still characteristic feature of greenhouse architecture—a glazed, wide-spreading dome, made as large as the available space would permit, but not so high as to overwhelm the one-storied galleries. This dome naturally took its place in the center, and, as it was to constitute the most imposing feature, interior as well as exterior, it had to be entered as directly as

dome which architectural considerations would permit must not exceed 180 feet in diameter. They placed, therefore, a glazed domical hall of these dimensions in the center of a two-storied substructure of square plan, of about nine modules, with a projecting frontispiece toward the Lagoon in three parts, of which the central is the portal, the others being crowned by low domes occupying the corners of the square and buttressing the larger central dome.

By a mutual adjustment of the parts thus outlined a definite architectural scheme was obtained, composed of two two-storied end pavilions, 118 feet wide and 250 feet deep, connected in the rear by a continuous one-storied glazed gallery, 50 feet wide and $759\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, against the center of which was placed a great domical pavilion, about 220 feet square, faced with a highly enriched pylon. A second and more important longitudinal gallery, with glazed arched roofs, parallel with the first and 73 feet wide, forming the curtain-walls of the main façade, connected the center with the end pavilions, thus inclosing two garden-courts, 90 feet wide and 270 feet long.

As for the exterior, the architects are committed to a long, low façade, of which the curtain-walls are only $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, crowned with a 3-foot balustrade. The expression of their central dome, therefore, must be correspondingly low in proportion to its height; considerations

of architectural conformity must be forced into harmony with considerations of practical convenience and use. The vertical section of this dome is accordingly made semicircular, and the center from which the semicircle is struck is on a level with the gallery or second story surrounding the dome, and thus only about 24 feet from the floor, giving a total height of only 114 feet to a dome 180 feet in diameter. So far as the interior is concerned, this proportion is admirable; but the depressed exterior effect of this great glazed dome is partly remedied by a drum or podium, which is established above the flat roof of the square substructure forming the base of the dome, and which is high enough to be seen from ordinary points of view, and also by a highly enriched crown or lantern which surmounts the dome itself. The lower glazed domes, which crowd against its base on the corners, effectually support its outlines, and assist them to spring from the façade with grace and elegance, and without too sudden transitions. The curved sky-lines are also aided by the segmental form of the glazed roofs of the galleries on each hand. The transparent character of this immense ball and the airy lightness of its structure remove it from comparison with the substantial fabrics of the domes that elsewhere in the fields of the Exposition rise with more monumental aspiration. It has a quality of fleeting and iridescent beauty, and seems to be blown like a bubble.

In their decorative scheme the architects preferred to follow Venetian Renaissance models, and they applied to the curtain-walls of their long front galleries a correct Ionic order with pilasters, dividing the frontage into bays corresponding to those of the interior, each being occupied by a glazed arched window, reducing the wall-surfaces to the smallest areas consistent with classic traditions, as in the orangeries of Versailles. This order is continued around the end pavilions; but as the architects were compelled to erect upon this a second story 3 feet higher than that upon which it was placed, to enable their building to compare properly with its neighbors in regard to height, they treated their upper order, which is also Ionic, with an exaggerated frieze 6 feet high, giving an area for decoration, which they richly filled with Cupids, garlands, and festoons, abundantly testifying to the joyous and gentle character of the objects to which the building is dedicated. In these pavilions they were wisely led by the example of Sansovino in the Library of St. Mark on the Piazzetta, Venice, and the arrangement also of crowning balustrades and finials, characteristic of this elegant monument, evidently had a strong influence on the present composition.

The portal is a lofty triumphal arch with a re-

cessed vestibule, decorated with statuary, and in the character of its profuse embellishments of sculpture recalling the work of modern Paris; but in the two square pavilions, crowned with their subordinate domes, flanking the portal, the Venetian motives are again taken up. The Ionic order again appears here, but is on a larger scale than that of the long curtain-walls, and its entablature has a frieze broader even than that of the corner pavilions, and it is enriched with the exuberant but elegant playfulness which the Italian masters knew so well how to employ in the service of their paganized princes.

Seen from whatever point of view, no one can doubt the purposes of this building, and though its architecture has been gaily attuned to a much lighter mood than would be proper to its more serious companions, it does not forget the dignity and grace which belong to it as a work of art.

The decorative modeling and sculpture of this building are the work of Mr. Loredó Taft of Chicago.

THE first point of interest connected with the Women's Pavilion resides in the fact that it is the product of a national competition of designs among women. An architectural composition, like any other work of art, is always more or less sensitive to the personal qualities of the designer. Consequently, in examining the works of the successful competitor in this case, there is an irresistible impulse to look for the distinctive characteristics in which the feminine instinct may have betrayed itself. Miss Sophia G. Hayden of Boston is a graduate of the architectural school of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in that city, and the composition by which she was fortunate enough to win this coveted prize has all the marks of a first-class school problem, intelligently studied according to academical methods, and may fairly stand in this national exposition of architecture as a good example of the sort of training given in our best professional schools. As such, it is proper that it should take its place with the other architectural works in Jackson Park, and it is eminently proper that the exposition of woman's work should be housed in a building in which a certain delicacy and elegance of general treatment, a smaller limit of dimension, a finer scale of detail, and a certain quality of sentiment, which might be designated, in no derogatory sense, as graceful timidity or gentleness, combined however with evident technical knowledge, at once differentiate it from its colossal neighbors, and reveal the sex of its author.

The manner in which the plan of the Women's Pavilion has been conceived and laid out requires but little concession of criticism in favor

of inexperience. In this structure it was intended to accommodate a general exposition of woman's work, whether industrial, artistic, educational, or social. It was to include departments for reform work and charity organizations, a model hospital and kindergarten, a retrospective exhibition, one or more assembly-rooms of various sizes, with libraries, parlors, committee-rooms, and offices. These various services were to be provided for within an area 400 feet long northward by 200 feet wide, lying next north of the Horticultural Building, and in the axis of the Midway Pleasance. These general dimensions, and the comparatively small scale of the building, suggested 10 feet as a module of proportion, and upon this basis it was found convenient to develop the plan and organize the elevations.

The differing and somewhat undefined uses to which the building was to be devoted seemed to require a series of connected rooms of various sizes, all subordinated to a great hall or *salle des pas perdus* of architectural character. Certainly, enough of these subordinate apartments were required to make at least two stories necessary. With reference to lighting, circulation, and economy of space, evidently the most convenient and the simplest way of adjusting the plan was to place the great hall in the middle, to free it from columns, to build it high enough to receive light through clearstory windows, and to envelop it with a lower two-storied structure forming the four façades of the building. From the floor of this hall a convenient communication could be established with the minor halls and offices around it, so that the whole first story could be utilized. In the second story it was apparent that the necessary intercommunication could be effectively provided by surrounding the open central area of the hall by a system of corridors, which should also serve as galleries overlooking the hall, after the manner of an arcade or cloister around an Italian cortile. In order to obtain adequate area for them, this enveloping series of rooms should not exceed 80 feet in depth, and should borrow all the light possible to be obtained from the central hall, or their illumination by daylight would be seriously imperiled.

The exterior expression is evolved from these conditions. The other buildings of the Exposition covering much more extensive areas without any great superiority of mass vertically, their architects have generally found it necessary to emphasize the vertical lines as offsets to the horizontal, and to include two or more stories in one colossal order, thus bringing the architectural scheme into scale with the vastness of the structure. On account of the comparatively small extent and scale of this building, it did not seem to require any such emphasis of ver-

tical lines, and therefore it was proper to permit the two stories to be frankly expressed in its architecture. The architect found that the strong horizontal lines thus created in the façades could be adjusted harmoniously by making the first-story order 21 feet, and the second 23 feet high, the whole resting on a continuous 5-foot stylobate or basement, thus giving about 50 feet as the height of the outer walls. In establishing the general vertical divisions of the main front, Miss Hayden naturally followed the conventional system of a central frontispiece with a pavilion at each end, connected by recessed curtain-walls. The depth of the suites of rooms on the north and south fronts conferred on the end pavilions a width of 80 feet, or eight modules. Over the low roofs of the enveloping suites the clearstory and roof of the lofty central hall should assert themselves as essential features of the exterior. We thus have a frontage fairly blocked out.

In this way the building is massed after the manner of the villas of the Italian Renaissance, and to this school the design is naturally indebted for those details on which the character of the design as a work of art must largely depend. From this point the architect probably developed the work somewhat as follows:

The first story of the curtain-walls between the central and end pavilions must be brought forward nearly to the face of the pavilions to form an exterior portico or ambulatory, its roof serving as a balcony or terrace to the recessed second story. This first story of the curtain-walls she treated as an Italian arcade in 10-foot bays without columns or pilasters, surmounted by a balustrade, while upon the second she imposed a full order of pilasters rather suggested by, than strictly following, Corinthian precedents, with windows between, all adjusted in scale to the almost domestic proportions of the rooms within. The central entrance should take not less than three arches similar to those of the arcade, and should be surmounted by a colonnade of the order adopted for the second story, inclosing a loggia connected with the balcony or terrace to which we have referred, the whole being flanked on each side by a space of solid wall decorated with coupled pilasters on each story, and surmounted by a pediment developed from the main cornice. Practically the same treatment may be repeated on the front face of the two end pavilions, but without the pediment, and also on the side entrances, which, however, should not have a pediment, as that would bring them into competition with the main entrance, and cannot have a loggia, because of the interior conditions of plan. The colonnade must therefore be replaced by a corresponding range of pilasters. But these side entrances may be distinguished by a low

attic, constituting, for this part of the building, a third story of small rooms, opening on each side on roof-gardens, which should extend over the end pavilions, surrounded by an open screen formed of an order of light Ionic columns, with caryatids over the loggia below, all after the manner not unusual in the terraced gardens of Italian palaces. The central hall is $67\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide by nearly 200 feet long, and attains an exterior height of 64 feet.

Under the circumstances explained, the design is rather lyric than epic in character, and it takes its proper place on the Exposition grounds

with a certain modest grace of manner not inappropriate to its uses and to its authorship.

After an extremely vigorous and hardly contested competition among sculptors of the gentler sex throughout the Union, the sculpture of the main pediment, and of the typical groups surmounting the open screen around the roof-gardens, was awarded to Miss Alice Rideout, of San Francisco. It is needless to say that the subjects are emblematic of woman's great work in the world, and that criticism will be glad to recognize in these compositions all the noble and poetic qualities of art which they aim to set forth.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE SUNSET THRUSH.

IS it a dream? The day is done —
 The long, warm, fragrant summer day;
 Afar beyond the hills the sun
 In purple splendor sinks away;
 The cows stand waiting by the bars;
 The firefly lights her floating spark,
 While here and there the first large stars
 Look out, impatient for the dark;
 A group of children saunter slow
 Toward home, with laugh and sportive
 word,
 One pausing, as she hears the low
 Clear prelude of an unseen bird —
"Sweet — sweet — sweet —
Sorrowful — sorrowful — sorrowful!"
 Ah, hush! that sudden music-gush
 Makes all the harkening woodland still, —
 It is the vesper of the thrush, —
 And all the child's quick pulses thrill.
 Forgotten in her heedless hand
 The half-filled berry-basket swings;
 What cares she that the merry band
 Pass on and leave her there? He sings!
 Sings as a seraph, shut from heaven
 And vainly seeking ingress there,
 Might pour upon the listening even
 His love, and longing, and despair —
"Sweet — sweet — sweet —
Sorrowful — sorrowful — sorrowful!"

Deep in the wood, whose giant pines
 Tower dark against the western sky,
 While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
 He trills his marvelous ecstasy;
 With soul and sense entranced, she hears
 The wondrous pathos of his strain,
 While from her eyes unconscious tears
 Fall softly, born of tenderest pain.
 What cares the rapt and dreaming child
 That duskier shadows gather round?
 She only feels that flood of wild
 Melodious, melancholy sound —
"Sweet — sweet — sweet —
Sorrowful — sorrowful — sorrowful!"
 Down from immeasurable heights
 The clear notes drop like crystal rain,
 The echo of all lost delights,
 All youth's high hopes, all hidden
 pain,
 All love's soft music, heard no more,
 But dreamed of and remembered long —
 Ah, how can mortal bird outpour
 Such human heart-break in a song?
 What can he know of lonely years,
 Of idols only raised to fall,
 Of broken faith, and secret tears?
 And yet his strain repeats them all —
"Sweet — sweet — sweet —
Sorrowful — sorrowful — sorrowful!"

Ah, still amid Maine's darkling pines,
 Lofty, mysterious, remote,
 While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
 The thrush's resonant echoes float;
 And she, the child of long ago,
 Who listened till the west grew gray,
 Has learned, in later days, to know
 The mystic meaning of his lay;
 And often still, in waking dreams
 Of youth's lost summer-times, she hears
 Again that thrilling song, which seems
 The voice of dead and buried years —
"Sweet — sweet — sweet —
Sorrowful — sorrowful — sorrowful!"

Elizabeth Akers.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.¹

BY HENRY B. FULLER,

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."



VII.

MERAN: FANCY LIGHTS ITS FIRES.

THE apparition of Saitoutetplus was vivid but brief: apparently he had posted to Botzen simply to show what he could do when he tried, and what he would do before suffering himself to be thwarted; and he almost immediately posted back again. He declined to be included in the invitation which met them at Botzen from the Frau Baroninn, the mother of Zeitgeist, to pass a week in the family ancestral halls in the Vintchgau, up above Meran; he simply emptied upon the passive Governor several pocketfuls of rocks and documents, and returned straight to Predazzo, to the great relief of his embarrassed *confrère*.

To pass from the Dolomites to the valley of the upper Adige was a change indeed; and the Frau Baroninn received her guests on a high-set terrace which jutted out boldly from the rugged front of the Schloss, and which overlooked a wide and graceful expanse of orchard, vineyard, and forest—a tract luxuriant with the grape, the fig, and chestnut- and walnut-trees, sprinkled with numberless castles, villas, churches, and villages, and inclosed by graceful mountains of porphyry, different indeed from those gigantic and extravagant limestone formations whose jagged and soaring bareness had for a fortnight threatened Miss West's days and terrorized her nights.

Aurelia had still further cause for gratification; she was once more united to

¹ Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

her baggage. Her trunks—bigger and more numerous than I should dare to state—had been sent on from Salzburg by some method or other which gave her no concern, and already she had come to feel that if ever in her life she was to have a chance to dress, these halls of pride should be the witness of her magnificence. Already she began to sniff triumph in the air, and she found it easier now to forgive Zeitgeist for having peremptorily told her that it was impossible and unnecessary to drag those portentous chests through the Val d'Ampezzo, and across the complication of chains and passes which make up the country of south Tyrol; while the series of protests and bickerings which had accompanied those huge constructions across Switzerland came to be only a hazy recollection. Aurelia had been sheathed in woolen walking-skirts and heavy shoes for more than two months, and she was beginning to feel an irresistible desire to burst into bloom—a process to which time, place, and circumstance now all conduced. She conceded that she was beautiful, she acknowledged that her dresses were handsome, and she was only too certain that the daughters and nieces of the Baroness were doomed to absolute eclipse. One of her gowns, in particular—but we shall reach that presently.

The entire castle and its belongings seemed but a *parterre* contrived for her efflorescence. History and romance, legend and adventure, trophies and tapestries, armory and picture-gallery, chapels and chambers, turrets and stairways, horses and hounds, stewards, tutors, chaplains, lackeys, and foresters, worshipful tenants, and reverencing peasantry—what a background before which to trail the latest confections of Paris! All this for her, Miss Aurelia R. West of Rochester; and yet there were those who postponed Paradise beyond this present life!

Yes, it was Paradise; nothing was wanting but the serpent, and the serpent came along promptly enough.

Aurelia, who was always rendered restless and uneasy by the vicinity of vendible merchandise, and who already had communicated a touch of the subtle poison of shopping to the Chatelaine, had felt herself impelled, on the very first morning after their arrival, to go down to Meran to make a few purchases. Not for two weeks had her petticoats grazed a counter, and her gnawing desire to chaffer and bargain was as insufferable as the torture of the opium-eater when his favorite drug is withheld. The Chatelaine was also beginning to feel the need of meeting requirements heretofore hardly dreamed of, and so the Baroness sent them down on wheels together.

As they were strolling along the arcades of Unter den Lauben a scrap of paper caught on

the bottom of Aurelia's dress. It was a corner torn from the "*Fremdenblatt*," whose publication had just been resumed with the beginning of the early autumn season; and as she stooped to see if picking would do for her what shaking would not, a name all too familiar flashed from the type to her eyes. She crumpled the bit of paper in her hand, and at the first convenient opportunity she was reading an account of a concert which Mlle. Eugénie Pasdenom had given at the Kurhaus on the previous evening. And if she had turned the paper over she would have learned not only that Mlle. Pasdenom was stopping at the Habsburgerhof, but that Tempo-Rubato and Fin-de-Siècle were at the *Erzherzog Johann*.

It may be imagined that if the Duchess (with a voice so limited by nature and a constituency so limited by place and season) was attempting concerts in the Tyrol, her original plan had undergone considerable modifications. In fact, the tour projected in the first place had turned out none too satisfactorily, and she had brought it to an abrupt termination several weeks before. After all, she was abroad largely for recreation, she had plenty of other things to occupy herself with, and three or four of the secondary lights of her troupe were quite enough for the carrying out of her latest idea. Doubtless this new departure had been an embarrassment to her manager, yet there were other managers that she had not merely embarrassed, but ruined. And possibly it was a bit trying to the humble members of the chorus and orchestra, too; but then the Duchess never descended to details. Upon her breaking with her *impresario*, Tempo-Rubato, whose self-confidence was equal to any undertaking, had thrown himself into the breach. He was willing to engineer any new enterprise that she might care to embark in. He would be her *impresario* or her financial sponsor; he would do the baritone parts, or the leading tenor ones if they could be brought down a third; he would take tickets, or he would shift the scenery. On the spur of the moment he proposed a little tour on the other side of the Alps: Verona, Brescia, Bergamo, and so on, ending with Milan, where the people would, no doubt, be overjoyed to have a revival of "*Orphée aux Enfers*" on the stage of La Scala. And when she seemed likely to resent this obvious sarcasm, he interpellidly suggested another tour—one beginning at Trieste and running along the coast of Dalmatia; he himself would charter a steamer. There was Capo d'Istria, where ten thousand people had probably been waiting all their lives to form an acquaintance with Offenbach and Le Cocq; there was Pola, the principal station of the Austrian fleet, whose officers would rally as a man; there was Fiume, and she could then

say that she had been in Hungary; there was Zara, where she might count upon the influence of a good friend of his, a personage once high in the political world and a devoted supporter of the opera, but now residing in retirement and cultivating roses, as Diocletian at Spalato had cultivated cabbages; there was Spalato itself, and Ragusa, and Cattaro, where they might give the Turks a chance to form an opinion of "Fatinitza," and where she might buy a prayer-rug, if she fancied.

The Duchess ignored the amphitheaters, and cathedrals, and Venetian campaniles of the Dalmatic coast, but she shed angry tears at the prayer-rug—two of them, one from each eye. He was not to speak to her in that way; she would not listen to anything of the kind. He retorted that she should listen, to anything of that kind or of any other kind. Then there had been neither listening nor speaking for three days, and then they had come together through the Vorarlberg into the Tyrol. And then, two days after the arrival of the Governor's party at Meran, they crossed over the Brenner to Italy.

But before she departed, Aurelia West had a glimpse of her. One afternoon the Frau Baroninn ordered out her coach,—in whose crested panelings and so on Aurelia took great pride,—and bowled her young visitors down to Meran again. As they rolled along the Wassermauer they observed a couple strolling along intimately enough under the poplar-trees close to the stream. The costume and carriage of the lady would have distinguished her anywhere, and the gentleman, who walked along with his head inclining over toward his companion, and who trolled a small pug-dog in their wake, was easy enough to recognize. Aurelia looked straight ahead with a non-committal stare, and the Chatelaine, about whose ears the leaves of the tree of knowledge had lately been rustling, looked sternly in the opposite direction; but the Baroness deliberately put up her glasses and gave the pair a leisurely and minute survey. Seldom before had she seen her abstruse and self-absorbed son exhibit such an effect of unconsciously ecstatic complacency, and she was interested in noting the person who could bring about so striking a change. Aurelia's feeling, however, was far from being one of curiosity. She was impatient with Zeitgeist, and indignant at him. She was beginning to feel that she had more cause to complain of him than he of her; and as the couple passed along the walk in a state of smiling preoccupation, Aurelia's wits began to work still more rigorously and insistently upon a problem which had lately come to occupy her, and which was daily taking more and more of her attention.

Here was Bertha, the Chatelaine of La Trinité, a beautiful young creature, well born, well bred, fair, fresh, wholesome, with position, family, estate, yet who was there that appreciated her? Not Fin-de-Siècle, whose interest was hardly above the level of an impertinent curiosity. Not Tempo-Rubato, whose treatment of her had scarcely been more than an indulgent condescension. Not Zeitgeist, surely, who, with the best opportunities of all, was finding more of interest at this very moment in the strange woman from Paris. What was this creature's charm? She was not really beautiful; she was not actually clever; she certainly could lay no claim to family. Was it style, was it audacity, was it experience, was it the genius of worldliness? Could this be the model that the great work of reconstruction designed by her, Aurelia West, must follow—a model so shocking, yet so impelling? But was it so shocking, after all? Who, if not the Pasdenoms, gave the tone to the capital which she herself had voluntarily selected as a place of residence? Who else set the pace, governed the mode, suggested and regulated manners, costumes, amusements? But deliberately to pattern the reconstructed Chatelaine on such lines as these—oh, no; there must be a dreadful hitch in her logic somewhere; surely there must be some other theory upon which she could proceed, and she must have the wit to frame it.

Aurelia, in fact, was feeling within her the impulse to produce a work of art. Some of the ideas on this subject that Fin-de-Siècle and the Governor had battledored back and forth had fallen on the ground,—good ground,—and now, watered by Aurelia's assiduous regard for the Chatelaine, promised to spring up and to produce an abundant harvest. Aurelia had no hope of achieving a work of art that could be ranged in any conventional or recognized class. She fully realized that the grandest productions of the native American genius had not been brought about by the work of man in clay, or color, or catgut, or calligraphy, but by the working of man on man. She would not attempt to subdue marble or to make color captive, but she was anxious to show what might result from the working of woman on woman.

Well, then,—to go over the ground again, carefully and in a different direction,—here was the Chatelaine, whose attractive personality had been thoroughly canvassed already. Consider, now, her status. She was the last of a long race: two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, eight great-great-grandfathers, and so on and on, each of the series possessed of a name and title, a niche in history, and a portrait in the family gallery. She held her

position in her own right; on her had descended the accumulated fortunes of the family; from her high-perched castle she swayed it over a valley of peasantry, doting and complaisant, no doubt, to a degree. What position more lofty, more gracious, more noble? Ah, she had it! The whole situation was brilliantly clear, absurdly simple. It was merely a case of goddess and pedestal; only the goddess must be made to feel that she *was* a goddess, and to see that her proper place was not beside the pedestal, but upon it. And now a friendly Intelligence had come to show the divinity how to mount to her place, or, if need be, actually to lift her to it. And under these altered conditions worship would follow as a matter of course.

Such, in brief, was the program evolved by the transported Aurelia while the carriage rolled rapidly along on its graveled way, and the Baroness and the Chatelaine sat silent side by side. Not merely those uncertain young men were to see what she could do, but the Governor himself should be a witness to her skill; he was to see all of his own lofty lucubrations about arrangement and presentation and the rest reduced to working order. And as for her own poor self—that was a paltry candle to be snuffed forthwith, since all the light was to fall on quite a different part of the stage. So overjoyed was she to think that Providence had sent the Chatelaine a friend so dexterous, so sympathetic, so self-sacrificing, that she broke the stern silence with a laugh, a most undeniable one. Both her companions looked at her disapprovingly, and she felt that in the Chatelaine's eyes she had slipped back to the precarious ground on which she had stood at Lucerne, while the aspect of the Baroness was such as to make it seem likely that the rest of her visit might have to be spent in reinstating herself in her hostess's good graces.

Aurelia fancied that she had already made a very fair estimate of the castle, but she received quite a new impression of the possibilities of the place and of the general pleasantness of hereditary distinction on the occasion of the celebration of Zeitgeist's own birthday, for which fête the banners were, indeed, hung on the outward walls, and the cry might well have been, "They come!" The magnates of the district came with their wives and daughters; the sons came with their spurs and sabers; the tenantry came tramping up the valley and flocking down from the mountains with music and addresses and torches and hurrahs. What a delightful situation, thought Aurelia, this right to cheers as a mere matter of rank and descent! How vastly better than the situation in poor, crude America, where if a man wanted hurrahs he must hurrah for himself. The turmoil of preparation for this observance put our

enthusiastic Aurelia quite beside herself. What a grand opportunity to take the Chatelaine's measure, to hold a full-dress rehearsal of the drama which was to be enacted at La Trinité, to revise the draperies of the statue before it came to rest on its own proper base! With what emotion did Aurelia lift these draperies from the recesses of the biggest of her big trunks! They appertained to the one conspicuously magnificent creation of the entire wardrobe, a Parisian inspiration, the emanation of a master mind,—a talent of such a high order that to many of its patrons only a thin partition divided it from genius,—a mind that, when it judged itself, broke through even this. It was this garment that Aurelia herself had fondly hoped to wear; but with a look of high resolve she thrust this flattering idea aside, and when she glanced at herself in the mirror she was rewarded by seeing, if not a martyr, at least a heroine. Her mind was big with one idea, her imagination was in a state of conflagration; and it lighted up an image of a beautiful creature (adequately attired) sailing in stately fashion down the crimson covering of a marble staircase, while a loud announcement heralded the coming of The Most Noble and High-born (supposing that to be the proper form), the Lady Berthe Gloiredesalpes (supposing that to be the exact name), the Chatelaine of La Trinité, and the This of That, and the That of The Other (which sketchy string of titles stood subject, of course, to revision in light of later and more detailed information). After which burst of poetic frenzy the sibyl confessed herself exhausted, and threw herself upon her bed.

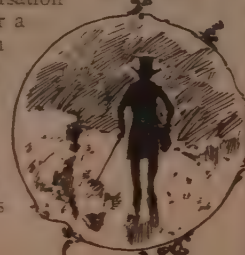
But not to lie there long; she was too excited to rest, and there was a good deal to do before she could adjust the Chatelaine to her new attire. For the Chatelaine had none too high a notion of her own merits, and she was inclined to hang back a little bashfully from so novel an experience; even when she had finally been induced to try on things experimentally, it was seen that a good many changes would have to be made before the ideal was reached. There was also the matter of gloves and shoes; Aurelia's hands and feet were absurdly small. These and kindred matters necessitated a good deal of snipping and basting within the castle, as well as repeated excursions down to Meran.

But the end crowns the work, and when the Chatelaine finally came to stand before the clustered wax-lights that surrounded Aurelia's long mirror, and took a final view of herself previous to treading the crimson-covered marbles that had filled so important a place in the mind of her imaginative friend, the artist joyfully expressed her unqualified satisfaction. The Chatelaine gazed at her own reflection with big, startled eyes, and as she moved about, and heard the

low swish and rustle of the silk and lace and tulle dragging behind her, a fearful joy possessed her, her spirit rose mettlesomely, new vistas of surpassing reach and splendor opened before her, and life, she began to feel, included a great many things the existence of which she had not heretofore even suspected. Then the high priestess administered the final touch — with a powder-puff. There was really no practical reason for this, since the Chatelaine's complexion was perfect: perhaps Aurelia regarded this rite as a kind of secular sacrament by which the Chatelaine was admitted into society.

The Governor was startled, delighted, electrified. He would have asked nothing better than to spend the whole long evening in rapt contemplation of his metamorphosed god-child: but the Baroness appreciated him almost as much as he appreciated the Chatelaine. She knew that but for certain disagreeable events in the first years of the century her guest might have been a reigning prince,—not Professor, but Elector,—and so she was disposed to make the most of him. The Governor always professed to be bored by this particular line of historical reminiscence, and perhaps he was. He almost always told the truth; so I suppose we may believe him—or not. The Baroness had an idea, no quite an erroneous one, that the Governor was an old man, and she considered that she was properly placing and honoring him when she led him to the card-room, with the other elders, and sat down opposite him for a game of cribbage. But his play would not have increased the Baroness's admiration. It was erratic, terribly and a paper, constantly disturbed by little fits and starts as the crowd of young people surged by, and incessantly punctured by sudden sidelong glances through doors and windows. The Baroness cut, shuffled, dealt, and pegged with her pudgy hands, counting up the Governor's knave of trumps once or twice, and frequently seeing fifteen-six where he had seen only fifteen-four. She presently gave up her place to her sister-in-law, who cut, shuffled, dealt, and pegged with *her* pudgy hands, catching the Governor's knave once or twice more, and seeing fifteen-six where he had seen only fifteen-two. Meanwhile, whiffs of perfume and melody came floating in from without, there was a muffled sound of shuffling feet from the ball-room, and now and then the tones of fresh young voices came in through the windows that opened on the terrace. The Governor blundered on, mistaking, misplaying, miscounting, while the sister-in-law raised her surprised eyebrows higher and higher until once they were almost lost under her wig. Then, all of a sudden, the Governor threw down his hand, face up, and rose to his feet. His startled opponent looked toward the wide doorway, too: the Chatelaine was passing. She trailed by in a kind of slow and stately splendor on the arm of a tall young cavalry officer. Her face was delicately flushed, her eyes sparkled with a vivacious sense of triumph, and she lowered her high-poised head to the Governor in such a fashion as to leave the old gentleman weak and trembling with delight. Behind her, in company with a Serene Insignificance from Vienna, walked Aurelia; she was looking out sharply on the Chatelaine's behalf for entangling spurs, and was holding herself in readiness to administer stimulant in case the conversation required it, being seldom at a loss for a notion and never for a word. She did not look especially magnificent, having given the Chatelaine not only the best of her wardrobe, but the best of her jewel-case as well: yet her face glowed with pleasure, and it was a face, let me say, to which nothing was more becoming than an idea.

Aurelia's satisfaction was complete when Zeitgeist put on a grand manner.—he wore his spectacles, too.—and took the Chatelaine in to supper. She saw that he did not do this simply because the Chatelaine was a special and particular guest, nor because of his mere indebtedness to the Governor. No; he did it be-



cause he enjoyed doing it, and he did it as if the doing conferred a distinction upon himself. Ah, very good; the young man was not blind, after all; he recognized the sun when he saw it shining. And there were others to whose notice she should like to bring the same heavenly phenomenon.

During the few remaining days of their stay other fêtes followed at other places, and it gratified Aurelia to see the Chatelaine's altered attitude. Bertha apprehended this new world keenly, she entered into it with a satisfactory readiness and self-possession, and it began to look as if she was soon to be completely at home in it and thoroughly committed to it. In nothing was this shown more clearly than in the manner with which she met Zeitgeist's suggestions for excursions—Meran being nothing if not excursionsal, while walks and points of view abound. Every other height for miles up and down the valley, for instance, held out its ruined castle; the Chatelaine walked up to one or two of them, though with some indifference: why did they offer her castles draped with ivy and dedicated to the dismal owl, when others, just as near, were garlanded with flowers and flooded with the melody of the waltz? They talked tentatively to her of the Alps of the Oetzthal, of the snow-peaks and glaciers of the Ortler; but she had lived, thought, eaten, breathed mountains all her life, and she was now beginning to feel that nothing would please her more, say, than to put on a long-trained gown and to trail it through Holland. The Baroness took her to the old residence of the counts of Tyrol in Meran, and put before her its display of frescos and painted glass and armorial bearings; but the Chatelaine saved her interest for the Kurhaus, the band, and the promenade. The Governor rambled about alone, picking up his pebbles and his flowers for himself. The old order was changing; the powder-puff had begun to do its work.

VIII.

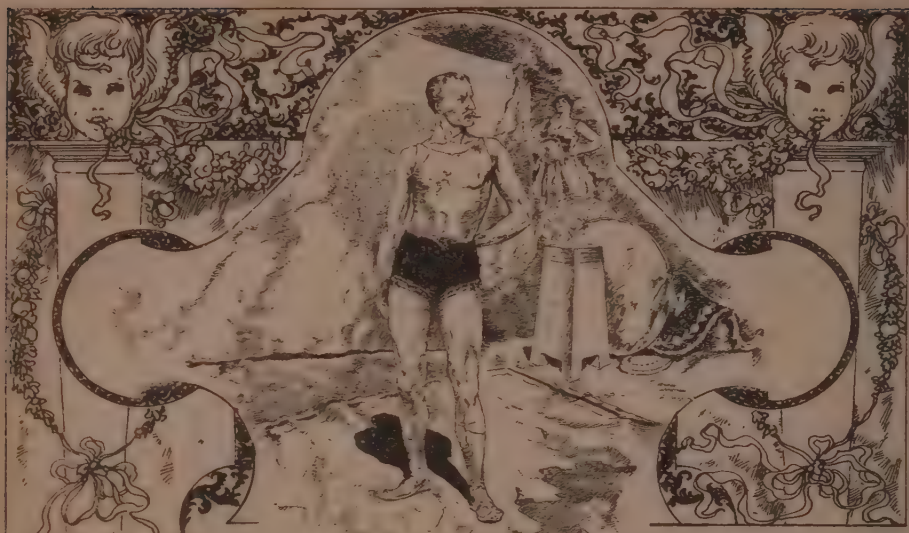
VERONA: THE VERY REALM OF LOVE.

THE Chatelaine's share in the musical doings at the Schloss did not end with her tripping to other people's pipings, for she did a little piping of her own—if one may allude in such a way to the piano, the only instrument over which she had command. For the spoils of Salzburg yielded many a duet and trio, nor was Zeitgeist without such a knack in the direction of musical notation as was required to fasten a few of his own ideas on paper. The fount of melody was beginning to flow within him, and he had his piano trundled out to a certain arborescent corner of the terrace, from which retreat the mingled tones of that some-

what discredited instrument and the violoncello rose on several afternoons to the ears of the Baroness in her chamber above. Their work was principally on compositions of his own; most of them having been turned out, too, since their emergence from the Dolomites. There were few trios among them, the *flauto transverso* having more or less dropped out of the combination; but Aurelia West pleased herself with the belief that many of them were duets. A more discriminating critic would have detected their true nature: they were simply cello solos, as elaborate and showy as the Baron's technic permitted, with accompaniments, quite simple and completely subordinate, for the piano. But Aurelia was no critic; so when Zeitgeist's little finger trembled with a pathetic wabbling on the A string, or his middle one slid with a desolating moan the full length of the D, or a light touch from one or the other sent canary-like harmonics through the trellised vines about them (the poor Chatelaine, meanwhile, pegging away steadily with her prosaic chords), their listener almost saw the heavens opening; she even forgave Zeitgeist for having once told her, as they sat in front of the Casino at Interlaken, that the selection the band was playing was the "Ah, che la morte," that this air was from "Il Trovatore," and that "Il Trovatore" was an Italian opera by Verdi. And after he had given the Chatelaine a little piece which he had composed for her, and dedicated to her, Aurelia would have forgiven him even worse.

And she forgave him all future offenses, too, when he said that he had half an idea of accompanying them part way down to Italy. On the Governor's suggesting that they might leave the railway at Trent and piece out the journey with a carriage-drive along the shore of the Lake of Garda, the other half of the idea reached him, and when it came time to set out, his baggage was in as complete readiness as theirs. Aurelia attributed all this to the Chatelaine, choosing to ignore the fact that Zeitgeist and the Governor usually got along very pleasantly together, and the other fact that the curling waves of Garda, along with the pillared vineyards and lemon-groves of Riva, made a sufficient reason of themselves. But even the finest mind cannot hope to cover a wide field completely.

It was the middle of the second afternoon when the carriage turned away from the shores of Garda and struck out over the highway to Verona. And it was within some ten miles of Verona that their *vetturino* made his last halt for rest and water. This occurred at a little town that spread itself out long and thin in its attempt to inclose a very large piazza—a piazza dull and grass-grown, with a café and



an inn vis-à-vis. And while suitable refreshments were being ordered on one side of this inclosure, our friends noticed a small crowd collected on the other,—sixty or seventy people, about half the population of the place,—where a mountebank show appeared to be in progress. Two or three men in loose and shabby trunks were trying to fasten more firmly a set of turning-bars, while a horn and a clarinet rasped the excited nerves of the bystanders. Three or four tiny fellows, their fathers in miniature, stood timidly about, subject to a call now and then from a frowzy head thrust through the flaps of a covered wagon; while a tall, stout young woman, with a head of tousled blonde hair, posed around in soiled tights and short, gauzy petticoats, and made an occasional sally at the audience with an extended tambourine, a gesture the significance of which few of them seemed to comprehend. Within twenty feet of her an empty carriage stood before the door of the inn; and when she saw a full one on the opposite side of the square, she crossed over bareheaded through the sun with a long, heavy, swinging stride, and a dozen ragged urchins at her heels. She appeared to be a simple, stolid, good-natured young person, to whom business was but business, and to whom the ephemerality of gentry on wheels was a well-ascertained fact. The young ladies viewed her with a considerate interest, and did not encourage Zeitgeist in his feint of having impressed her; and the Governor gave her a florin.

They had already noticed the empty carriage on the other side of the square, and they concluded that it belonged to a small party of people who, they ascertained, were seated beneath a striped awning on a balcony over the inn door; they appeared to be dividing the suffrages of the town with the performers, whose slow dullness they were endeavoring to spur on with an ironical applause. The show, however, went on its own limping way,—long preparation, great promise, little performance,—a vast parade of hoops and poles, a loud din of march and polka, a gradually dawning belief on the part of the simple-minded villagers that something was really going to happen, yet everything flat, riskless, inconsequent. All at once another figure emerged from the doorway of the inn,—a tall, dark man whose body carried trunks and tights like the rest, with the full allowance

of frayed lace and tarnished tinsel, but whose face showed an amused, indulgent, condescending smile that none of the others could have achieved in ten generations. His large, full neck rose from a deep chest and a broad pair of shoulders, and his arms, bare to the pits, showed forth the muscles of the accomplished athlete. He advanced with a strong, springy step, and then with a long leap suddenly launched himself upon the bars, on which he turned, spun, balanced, swung, with all the conscious mastery of one who fully knows the ropes. The horn and the clarinet, after their first gasp of surprise, fell to with redoubled vigor, the assembled urchins shrieked with a shrill delight, and a group of sun-browned women, with shawls over their heads, looked on with a fascinated stare. More twists and turns, more springings and swingings; then some vaulting; then some mighty juggling with dumb-bells. A lady who sat up under the awning had rested a magnificent bunch of great flowers on the railing before her; she tore them eagerly apart and showered them down with both hands. Some one behind her clapped his palms together, and called out, "Bis! bis!" in a high tenor voice. The athlete stuck one of the flowers into his belt, scooped up a dozen more of them and gave them with a flourish to the girl of the tambourine, satirically acknowledged the applause of the villagers and of the mountebanks themselves, ran his long fingers through his damp locks, and stalked back into the inn.

The Governor looked at Bertha and Aurelia, Bertha looked at the Governor and Aurelia, Aurelia looked at the Governor and Bertha, and Zeitgeist looked at all three, wondering. This acrobat was the man whom they had met on the Lucerne steamer, and who had called himself the Marquis of Tempo-Rubato. They had scaled him down from a nobleman to an inferior opera-singer; now, it seemed, they must reduce him from this last grade to that of a mere strolling tumbler. In what rôle would he next appear? That of an ashman, a ragpicker? Could insolent assurance go further? The Governor ordered the *vetturino* to an immediate advance on Verona. Nor need he spare his horses; the greater the speed, the greater the relief.

Thus, under the impulse of indignation, the pleasant town of Verona came presently into view, with amelioration in the towering campanile of the Municipio, the long front of the lofty fortress, and the soaring cypresses of the Giusti gardens. Sunset found them domiciled in a little hotel situated on a back street, but fronting immediately on the river, an establishment to which Zeitgeist had guided them, and in whose German-speaking waiters and

porcelain stoves he took a certain national pride. They dined, in front of the house, on a fish which an engaging waiter had lately brought up from the stream expressly for their meal, and the same atmosphere of general good nature was presently lulling them all to a slumberous forgetfulness of Latin effrontery.

No town can have a stronger claim on the regard of the appreciative traveler than Verona. Few monuments are nobler than its Roman arena or its Lombardic churches; few inclosures more picturesque than its churchyard of Maria Antica, with the Gothic monuments of the Scaligers, or its Piazza delle Erbe sprinkled with the white umbrellas of the market-women; few streams more quaintly pictorial than the rapid Adige bearing up its flock of mills on bobbing scows; few gardens more grateful than those of the Villa Giusti, pierced by steep avenues that lead up to a wide view of Alps and Apennines: but all these were not the things with which the active mind of Aurelia West was most concerned. She now regarded the visit to Verona in the light of a pilgrimage (however she might have regarded it a month previously), and it was not Verona so much as the Amanti di Verona that filled her thoughts. It is in places like Verona, full of features of the second rank, but without one absolutely of the first, that a large party may fall a victim to some one of its members who happens to have a definite idea. Aurelia West had a definite idea, and it led them all, without let, hindrance, or delay, to the mansion of the Capulets.

Medieval magnificence, like medieval manners, needs to be judged by a standard more or less its own, a truth not fully realized by this enthusiastic cicerone. She had seen most of the great Juliets of the day,—there are dozens of them, scores,—and she was familiar with the fervid imaginings that provided each with her own "scenic investiture." But the actual home of the Capulets is pitched in a key much more subdued, and if Aurelia's mind had not been in the broadly poetic condition that can digest all crudities and incongruities, she might have left this lordly and storied house with a sense of disappointment—this house "whence"—as we learn from the tableted front—"whence fled that Juliet for whom so many tender hearts have mourned, so many poets sung." The house is doubly authenticated. Besides this inscription there is the *cappelletto*, the little stone hat, which is set over the low archway leading to the inner court, and which has come to be almost as well known as the papal tiara. It was under this archway that the first member of the family came to greet them, a personage whom the Governor, willing to amuse and to be amused, identified as the bloody Tybalt; and he, in the midst of a

lamentable outcry, was driving forth a little Montague who seemed to have been pulling the hair of one of the little Capulets. It was he, in fact, who drew their attention to the *cappelletto*, and his crooked fingers and yearning eye seemed to hint that such a service was entitled to recognition. The rest of the family were also found at home, though not especially prepared for visitors; six centuries of the glare of publicity have probably rendered them indifferent. Nor was the stage set with the ornate care that we have come to expect for the latter part of Act I; the courtyard was noisy with a great ado of horses and donkeys, and carts and wagons and water-drawing, while spread around over many balconies sat many of the company, quite careless of their cues. Up in that of the second story was old Capulet, smacking noisily—he always *is* rather noisy, if you recollect—over a plate of soup, and on the next stage above appeared the Nurse, knitting a sock, but not allowing that to interrupt the flow of gossip with other females of the house. A girl drawing water at the well Zeitgeist claimed to identify as the heroine herself, though the Governor proposed another candidate for the honor—one high up in the loftiest balcony of all. She glanced back and forth between the visitors and something that she held in her hand, an implement that the Governor declared to be a curling-iron, though Zeitgeist contemptuously termed it a lemon-squeezer. But there seemed to be no tendency to rant in either young woman, and so the point remained undecided. The matter of the balcony was more perplexing still; the entire courtyard was balconied only too thoroughly, to say nothing of the front of the house itself. The puzzled eye of the Chatelaine roamed about hither and thither, in a vain attempt to find some place to rest, and Aurelia, who was pleased to notice that Bertha was taking matters with an appropriate seriousness, plaintively inquired if the balcony might not look on some garden or other behind the house. They came away with that point also left open; but Zeitgeist had attempted no heavy-handed analysis of the Juliet-myth, the Governor's recollection of Julia Placidia had kept him in a mood tenderly considerate, and Aurelia was therefore able to regard their visit as a reasonable success.

The house of the Capulets disposed of, Aurelia's next achievement was the tomb of Juliet. The one she had approached with respect, but the other she drew nigh to with reverence; it was all the difference, in fact, between narthex and sanctuary. The road to this place of sepulture is long and devious, and leads by way of barracks, and stone-yards, and stretches of dusty openness to a remote edge of the town. Aurelia and the Chatelaine carried between

them a large pasteboard box, the contents of which seemed precious beyond their weight, and demurely followed the Governor, who himself followed the seven-year-old boy that was acting as their guide. They had thrown themselves on his good offices at one period of their pilgrimage when the way had seemed involved in grave uncertainty, and the Governor, who was fond of talking with little boys who had black eyes and bare legs, left the two young women to entertain each other and to guard the wreath. The Governor had asked the lad who "*Giulietta*" might be, and he had simply replied that she was dead. The precocity of this answer, and the assurance which it conveyed that they were not proceeding on false premises, quite charmed the old gentleman, and he rewarded the child for this brief obituary on a scale that might almost have seemed lavish for a complete biography.

Just at the entrance to the garden they encountered two gentlemen; the first was *Fin-de-Siècle* and the second was *Tempo-Rubato*, whose present aspect rather delayed recognition. Both were perspiring freely, though the day was cool, and Aurelia conjectured, despite their leisurely manner, that they had been following from afar and had taken a hurried cut to reach the gate first. *Tempo-Rubato* in his present guise suggested neither an ashman nor a rag-picker. He wore a black frock-coat, a pair of pearl-gray trousers, a high hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; and our friends, who had never before seen him in the ordinary dress of every-day life, were willing enough to acknowledge that under a combination of felicitous circumstances the ideal of the tailor's fashion-plate might readily be reached. Clothed he was, indeed; and Aurelia hoped that he was in his right mind, too; certainly this was no place to balance on a tight rope stretched between decency and indecency. And as for *Fin-de-Siècle*, let him but repeat in this sacred place the tactics which had almost turned the interment of Julia Placidia into a travesty, and it would cost him the acquaintance of all three. But Aurelia did not regret the coming of this pair; she was firm in the faith, and what better place was there to combat heresy than at the altar itself? They had probably come to scoff; perhaps they might remain to pray.

The two young men lifted their hats with a careless ease, and came forward with all confidence and complacency. Neither of them had seriously taken Miss West as a person of any great importance, or had treated the Chatelaine with a much greater degree of deference than she had been able to exact. *Tempo-Rubato*, indeed, appeared to think that it would be a very simple matter to resume the easy attitude of the *Lucerne* steamer, with all its gen-

eral informality of a midsummer outing; but he now found a line drawn that he did not remember to have noticed before. The Chatelaine received them both with a stately reserve,—she had come to think less highly of them and more highly of herself,—and Aurelia, who was able to carry an air in chorus when she might have faltered in a solo, did what she could to make still more plain to the young men that if they expected to please, they might as well put forth their best endeavors—that their best would be none too good for a young woman of some position and consequence. Tempo-Rubato could read a fairly legible hand, even when the t's were not crossed nor the i's dotted; he felt, too, that the bandbox barred all levity. He was as adaptable as an eel, and he would take the pitch of any key that was struck. And if Fin-de-Siècle was too stiff in his own conceit to bend, why, a little dash of cold water would nullify almost any amount of starch.

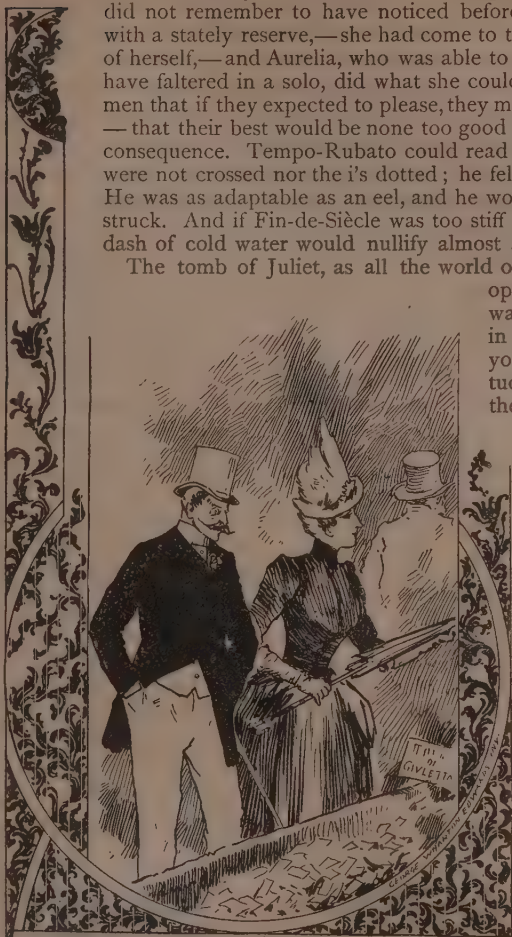
The tomb of Juliet, as all the world of travel knows, rests in a sort of little

open chapel which sets snugly against the wall of an old monastic building standing in a humble kitchen-garden. In the spring you find the place brightened up by multitudinous apple-blossoms (to say nothing of the shining lettuce and the cheerful pea); warm sunlight, too, and blue sky. But to-day the sky was thinly veiled with clouds, the first yellow leaves of autumn had begun to flutter down, the peas had left their bare beds behind them, only a few lettuces spindled tallishly in a remote corner, and a mild young man with watery blue eyes was dejectedly raking up the paths.

The young man leaned his rake against one of the apple-trees, and led the visitors to the small triple arcade behind which rests the poor old battered sarcophagus whose litter of calling-cards represents the *élite* of all Philistia. Aurelia shuddered as she recalled one of the colony who had told her that their whole party of ten had left their cards for Juliet, and blushed to recall how eager she herself had once been to do the same. Their guide drew attention to a dilapidated old portrait of a dilapidated old

ecclesiastic hanging close by, and when the Governor asked him if it was a Capulet, he replied that it represented the brother of Giulietta's confessor. This young man had an ingenuous face and honest eyes, and appeared to believe what he was saying; but perhaps his researches had been incomplete, or his critical sense not fully developed, or perhaps he had been misled by hearsay, or perhaps he had innocently accepted the statement from some colleague whose pleasure it was to test how far the traveler might believe. Fin-de-Siècle flicked his card into the sarcophagus, patted the young gardener confidentially on the back, and told him that he had a precious work there which he must guard most carefully; the next time they came that way they might bring him a companion piece—a portrait of the stepmother of the second cousin of Giulietta's nurse.

Every one ignored this outrageous sally. Tempo-Rubato frowned, and then stepped forward and declaimed



sonorously some little verses with the refrain :

Io t'amo ora e sempre,
Romeo, il mio ben.

Aurelia, too, attempted to put into Italian some portion of the celebrated controversy over the lark and the nightingale, when a distant sound of cock-crowing came to amuse the Parisian scoffer; whereupon Tempo-Rubato, with a loud promptness, declared his admiration for the great English librettist, who, however, preferred to accent "Romeo" on the first syllable, just as he accented "Desdemona" on the third. Then he assisted Aurelia to place the wreath properly, and he also found a suitable situation for the little set of elegiac stanzas that the Chatelaine had composed (she had written them in French on a tiny card and in pale violet ink). He furthermore embellished this card with his *boutonnière*, and the grateful Aurelia acknowledged to herself that he was really capable of civilized conduct after all.

She hesitated to make the same concession in regard to Fin-de-Siècle, however much, indeed, he considered the civilized as his own peculiar forte. Certainly, if his *étude* showed no more tact, sympathy, insight, adaptability than its author did, it was likely to prove but sorry reading. However, he, equally with Tempo-Rubato, was beginning to show a creditable disposition to revise his style of address toward

the Chatelaine. On the way back to town they both walked with the Lady of La Trinité, and Aurelia, left behind with the Governor (a neglect which would have touched her keenly a month ago), was glad to notice the dawn of a deference which was clearly the Chatelaine's due. The attitude of these young men toward the maid of Verona was really a matter of secondary consequence; it was neither to make nor to mar the real success of Aurelia's idea, since the heroine of the poet toward whom her thoughts were most definitely turning was neither Juliet, however permeating, nor Desdemona, however accented. No; her mind's eye was fixing a firm gaze on the gracious Lady of Belmont, and in the Chatelaine her idealizing worshiper was already beginning to see the Portia of the High Alps; while the Belmont toward which their steps were moving was not a palace on the Brenta, but a château among the snow-peaks of the Valais.

The Chatelaine herself was still without an adequate realization of the rôle for which she was cast: a distinct gain, since she approximated the dignity of her lofty model without reaching, as yet, its self-consciousness. She pursued the accustomed tenor of her way, with no heed of drama or of spectacle; while Nerissa fidgeted about in her homely little room at the Albergo della Graticola, and burned with an eager desire to shift the scenery and set forth the properties of La Trinité.

(To be continued.)

Henry B. Fuller.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

TINTORETTO.—1518-1594.

(JACOPO ROBUSTI.)



Y some critics Tintoretto is considered as marking the decline of Venetian art, in the sense of being the first example of this decline. This is unjust and untrue, whether as indicating a falling off in himself,

or the decay of the school. Intellectually he was on the level of Titian; but he differed from him mentally and technically—the second as a consequence of the other, probably, but also first because he was not subjected to the very early discipline with which Titian began. That he began to paint late in life, as the old tradition went, is not proved or probable, but the internal evidence of his work points to an utter want of that vigorous early training which alone can give to execution the marvelous sub-

tlety we find in Titian, Michelangelo, Raphael, and so many more of the great Italian painters. The same evidence points to a refractory nature, with intense individuality and an imagination impatient of control. Tintoretto may have begun early to work, but evidently he never submitted to severe discipline; he was born and lived in an atmosphere of art, gathering the sentiment of it with his mental development, and he painted as a poet writes when his life is passed in an epoch and in surroundings charged with poetry. His father, Battista Robusti, a dyer, put him to study with Titian, and the story goes that the master was so envious of his talent that he refused to keep him in his studio—a palpable fable, for so complete a master of all that painting meant at that time in Venice had no reason to envy the best work that Tintoretto ever did. That

he was sent away from Titian's studio is very probable, and it is equally probable that the cause was in the refractoriness to discipline of which his work to the latest shows evidence. Envy is the world's most ready explanation of such a dissension.

The methodical and comprehensive system of Titian, providing in the first painting for the many operations to follow,—a system that had the prevision and preparation of a master's game of chess or a great general's campaign,—was impossible to the overcharged temperament of Tintoretto, in whom the fury of invention could brook no kind of dictation as to the process of delivery. He could never, like Titian, have turned his canvas to the wall, and have waited a month to see it progress a step; his work mastered him, not he his work, and in this is the chief ground of the difference between his art and that of Titian. He is said to have written on the wall of his studio, "The design of Michelangelo, and the color of Titian"; but he would have understood his own case better if he had seen that it was not exactly that which he wanted, but "the invention of Tintoretto, and the patience and the system of Titian," which, if he could have combined them, would have made him the greatest painter the world ever saw.

From the studio of Titian he went to that of Andrea Schiavone, a Dalmatian,¹ if we may judge from his name, and clearly not one of those natures due to the temperament of the serene race of the islands of the lagoons. Schiavone's technical characteristics were more in sympathy with Tintoretto; and though we have no work of the period of his stay with that painter, Ridolfi speaks of a portrait painted in a lamplight effect which was much admired in Venice, a fact which points to the character of his subsequent painting. He had a morbid activity; he would work for nothing but the cost of his materials when he could get no commissions, a habit which was the most efficient obstacle to his getting any. He filled the schools and churches with his compositions, and the fecundity of his genius is almost incredible to men of our day; but most of the work of this period has perished, so that we can say but little of its quality. A "Circumcision," however, in the Church of the Carmine is attributed to this time. The drawing is stiff, the color powerful, and, as is almost invariably the case in his work, the composition inventive. A little later he painted for the Sta. Trinità five scenes from Genesis, two of which are now in the Academy, "The Fall" and "The Death of Abel." The former shows the influence of Titian, and the conception is poetical, but the Abel is hardly characteristic of Tintoretto.² (See page 745.)

The impatience of his genius craved great spaces; he longed to paint all Venice, to cover all the blank walls with huge compositions, and he did paint the fronts of several houses for the bare cost of the materials. He painted the "Feast of Nebuchadnezzar" on the arsenal, and, on the wall of a house near the Ponte S. Angelo, a battle and various other subjects, some of which are preserved in Zanetti's "Pittura a Fresco," published in Venice in 1760. He also decorated the Palazzo Zeno, and among other recorded works, in 1545, painted the ceiling of a room for Pietro Aretino. His first very important order, received in 1546, was for the decoration of the choir of the Church of S. Maria dell' Orto, and this, as might be expected by a painter who had been begging the privilege of painting for nothing in a community where the chief customers for his work were the priests, he secured by offering to do it at cost. Of the subjects here, the "Last Judgment" and the "Worship of the Golden Calf" are among his chief works. They have grown black and obscure, and show the defects of his method, but the power is amazing. The common criticism of them is that the detail is extremely defective and has no relation to the expenditure of thought in the design and the power of the whole; but the common critic does not take into consideration the vital facts of the case. Tintoretto was in the habit, as all his biographers say, of studying the place for which his pictures were to be painted; and certainly no place could be found where the elaboration of detail would have been such supererogation as in this choir, where it is difficult with any light to see what is most easily to be seen. The enormous size of the pictures, too, their height being fifty feet, makes it imperative for the observer to keep at such a distance as would render fine details invisible in almost any light, and absolutely so in the semi-obscurity of the choir. The color is not what it was in the day of their painting; it is certainly far more dusky, and the probability is that when the pictures were finished they answered perfectly their purpose of being visible where they are. The artist received a gratuity of 100 ducats for his work, and an order to decorate the organ-case. On the inside of this he painted the "Martyrdom of St. Christopher" and the "Angels bringing the Cross to St. Peter." These are now in the chapel of the high altar of the church, and are fine in color but indifferent in composition; but the subject on the outside of the organ-case, the "Presentation of the Virgin," is fine both in color and in composition. These paintings were the means of bringing Tintoretto into much repute, and

¹ According to Boschini, Schiavone was born in Sebenico, Dalmatia.

² Ruskin praises it highly as resembling *grisaille*.

the Brotherhood of St. Mark obtained for their school the great picture of the "Miracle of St. Mark," now in the Academy, where it is not unworthily held, all elements considered, as the artist's most complete work. It is strongly dramatic, powerful in color, and has suffered less than most of the master's pictures from the blackening which, more or less, was the necessary consequence of his method of painting. The "Last Supper" in the sacristy of S. Giorgio Maggiore is more powerful, more imaginative in its composition, and vaster in its technical range; but it is less successful in its general attainment of the finer qualities of art. The execution is ruder, and the display of the knowledge of perspective is somewhat obtrusive. It gives the idea of a painter of great daring and originality, but as art it is distinctly inferior to the picture in the Academy.

The painting of the "Miracle of St. Mark" (see page 747) was followed by an order from Tommaso di Ravenna for three more scenes from the life of St. Mark for the school of the saint. Of these, the "Embarkation of the Body of St. Mark at Alexandria," fine in color and architectural composition, is in the old Nicene library, with the "Rescue of a Sailor from Drowning by the Saint." The third, the "Finding of the Body of the Saint at Alexandria," is in the Church of the Angeli at Murano.

When Tintoretto began his work for the republic is not clear; probably it was not till Titian had made room for him. In the interim we know only of minor works. In 1560 he began to paint in the School of S. Rocco and the Doge's Palace. The school being just completed, the painters were invited to compete for the decoration of the Sala dell' Albergo by sending in sketches; and the other competitors, Veronese among them, sent in very careful designs. Tintoretto took the measure of the palace for the picture, painted it at his studio, and presented the finished picture. When the fraternity complained, and stated that all they wanted was a design, he replied that that was the way he designed. He offered the picture as a gift to the saint, and got the order to paint the ceiling, which was the work in consideration, on the same terms. It was of course difficult for the other artists to compete under such conditions, and the conclusion was inevitable. But in the end he had his reward in the commission to paint the principal picture for the system of illustration, the great "Crucifixion," for which he received 250 ducats, as well as that for the two smaller subjects at the sides of the door opposite the "Crucifixion," the "Carrying of the Cross," and the "Christ before Pilate," for which his compensation was 131 lire. In 1567 he painted three pictures for the church of the confraternity for 135 lire. In 1565 he seems

to have become a member of the confraternity, and these pictures were painted between that time and 1567. After this we are in ignorance of his occupations until 1576, when he painted the centerpiece of the ceiling of the great hall, "The Plague of Serpents," and began the "Passover" and the "Moses Striking the Rock"; but in the latter part of 1577 he proposed, for a salary of 100 ducats a year, to decorate the whole school, at the rate of three pictures annually. The proposition was accepted; but Tintoretto died before he had finished his scheme.

The great "Crucifixion," which bears the date MDLXV, and is signed JACOBUS TINTORETTUS, is generally accepted as the greatest of the painter's works; and the School of S. Rocco might well be called the School of Tintoretto, as it contains the greater number and in some respects the most instructive of his pictures. We find the first evidence of his employment by the state in the receipt, dated December 23, 1560, for 25 ducats for painting the portrait of the new Doge, Priuli; and as prior to this Titian had been the state portrait-painter, it may be supposed that Tintoretto had succeeded to the charge. In the following year the decoration of the walls of the Libreria Nuova was decreed, and Titian was appointed to overlook the younger painters who took part in the work. He seems to have thought that Tintoretto required supervision the most, which is not at all to be wondered at, but the latter succeeded in getting an independent commission for the "Diogenes." He was awarded, next, the painting of the three vacant walls of the Council-Hall.

The battle of Lepanto, fought at this time, was naturally the occasion of a warm competition among the painters for the execution of the commemorative picture. The commission fell again to Tintoretto, as the result of his offer to do it at the cost of the material, an inducement which even the Senate considered conclusive. He pleaded the sacrifice, at a later epoch, as a claim for reversion to the brokership of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, and this was allowed him in 1574. The great conflagration of 1574, followed by that of 1577, in destroying the works of Bellini, Carpaccio, and Titian, left room for Tintoretto and Veronese, and the former had the greater part in the work of restoration. The list of the pictures included in this vast commission is almost bewildering; but as examples of the range of the artist, one may look at the "Paradise" (painted in 1589-1590), a vast canvas, full of wonderful detail of design and thought, but as a whole perplexed and confused to such a point that its system seems intentionally to have been left without key, and the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the

TINTORETTO, "DEATH OF ABEL."

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, VENICE.
1802.

Sala dell' Anticollégio, painted in 1578. Tintoretto died in 1594, of fever complicated with some internal complaint.

Probably we have a more imperfect idea of the color of Tintoretto than of the other great Venetian painters, owing to his having painted on dark, generally deep-red, grounds, which at the time aided to harmonize the after-painting, but which with age came through and blackened the entire work, affecting most the transparent colors of the shadows and increasing the difference between the solid impasto and the thinner tints. This practice of Tintoretto's is entirely opposed to that of Bellini and Titian, who painted on white or light neutral-gray grounds with a carefully prepared foundation of solid color in the laying in of the subject, and

guarded still further against change by leaving the picture to dry thoroughly between paintings, as did Titian, or by painting over a first painting of tempera, as did Bellini. The preparation of Tintoretto's canvas made it possible for him to get through his work with his characteristic rapidity, and was better suited than the orthodox Venetian method to his impatient and unmethodical temperament. The romance of his life is in the story of his daughter, to whom he was much attached, and who died before him. He was buried in the church of S. Maria dell' Orto, where, as his monuments, are the "Last Judgment," the "Worship of the Golden Calf," the "Presentation of the Virgin," and the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes."¹

W. J. Stillman.

¹ Boschini, who lived near to the day of Tintoretto and was one of his most enthusiastic admirers, says: "Whenever he had to do a work for the public, he first went to see the place where it was to go, to ascertain the height and the distance, and then, conformably to these, in order to form his conception of the story, he arranged on a table models of figures in wax made by himself, arranging them in groups, serpentine, pyramidal, capricious, eccentric, and animated. . . . When he had

decided this important distribution, he laid in the picture in monochrome (*chiarascuro*), having always some principal object with reference to which to arrange the general mass. And then he often, having sketched a great canvas, put it in its place to be surer of its suitability; and if he saw something which made discord, he was capable not only of changing a single figure, but even, on account of that, many others around it also, not minding fatigue or time in a question of glory and honor."

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

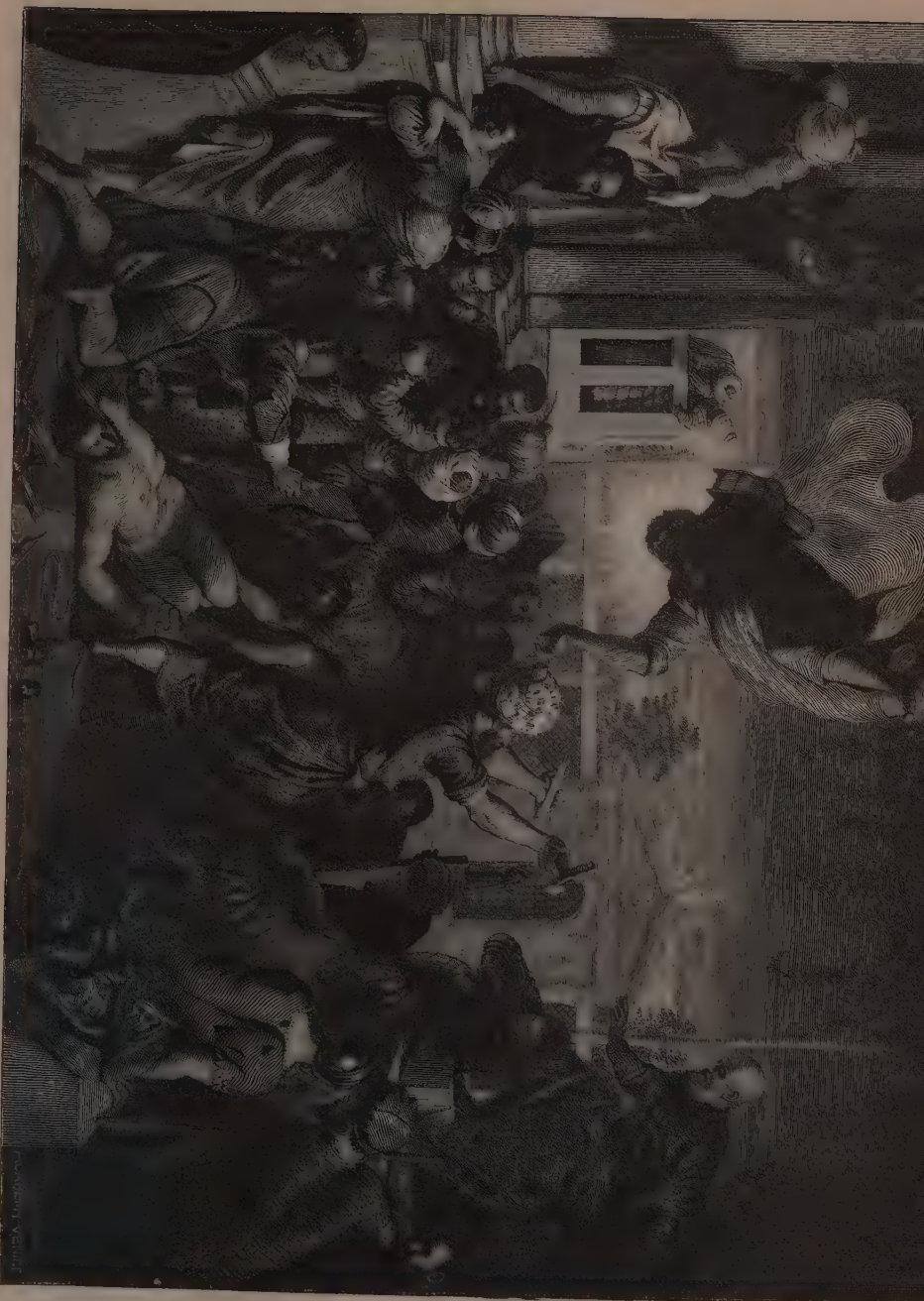
THE legend of the "Miracle of St. Mark" is as follows: A certain Christian slave in the service of a nobleman of Provence disobeyed the commands of his lord in persisting to worship at the shrine of St. Mark, which was at some distance, and in this practice he spent much of his master's time. One day, on his return from his devotions, he was condemned to the torture; he was haled into the public square, bound hand and foot, and the torture was about to be inflicted, when the saint himself came down from heaven to his aid. His bonds were burst asunder, the instruments of torture were broken, and the executioners were dumfounded and amazed.

The picture hangs in Sala XV, called the "Sala dell' Assunta," of the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice. It is painted on canvas, and measures 13 ft. 8 in. high by 19 ft. 6 in. wide. It would be vain to attempt to give any idea of its richness and glow of color. The sky is green of a mellow tone, grading off into a golden light toward the horizon. The flying robe of the saint is an orange-yellow, burning like an August moon in a sea of green. The portion of the robe about his body is a rich crimson. I invert my opera-glass and gaze at it through the larger end, and the painting, reduced to a miniature, blazes like an array of precious stones. The woman holding the child is a jasper of brownish yellow. The man above, as well as the one clinging

to the pillar, is jet-black. The one standing on the pedestal of the pillar has a ruby vest, very dark and lustrous. The figure kneeling over the slave is of a turquoise-blue. The amber flesh of the slave is relieved against a chocolate-colored ground, or rather pavement. The draperies above are in mingled hues of saffron, blue, gold, and crimson. The Turk holding up the splintered instrument has a creamy-white head-dress figured with blue. His robe is of a soft neutral-greenish tone. The judge, seated on high, is clad in an upper vestment of a deep, rich cardinal. The robe over his knees is yellow, soft, and low in tone. The soldier seated on the step toward the front, with his back turned to the spectator, has a vest of red, bright and of a crimson hue. The shadows are very strong, and have blackened a little with time. The whole, however, is harmonious, glowing, and gem-like, and is painted with great vigor. It is said that there are three portraits of the painter in the body of the work: namely, the figure immediately above the woman holding the child; the one next to the turbaned Turk, with the feather from the apex of his turban; and that in the extreme right of the picture, next to the soldier clad in chain-armor. The portrait of the donor is also to be seen, in the left-hand corner; he is in the attitude of prayer, kneeling at the foot of the column, with eyes closed.

T. Cole.





TINTORETTO, "MIRACLE OF ST. MARK."

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, VENICE.



JULES PÉQUIGNOT FILS

From collection of George B. De Forest. (13 X 42 inches.)

THE PICTORIAL POSTER.



THE BILL-STICKER.
BY BOUCHARDON, 1742.

If "Post no Bills" were the universal law nowadays, those of us who have the good fortune to live in Paris or in New York would be deprived of one of the most interesting manifestations of modern decorative art. Perhaps it is not wholly

the Oriental worker at the loom cannot guess the pleasure we shall take in his subtle commingling of color in the wools of the rug he is weaving. So it is small wonder that the pictorial posters which adorn our blank walls pass unperceived, and that we do not care to observe the skill which has gone to their making. Yet the recent development of the pictorial poster in France and in America is worthy of careful consideration by all who take note of the artistic currents of our time.

unfair to suggest that this nineteenth century of ours is a day of little things, and that our silverware, our pottery, our tiles, our wall-paper, our woodcuts, our book-covers, each in its kind, and when it is at its best, are better than our historic painting, our heroic sculpture, or our grandiose architecture. The minor arts have their place in the hierarchy of the beautiful; and more often than we are willing to acknowledge, they have a charm of their own and a value likely to be as lasting as those of their more pretentious elder sisters. The idyls of Theocritus and the figurines from Tanagra — are these so tiny that we can afford to despise them?

We are all of us prone to underestimate the value of contemporary labor when it is bestowed on common things. Often we fail altogether to see the originality, the elegance, the freshness, — in a word, the *art*, — of the men who are making the things which encompass us roundabout. Possibly the Greek did not consider the beauty of the vase he used daily, the form of which is a pure joy to us; and probably

THÉÂTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE



MAURICE ORDONNEAU

MAURICE HENNEQUIN

MUSIQUE

DE

RAOUL PUGNO

Paris, E. BOUTET, Editeur, 22, Place de la Madeleine

BOUTET DE MONVEL. From collection of George B. De Forest. (21½ X 29 inches.)



J. CHÉRET.

From collection of George B. De Forest. (46½ x 67 inches.)

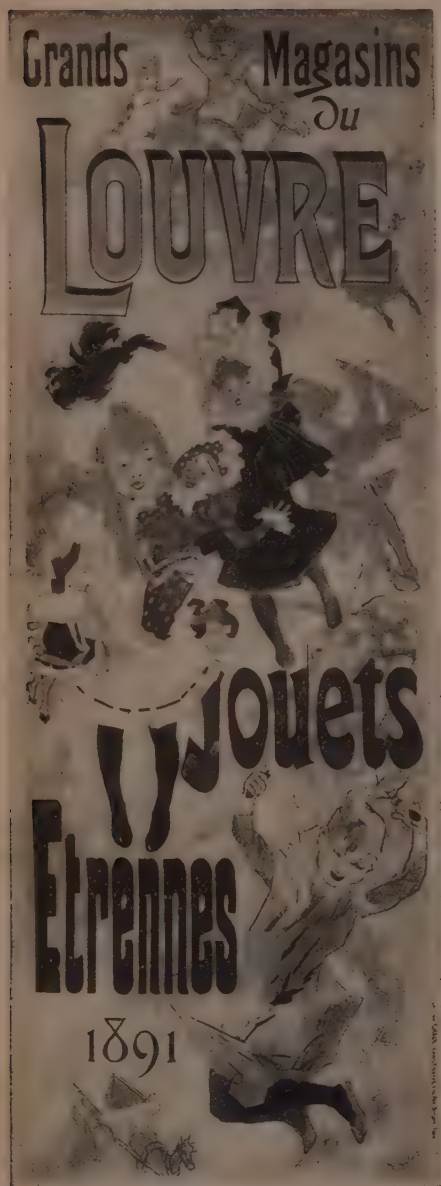
This development has not passed wholly without notice. In 1886 M. Ernest Maindron published in Paris a sumptuously illustrated volume, "Les Affiches Illustrées," in which the history of outdoor advertising among the Greeks and the Romans and the modern French is set forth with the aid of colored engravings. Then there was an exhibition at Nantes in 1889, and one at the Grolier Club here in New York in 1890. Next there was held a special exhibition in 1890 at the gallery of the Théâtre d'Application in Paris, devoted entirely to the extraordinary posters of M. Jules Chéret; and in M. Henri Beraldi's "Graveurs Français du XIX^{ème} Siècle," M. Chéret's works were carefully catalogued. Finally, in the fall of 1891, M. Edmond Sagot, a Parisian dealer in prints, issued a priced catalogue of pictorial posters, prepared with conscientious care and serving as an iconography of the art in France. Also to be noted are articles in M. Octave Uzanne's "Livres Modernes" for April and May, 1891, as well as essays on M. Chéret in the "Certains" of M. Huysmans and in the "Figures de Cire" of M.

Hugues Le Roux. A consideration of these scattered publications will lead one to the belief that the pictorial poster, however humble its position, has its place in the temple of art, just as the shop-card has when it is designed by William Hogarth, or the book-plate when it is devised by Albert Dürer.

M. Sagot's priced catalogue is very far from being complete, but it contains more than two thousand numbers, and nearly all these are from Parisian presses. Among the French artists of this century who have designed posters, usually lithographed and mainly placards for the publishers of books or of operas, are the Devérias, Celestin Nanteuil, Tony Johannot, Raffet, Gavarni, Daumier, Cham, Edouard de Beaumont, Viollet-le-Duc, Gustave Doré, Grévin, Manet, and De Neuville; and among contemporary French artists who now and again have made unexpected essays in this department of their craft are M. Vierge, M. Vibert, M. Clairin, M. Boutet de Monvel, M. Regamey, M. Robida, and the Franco-Russian man of genius who calls himself Caran d'Ache. Few of



WILLETT. From collection of Richard Hoe Lawrence. (27½ x 28½ inches.)



J. CHÉRET. From collection of Geo. B. De Forest. (32½ × 93½ ins.)

the posters of the artists in either of these groups have other than an interest of curiosity, for the designing of pictorial advertisements is an art in itself, a jealous art yielding its favors only to those who study out its secrets with due devotion and persistence. Viollet-le-Duc's sketch of the streets of old Paris is striking; and so are Doré's advertisements for his own "Lon-

don" and for his edition of the "Wandering Jew." But for the most part the posters of the painters I have named are muddled and ineffective; they lack the solid simplicity of motive which is the essential of a good advertisement; they are without the bold vigor of design which the poster demands; and they are without the compression and relief of lettering which it requires. These are qualities which the ordinary artist, not seeking, has not achieved, perhaps because he half despised his task. These are the qualities which no one could fail to find in the work of the masters of the poster in France, M. Jules Chéret, M. Willette, M. Grasset. In their advertisements we discover a perfect understanding of the conditions of this form of pictorial art. The first condition is that the poster shall attract attention at all costs; and the second is that it shall satisfy the eye at all hazards. Thus we see that the poster may be noisy,—and noisy it often is, no doubt,—but it must not be violent, just as even a brass band ought ever to play in tune.

In the little group of Frenchmen who are developing the possibilities of a new art, the supremacy of M. Jules Chéret is indisputable. He is the pioneer, and he is also the man of the most marked originality. His is the hand which has covered the walls of Paris with lightly clad female figures, floating in space, and smiling with an explosive joy. He it is who has evoked the fantastic and provocative damsels of the most brilliant gaiety, who invite you to the Red Mill and the Russian Mountains and the other places in Paris where Terpsichore is free and easy. The radiant freshness of these flower-like beauties, and the airy ease of their startling costume, carry us back to Boucher and Moreau. As M. Armand Silvestre has said, "The French taste of Fragonard and of Watteau here lives again in a conception of woman quite as elegant, and quite as deliciously sensual." That the best of M. Chéret's flying nymphettes are delicious is beyond question, but that the most of them are sensual, in the lower meaning of the word, I take leave to deny. Gallic bacchantes as many of them seem, they are never lewd, and one might venture to say that they are never without a decorum of their own: they are not immoral, like so many of the delicate indelicacies of Grévin, for example.

M. Chéret is a Frenchman who was brought up as a lithographer. When he was only a lad he went to London, and began to design and put on stone show-cards for Mr. Rimmel, the perfumer. It was Mr. Rimmel's capital which backed him when he returned to Paris nearly a quarter of a century ago, with the intention of producing a new kind of pictorial advertisement. Almost his first attempt was a poster



E. GRASSET.

From collection of George B. De Forest. (28 X 45 1/2 inches.)

for the Porte Saint Martin fairy play, the "Biche au Bois" (in which Mme. Sara Bernhardt was acting for a season in 1867 while the freak was on her); and since 1867 M. Chéret has produced three or four hundred posters for theaters, circuses, music-halls, charity fêtes, newspapers, and publishers; and he has slowly gained a perfect mastery over his material, until now he can bend to his bidding the stubborn lithographic stone. With the years, and with constant practice, his style has grown firmer, and his pencil has now a larger sweep. With the years, too, has come recognition of his work, and he knows now that what he does is appreciated by those who take thought about the things which surround them.

Some of the keenest critics of Paris have joined in praise of M. Chéret's pictures, though they were merely decorative sketches, doomed to destruction by the first rain-storm, and produced to the order of any chance advertiser who had wares to vend. Some of the most prominent writers on the Parisian newspapers have thanked M. Chéret that he has enlivened the dull gray walls of Paris by lightly draped and merrily dancing figures, giving a suggestion of life and warmth to the wintry streets of the French capital.

These aerial bodies, with their diaphanous drapery and their swift movement, suggest the figures frescoed on the walls of Pompeii; and M. Chéret is not without his share of the Latin ease and *verve* which forever fixed these Pompeian girls as a joy to the world. He has also the bold stroke of the Japanese artist, and he has, moreover, the Japanese faculty of suppressing needless details: for there is never any niggling, any finicky cross-hatching, any uncertainty, in M. Chéret's work. He is an impressionist in one sense of the word—an impres-

sionist who has a masterly command of line and an absolute control of color, and who uses these to make you perceive what has impressed him. The figure he sketches may be as saucy as you please, but there is no slouch about the composition. To describe his work adequately we must needs, as M. Henry Lavedan suggested, borrow from this decorator certain of his own colors, a lemon-yellow, and a geranium-red, and a midnight blue; and even then we should lack the cunning of the artist so to juxtapose these as to reproduce his effects. Almost equally difficult is it to reproduce in a magazine what is most representative in M. Chéret's work; for above all else is he a colorist, and the attempt to translate his work into the



D. PENEZ.

From collection of Richard Hoe Lawrence. (49½ x 99 inches.)

ers, chiefly railroad advertisements, having a quality of their own, a national note, perhaps best to be characterized as a broad richness of color not unlike that to which we are accustomed in Roman scarfs and Bellagio rugs. In the brilliancy of some of these posters I thought I detected the influence of the little group of Hispano-Roman painters; and I noted also the decorative methods of the lithographic designers who have devised the showy but not inartistic covers for the sheet-music issued by the Milanese publisher, Signor Ricordi. M. Maindron declares that Signor Simonetti, the water-colorist, is to be credited with the elaborate posters announcing the Exposition of Turin some six or seven years ago. Something of this Italian richness is to be found in Spanish bull-fight advertisements.

As to contemporary German work, M. Maindron is silent, as becomes a patriotic Frenchman; but there is little in contemporary German art which should give a patriotic Frenchman a thrill of envy. I have seen no German posters which compare with the finer French work, nor any which have the *brio* and swing of some of the Italian. For the most part the German posters are hard and dull; even when they are learned and scholarly, they are academic and frigid. In the single-sheet bill advertising an exhibition of fans at Karlsruhe in the summer of 1891, there was an ingenious combination of

ous tints; but its emblematic decoration is too ingeniously combined to allow me to pass it over in silence. Even this is less characteristic than his "Librairie Romantique," done in the very spirit of 1830. And it is M. Grasset's stained-glass manner which M. Carlotz Schwabe has imitated in his "Salon Rose Croix."

Any one who spends even twenty-four hours in Italy—as it was my good fortune to do a year ago—must observe not a few Italian post-

red and black; and a poster made for the Munich exhibition of the same summer, and representing a stately winged figure of Art advancing solemnly in a chariot drawn by two stalwart steeds, was not without a certain twilight harmony of tone.

British art is as lifeless as Teutonic; the triviality of most of it, and its dominant note of domesticity, are to be observed also in its posters, which are devoted chiefly to things to eat, and to

things to drink, and to things for household use. The brutal vulgarity of a London railway terminus, foul with smoke, is emphasized by the offensive harshness of the posters stuck upon its walls, with no sense of fitness and no attempt at arrangement. *Bariolé* and *criard* are the epithets a French art-critic would inevitably apply to the most of these advertising placards. Oddly enough, the poster is still outside the current of decorative endeavor which has given us the Morris wall-papers, the Doulton tiles, the Walter Crane book-covers, and the Cobden Sanderson bindings. So it happens that one sees in Great Britain but little mural decoration of this sort which is not painfully unpleasant. Even when the advertiser seems to have taken thought and spent money, his effort is misdirected more often than not. Thus a firm of soap-makers has plastered up all over London, and in a printed gilt frame, an elaborate chromolithographic facsimile of an oil-painting by Sir John Millais, called "Bubbles," of which the merits, such as they are, are purely pictorial and in no wise decorative. As a great price was paid for the painting, and as the reproduction was obviously costly, attention was no doubt attracted to the soap-makers, and so the purpose of the advertisement was attained; but no artistic interest was subserved. The same firm of advertisers was far better advised when it procured from Mr. H. Stacy Marks a single black-and-white sketch showing two monks washing themselves with the soap to which attention was to be attracted. Thus it is in Great Britain, in matters of art, good work is ever sporadic. There is no healthy organization and no steady development in England as there is in France; individual posters may be commonplace or distinguished or ugly, as luck will have it; and one suspects that public opinion rather resents than welcomes the stronger effort.

Besides his poster for the soap-maker, Mr. Marks did two of his quaint birds in black and white, for the backs of the sandwichmen who were calling the attention of the public to a collection of his works on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries. For a similar occasion Mr. Walter Crane made one of his delightful decorative designs. For his exhibition of



CAMILLO SCHWABE.

From collection of George B. De Forest. (30" x 69½ inches.)

"Life and Work in Bavaria's Alps" at the same gallery, Professor Hubert Herkomer also prepared a poster in black and white. But Professor Herkomer's most ambitious composition is the huge eight-sheet poster he designed in 1881 to announce the starting of the "Magazine of Art." Ten years later Professor Herkomer made another poster, more unpretending, for "Black

and White." These posters of Professor Herkomer were all woodcuts to be printed in black; and so were the posters made by Mr. E. J. Poynter for an insurance company, and the poster made by the late Frederick Walker for the dramatization of the "Woman in White"—a single female figure of dignity and power.

And the American posters of the last generation were all woodcuts. It was in the United States, indeed, that the art of color-printing from a set of pine blocks had been carried to

American circus in Paris during the Exposition of 1867, that opened M. Chéret's eyes to the possibilities of this department of decorative art. Probably again it was an echo of M. Chéret's success in Paris which waked up the American printers, and led to the substitution of the softer lithographic stone for the harsh wood block.

This substitution was made about ten years ago by the Strobbridge Company of Cincinnati, a city to which we already owed the ad-



LITHOGRAPHED BY FRIEDRICH GUTSCH, KARLSRUHE.

From collection of Brander Matthews. (28½ x 34½ inches.)

an extreme. This polychromatic printing, of which the circus poster of a dozen years ago was a favorable specimen, was not without a rough effect, although it was hopelessly unattractive when considered seriously. American show-printing revealed much mechanical dexterity, but little or no knowledge of the principles of design, although I can recall more than one of these ruder posters not without merit. The one which I most readily remember advertised Mr. Augustin Daly's drama, "Divorce," and its central figure was a Cupid weeping within a broken wedding-ring. Probably it was the rather startling, and somewhat violent, American posters, hard and dry woodcuts all of them, which proclaimed the advent of an

mirable Rookwood pottery; and the credit of the change is probably due to the late Matt Morgan, an English draftsman of great fertility and abundant fancy. Having caricatured the Prince of Wales in the "Tomahawk," he had come to this country to caricature General Grant in "Frank Leslie's." As a caricaturist he labored under one great disadvantage; he could never draw any but a cockney face; his Irishmen and his negroes, do what he might, were always Englishmen made up for the character: no man may step off his shadow. But Morgan was an accomplished designer with a fine sense for color, as he had shown in England by his scenery for Covent Garden pantomimes. Here in the United States he had come



WALTER CRANE. From collection of Brander Matthews. (13 x 19 1/4 inches.)

under Japanese influence. So it came about that he and other artists employed by the Strobbridge Company, and by the other lithographers who sought to rival the earlier firm, evolved a new style of poster, lithographed like M. Chéret's, effective and picturesque like his, and yet composed according to formulas different from his. In the ten or a dozen years since the first posters were put on stone here in the United States, there has been developed a form of mural decoration wholly unlike anything which existed before—unlike the Parisian, as I have just asserted, and unlike the American woodcut which preceded it and made it possible. The new work is founded on a thorough knowledge of design, of the harmony of color, and of the technical possibilities of the litho-

graphic press. The result is of varying value, of course. It is often commonplace, dull, empty. It is sometimes violent and vulgar. It is frequently beautiful and delightful. There are many purely decorative posters, printed in soft and gentle tones, which are a delight to the eye both in design and in color, and which now give a zest to every chance ramble through the streets of New York. Consider, for example, the striking and suggestive poster "From Chaos to Man," printed by the Springer Company. Consider, again, the "stand of bills" which Mr. H. L. Bridwell devised to announce the coming of the Lillian Russell Opera Comique Company; note the tenderness of the tints and the fastidious grace of the design; and confess that here is a brilliant mural embellishment of a new kind. Akin to this and due to the same firm, the Strobbridge Company, were smaller posters for Mr. W. H. Crane and for Mr. Francis Wilson, delightfully decorative in their simple lettering.

"That there is a character in American design which is hardening into style, I think every one who has had much to do with American designers will agree," wrote the lady who is the chief of the Associated Artists, a year or so ago; and Mrs. Wheeler went on to declare that this American style seems to possess three important qualities: "First, absolute fidelity and truth, as shown in Japanese art; second, grace of line, which perhaps comes from familiarity with the forms of the Renaissance; and third, imagination, or individuality of treatment." In its own way the American pictorial poster has felt the influence of this movement forward; and it can be called to bear witness in behalf of Mrs. Wheeler's declaration, just as her own embroideries and textiles can, or the La Farge and Tiffany stained glass, or any other latter-day development of the art instinct of the American people.

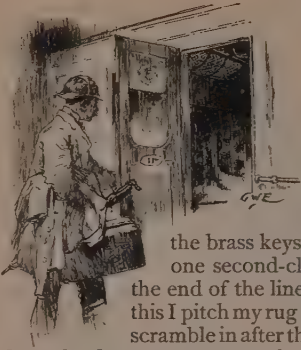
Brander Matthews.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES.

"STRANGE TO SAY."



A VAST network of iron rods and girders overhead; long spirals of white steam rising through the gray smoke from a score of locomotives panting and puffing as if impatient to be gone; avenues of railway-carriages in yellow, brown, and black; hurrying, pushing multitudes jostling one another; tired-looking travelers at the end of their journeys; hopeful-looking travelers braving the possibilities of the unknown; luggage-porters, in caps of flaming red and blouses of blue, staggering under Brobdingnagian loads; parting messages drowned in the babel of sounds; shrill, warning whistles of departing trains; the clanking of iron wheels on the turn-tables—then,



the brass keys. The door of one second-class carriage at the end of the line is open. Into this I pitch my rug and valise, and scramble in after them; the guard slams the door, screams out a hoarse word, and the long train glides out of the Rhijn Spoorweg Station at Rotterdam on its way to Paris.

A person who was curled up in the corner let his feet down upon the floor and helped me to stow my valise in the racks, and, when this preliminary was settled, produced a cigarette, and inquired in tolerable English if I affected tobacco. We exchanged cigars. His was excellent, while the one from my case was an ordinary three-center that I had purchased in Amsterdam. Still, he did not complain. I could see in the dim light of the winter evening that he was short. He could hardly have been five feet in height, but the feature that most impressed itself upon me was his head, which was entirely out of proportion to his body, and surmounted by a fanciful traveling-cap.

Between the puffs of his cigar, which he consumed furiously, he informed me that he had been in America, in New York, several years before; indeed, he was a great traveler, I fancy, for he had some sort of yarn of half a dozen countries to relate, in his queer English, which was broken with as fully queer French and Italian. He longed for "gompany," he said, and was delighted that we were to



suddenly, as if by magic, the multitude has vanished. Guards run along the lines of carriages, slamming doors and turning

the brass keys. The door of one second-class carriage at the end of the line is open. Into this I pitch my rug and valise, and scramble in after them; the guard

to be traveling companions. While he was rather inquisitive, there was nothing in his questions at which one could take offense; indeed, he was quite as amusing as voluble, and all I had to do was to listen quietly, with an occasional "Yes" or "No" for politeness' sake.

Soon, however, his mood changed, and as we were crossing the trestle over the Hollands-Diep he began a sort of sermon upon life, delivered, it seemed to me, in order to show his familiarity with the English tongue, and apropos of nothing. "As t'e eye of t'e morninck to t'e larg, as t'e honey to t'e pee, or as garrison to t'e future, esen such iss life undo t'e heart of mangind." This was profound, but ere long it became also tiresome, as I endeavored to show him politely, by extracting a yellow-covered Tauchnitz of one of Bret Harte's latest stories from my shawl-strap, and burying myself therein—quite a transparent subterfuge, for it had become entirely too dark to read. He had curled his legs up under him, and I fancied and hoped that he might be preparing to go to sleep. He made me nervous with his drone, and with his immense head with the ridiculous cap perched upon it. It seemed as if I could not keep my eyes away from him. We were slowing up at a small station, and finally, with a grinding of the brakes, stopped altogether. There came a pounding noise of feet on the roof of the carriage, a crash, and then a lamp was thrust into its socket overhead, and the footsteps passed on.

My companion looked positively hideous in the dim yellow light of the lamp overhead, which feebly illuminated the carriage. Where I knew his eyes to be were two huge, black patches, from which now and again came a flash, and his cheek-bones stood out with ghastly prominence. As the train gathered momentum his singsong voice rang above the noise of the swiftly moving wheels. "Gomplain nod with the fool off t'e shordness off dy time. Rememper—" Confound the man! Was I to be annoyed with this sort of thing all the way to Brussels? "Vishest dou to haf an obbortunity off more wices—" I turned in the seat, and, resting my head against the cushioned side, pretended to close my eyes as if to sleep. Of no avail. Still the hissing s's rang upon my senses with maddening reiteration. I fancy that in spite of my nervousness I must have dropped off to sleep for an instant, for a touch awoke me, and, starting to my feet, I found that my companion had moved to the seat exactly opposite my own, and with his hand upon my knee,—a large, bony hand it was, with enlarged joints, and nails bitten to the quick,—had thrust his face forward until it was not more than six inches from my own. He was still chanting his infernal proverbs: "Not life a telusion, a zeries off mizatventures, a bursuit off ewils linked togedder on all sides—" I thrust him away from me with an exclamation of disgust. "In heaven's name, man, what ails you? I wish you would oblige me by stopping your infernal gabble!"

"Softly, friend," he said, leaning back against the cushions. "You are a young man, and I am an old man. I have seen much of the world. The thoughtless man prides not his tongue; he speaks at random; and is caught in the foolishness of his own words."

"What do I care what you have seen!" I exclaimed petulantly, now thoroughly exasperated. "Have the goodness to keep to your own end of the carriage, and I will keep to mine."

In a moment I was sorry I had spoken so harshly to the man, and the more I sought to justify my words, the more inexcusable did they become. He had really done nothing at which I could take offense. The garrulosity of age, and the very natural desire to exercise his knowledge of the English language—I began to cast about in my mind for some means with which to soften and undo in a measure that which I now considered my extreme irritability; but, at the same time, I had no desire to stimulate the now happily pent-up flood of proverbs to renewed activity. I gave a sidelong glance toward the corner to which he had retired, and where he sat with his legs drawn up under him, motionless save for a certain nervous activity of his two thumbs, which revolved one over the other. I could not tell whether he was watching me, for his eyes were invisible in the deep shadows made by his overhanging eye-



brows. Upon second thought I determined to let well enough alone, and, lighting my little pocket-lantern; hung it to the hook at my shoulder, and attempted to read; but I was unable to fix my mind upon the story. Over the left-hand corner of the book I held, those long, bony, large-jointed thumbs tirelessly, incessantly revolved. Hold the book as I might, I could not drive the impression from my mind. I was forced to count the revolutions of those dreadful thumbs. My mind was fully made up to seek another compartment at the first stop we made. Still the thumbs turned and twisted, their size exaggerated in the light from above. I fell to counting their revolutions, almost unconsciously at first. He seemed to have a system—nine times outward toward me, ten times inward toward himself. Again and again I counted—always the same, with a maddening regularity. On we sped through the night. It was raining now, and huge drops chased one another down the window-pane. The "rackety-tack" of the wheels, the easy swaying of the carriage to the left and then to the right, and the turn and twist of those immense thumbs—I closed the book in despair, and was in the act of thrusting it into the shawl-strap, when with the rapidity of a thunderclap there

came a grinding crash, and the carriage left the track, and, after bumping along over the sleepers, fell upon its side. My companion was



thrown upon me. He grasped me with his long arms, and wound his legs about my body. We were shaken about like pills in a box. There was an interval of silence,

then the hissing of escaping steam, and shrill screams, all of which I heard in my struggles to escape from the octopus-like grasp of my companion. At length I succeeded in breaking away, and with a strength incredible and incomprehensible to me now, I forced the door above my head (for the carriage was lying upon its side) just as a number of men came up with lanterns. We soon had the little Frenchman, or whatever he was, out of the wreck, which was not a very bad one, only two carriages having left the track in consequence of a spreading rail. He was quite insensible, but when we got him to the flagman's hut, some distance down the track, he came to himself, and we speedily discovered that he was only a bit shaken up. However, to my extreme embarrassment, he threw himself upon his knees at my feet, hailed me as his deliverer, and called me by many other highfalutin names. His gratitude was boundless, and in vain did I explain to him with all the emphasis at my command that I had done nothing to earn it. He would hear nothing of the sort, waved away my explanations as "motesty," "prafe motesty," and, to my dismay, insisted upon embracing me at intervals.

I will not dwell upon the uncomfortable details of the rest of the journey to Paris. Suffice it, that I was unable to escape from my *bête noire* until I reached the Gare du Nord, where I succeeded in eluding him, it is true, but only



for seven sweet days, after which blessed period he found me, and, embracing me in a paroxysm of joy, took up his lodging in the building where I had my apartment and studio—a huge, rambling brick building in a quarter somewhat frequented by painters. Then followed a period upon which I look back with a shudder; days when I kept my studio door (which

at intervals resounded with that hated, timid knock) locked and barred even to my best friends, fearing the entrance of my grateful

bête noire. I remember the unreasonable shudder of disgust I felt one night when I had gained the court in fancied security, only to meet him coming in the opposite direction, feel the grasp of that horrible hand upon my arm, and hear the hissing s's in my ear. I



could not work; it was out of the question. My picture, which I had intended for the *Salon*, was barely begun. My *bête noire* showered delicacies upon me. The concierge, for example, who did my cooking, would bring me game out of season when I expected a chop, until at last I forbade him to receive the things from "la tête énorme," as he styled him. I fancy the villain lived well in the interval.

Each morning expensive cut flowers were left at my door by the florist, who refused to carry them away, saying that he had been ordered to leave them, and had no further knowledge in the matter. So there they stayed in the hallway, heaped up against the wall as if for a tomb in *Père La Chaise*, until swept away by the concierge, with semi-pious ejaculations. Can you imagine my position, then, with such unmerited gratitude thrust upon me? Finally I determined to end it all, and wrote to London, asking a friend to look me up quarters, as I would leave Paris at once. Carefully, but with a great show of carelessness, I let the concierge understand that I would attend the opera that evening, in order to cover my outgoing. I intended to take the night train for Boulogne, thence go by boat to Folkestone.

Finally we arrived at Boulogne. The night was a stormy one. Overhead the moon struggled with ragged clouds. It had been raining, for the pavement was wet, and the long lines of yellow gas-lamps were reflected prettily.

There was a rush of the passengers toward the boat, which lay rocking and plunging at the jetty, and when we reached the gang-plank the mail-bags were already being taken aboard, and a huge derrick was creaking and groaning as the deck-hands hoisted some heavy cases over



the side. I hugged myself with delight, thinking that I had escaped from my admirer.

For an instant I fancied I saw the pallid face and shrunken figure of the little old man among the crowd already gathered upon the deck, and I sickened at the thought that my long and tiresome night journey had been endured for naught. Determined to know the worst, I jumped down from the plank to the deck where the face had appeared in the glare of the electric light, only to see it vanish over the companion-ladder leading below to the freight deck. I could not be sure that it was my *bête noire*, but I was bound to follow the figure and to satisfy my fears. Groping my way among the piled-up luggage and boxes, I reached a clear space only to feel strong hands grasp me from behind. I heard a scuffle, the arms were wrenched from about my neck, and, turning, I saw the little old man being forced up the gang-plank to the pier by two muscular-looking fellows. Before I could well collect my senses, the bell clanged noisily, the gang-plank was drawn up, and with increasing speed we left the jetty. I could make out a number of people seemingly struggling with some one under the brightly gleaming electric lights, and I fancied I heard a scream; but in less time than it takes to read this we had passed beyond the end of the jetty, with its final red and green lights, and were on our way across the Channel. In looking over the papers at breakfast one morning several days after my arrival in London, I came upon the following:

LUCKY CAPTURE.

On Wednesday night last, as the express-boat from Boulogne for Folkestone was about to leave the jetty, a person of singular aspect was observed by the officers acting in a manner fitted to arouse suspicion. He was seen to scrutinize the faces of the passengers, and finally to follow a gentleman on board the steamer, where he secreted himself in a dark passageway, from which he leaped upon the back of the unsuspecting traveler and attempted to strangle him. Doubtless he would have succeeded in his murderous purpose, but for the vigilance of the "sergeant de ville," who promptly called assistance, and after a severe struggle with the assassin, who seemed to be possessed of herculean strength, succeeded in placing the nippers upon him. Taken before the police, he was unable to give an account of himself, and acted in a very violent manner. It is thought that the author of many mysterious crimes has at length been secured.

LATER. — The individual captured on the Boulogne boat on Wednesday proves to be a certain exalted personage of unsound mind who made his escape from a private "maison de santé" at The Hague. The sergeant de ville has been handsomely rewarded for making the capture of the unfortunate, who, in company with four keepers, left for The Hague this morning.

George Wharton Edwards.



THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

A MOUNTAIN EUROPA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



S Clayton rose to his feet in the still air, the tree-tops began to tremble in the gap below him, and a rippling ran through the leaves up the mountain-side. Drawing off his hat,

he stretched out his arms to meet it, and his eyes closed with delight as the cool, soft wind struck his throat and face and lifted the hair from his forehead. About him the mountains lay like a tumultuous sea—the Jellico Spur, stilled gradually on every side into vague, purple shapes against the broken rim of the sky, and Pine Mountain and the Cumberland Range racing in like breakers from the north. Beneath him lay Jellico Valley, and just visible in a wooded cove, whence Indian Creek crept into sight, was a mining-camp—a cluster of white cabins—from which he had climbed that afternoon. At that distance the wagon-road narrowed to a bridle-path, and the figure moving slowly along it and entering the forest at the base of the mountain was shrunk to a toy. For a moment Clayton stood with his face to the west, drinking in the air; then tightening his belt, and grasping the pliant

body of a sapling that grew within reach, he swung himself from the rock. His dog, stirred from sleep by the crackling branches, sprang after him. The descent was sharp. At times he was forced to cling to the birch-tops till they lay flat upon the mountain-side.

Breathless, he reached at last a boulder from which the path was easy to the valley below. With quivering muscles he leaned against the soft rug of moss and lichens that covered it. The shadows had crept from the foot of the mountains, darkening the valley, and slowly lifting up the mountain-side beneath him a long, wavering line in which met the cool, deep green of the shade and the shining bronze where the sunlight still lay. Lazily following this line, his gaze rested on two moving shadows that darted long, jagged shapes into the sunlight and as quickly withdrew them. As the road wound up toward him, two figures were vaguely visible through the undergrowth. Presently a head bonneted in blue rose above the bushes, and as they parted for an instant Clayton's half-shut eyes suddenly opened wide and were fixed with a look of amused expectancy where a turn of the path must bring rider and beast into plain sight. Apparently some mountain

girl, wearied by the climb or in a spirit of fun, had mounted her cow while driving it home; and with a smile at the thought of the confusion he would cause her, Clayton stepped around the boulder and awaited their approach. With the slow, easy swing of climbing cattle, the beast brought its rider into view. A bag of meal lay across its shoulders, and behind this the girl—for she was plainly young—sat sidewise, with her bare feet dangling against its flank. Her face was turned toward the valley below, and her loosened bonnet half disclosed a head of bright yellow hair.

Catching sight of Clayton, the beast stopped and lifted its head, not the meek, patient face he expected to see, but a head that was wrinkled and vicious—the head of a bull. Only the sudden remembrance of a dead mountain custom saved him from utter amazement. He had heard that long ago, when beasts of burden were scarce, cows and especially bulls were worked in plows and ridden by the mountaineers, even by the women. But this had become a tradition, the humor of which greater prosperity and contact with a new civilization had taught even the mountain people to appreciate. The necessities of this girl were evidently as great as her fear of ridicule seemed small. When the brute stopped, she began striking him in the flank with her bare heel, without looking around, and as he paid no attention to such painless goading, she turned with sudden impatience and lifted a switch above his shoulders. The stick was arrested in mid-air when she saw Clayton, and then dropped harmlessly. The quick fire in her eyes died suddenly away, and for a moment the two looked at each other with mutual curiosity, but only for a moment. There was something in Clayton's gaze that displeased her. Her face clouded, and she dropped her eyes.

"G' long," she said, in a low tone. But the bull had lowered his head, and was standing with feet planted apart and tail waving uneasily. The girl looked up in alarm.

"Watch out thar!" she called out sharply. "Call thet dog off—quick!"

Clayton turned, but his dog sprang past him and began to bark. The bull, a lean, active, vicious-looking brute, answered with a snort.

"Call him off, I tell ye!" cried the girl, angrily, springing to the ground. "Git out o' ther way. Don't you see he's a-comin' at ye?"

The dog leaped nimbly into the bushes, and the maddened bull was carried on by his own impetus toward Clayton, who, with a quick spring, landed in safety in a gully below the road. When he picked himself up from the uneven ground where he had fallen, the beast

had disappeared around the boulder. The bag had fallen and had broken open, and some of the meal was spilled on the ground. The girl, flushed and angry, stood above it.

"Look thar, now," she said. "See whut you've done. Why didn't ye call thet dog off?"

"I could n't," said, Clayton, politely. "He would n't come. I'm sorry, very sorry."

"Can't ye manage yer own dog?" she asked, half contemptuously.

"Not always."

"Then ye oughter leave him ter home, and not let him go round a-skeerin' folks' beastis." With a little gesture of indignation she stooped and began scooping up the meal in her hand.

"Let me help you," said Clayton. The girl looked up in surprise.

"Go 'way," she said.

But Clayton stayed, watching her helplessly. He wanted to carry the bag for her, but she swung it to her shoulder, and moved away. He followed her around the boulder, where his late enemy was browsing peacefully on saffras-bushes.

"You stay thar," said the girl, "and keep thet dog back."

"Won't you let me help you get up?" he asked.

Without answering, the girl sprang lightly to the bull's back. Once only she looked around at him. He took off his hat, and a puzzled expression came into her face. Then without a word or a nod she rode away. Clayton watched the odd pair till the bushes hid them.

"Well," he thought, as he sat down upon a stone in bewilderment, "if that kind of girl was partial to bull-riding in mythological days, I don't know that I envy the old furioso of Olympus when he carried off Europa."

She seemed a very odd creature, singularly different from the timid mountain women who shrank with averted faces almost into the bushes when he met them. She had looked him straight in the face with steady eyes, and had spoken as though her sway over mountain and road were undisputed and he had been a wretched trespasser. She had paid no attention to his apologies, and had scorned his offers of assistance. She seemed no more angered by the loss of the meal than by his incapacity to manage his dog, which seemed to typify to her his general worthlessness. He had been bruised severely by his fall, and she did not even ask if he were hurt. Indeed, she seemed not to care, and she had ridden away from him as though he were worth no more consideration than the stone on which he rested.

He was amused, and a trifle irritated. How could there be such a curious growth in the mountains, he questioned, as he rose and con-

tinued the descent? There was an unusual grace about her, in spite of her masculine air. Her features were regular, almost classic in outline, the nose straight and delicate, the mouth resolute, the brow broad and intelligent, and the eyes intensely blue,—tender, perhaps, when not flashing with anger,—and altogether without the listless expression he had marked in all other mountain women, and which, he had noticed, deadened into pathetic hopelessness later in life. Her figure was erect and lithe, and her imperious manner, despite its roughness, savored of something high-born. Where could she have got that bearing? She belonged to a race whose descent, he knew, was unmixed English; upon whose lips still lingered words, phrases, and forms of speech that Shakspeare had heard and used. Who could tell what blood ran in her veins?

Musing, he had come almost unconsciously to a spur of the mountains beneath which lay the little mining-camp. It was six o'clock, and the miners, grim and black, each with a pail in hand and a little oil-lamp in his cap, were going down from work. A shower had passed over the mountains above him, and the last sunlight, coming through a gap in the west, struck the rising mist and turned it to gold. On a rock which thrust from the mountain its gray, somber face, half-embraced by a white arm of the mist, Clayton saw the figure of a woman. He waved his hat, but the figure stood motionless, and he turned into the woods toward the camp.

It was the girl, and when Clayton disappeared she too turned and continued her way. She had stopped there because she knew he must pass a point where she might see him again. She was little less indifferent than she seemed; her motive was little more than curiosity. She had never seen that manner of man before. Evidently he was a "furriner," she thought, from the "settlemin'ts." No man in the mountains had a smooth, round face like his, or wore such a queer hat, such a soft, white shirt, and no "galluses," or carried such a shiny, weak-looking stick, or owned a dog that he could n't make mind him. She was not wholly contemptuous, however. She had felt vaguely the meaning of his politeness and deference. She was puzzled and pleased, she scarcely knew why.

"He was mighty accommodatin'," she thought. "But whut," she asked herself, as she rode slowly homeward—"whut did he take off his hat fer?"

II.

LIGHTS twinkled from every cabin as Clayton passed through the camp. Outside the kitchen doors, miners, bare to the waist, were

bathing their blackened faces and bodies, with children, tattered and unclean, but healthful, playing about them; within, women in loose gowns, with sleeves uprolled and with disordered hair, moved like phantoms through clouds of savory smoke. The commissary was brilliantly lighted. At a window close by improvident miners were drawing the wages of the day, while their wives waited in the store with baskets unfilled. In front of the commissary a crowd of negroes were talking, laughing, singing, and playing pranks like children. Here two, with grinning faces, were squared off, not to spar, but to knock at each other's tattered hat; there two more, with legs and arms indistinguishable, were wrestling; close by was the sound of a mouth-harp, a circle of interested spectators, and, within, two dancers pitted against each other, and shuffling with a zest that labor seemed never to affect.

Immediately after supper Clayton went to his room, lighted his lamp, and sat down to a map he was tracing. His room was next the ground, and a path ran near the open window. As he worked, every passer-by paused a moment to look curiously within. On the wall above his head a pair of fencing-foils were crossed beneath masks. Below these hung two pistols, such as courteous Claude Duval used for side-arms. Opposite were two old rifles, and beneath them two stone beer-mugs, and a German student's pipe absurdly long and richly ornamented. A mantel close by was filled with curiosities, and near it hung a banjo unstrung, a tennis-racket, and a blazer of startling colors. Plainly they were relics of German student life, and the odd contrast they made with the rough wall and ceiling suggested a sharp change in the fortunes of the young worker beneath. Scarcely six months since he had been suddenly summoned home from Germany. The reason was vague, but having read of recent American failures, notably in Wall street, he knew what had happened. Reaching New York, he was startled for an instant by the fear that his mother was dead, so gloomy was the house, so subdued his sister's greeting, and so worn and sad his father's face. The trouble, however, was what he had guessed, and he had accepted it with quiet resignation. The financial wreck seemed complete; but one resource, however, was left. Just after the war Clayton's father had purchased mineral lands in the South, and it was with the idea of developing these that he had encouraged the marked scientific tastes of his son, and had sent him to a German university. In view of his own disaster and the fact that a financial tide was swelling southward, his forethought seemed almost an inspiration. To this resource Clayton turned eagerly; and after a few weeks at home, which were made

intolerable by straitened circumstances, and the fancied coldness of friend and acquaintance, he was hard at work in the heart of the Kentucky mountains.

The transition from the careless life of a student was swift and bitter; it was like beginning a new life with a new identity, though Clayton suffered less than he anticipated. He had become interested from the first. There was nothing in the pretty glen, when he came, but a mountaineer's cabin and a few gnarled old apple-trees, the roots of which checked the musical flow of a little stream. Then the air was filled with the tense ring of hammer and saw, the mellow echoes of axes, and the shouts of ox-drivers from the forests, indignant groans from the mountains, and suddenly a little town sprang up before his eyes, and cars of shining coal wound slowly about the mountain-side.

Activity like this stirred his blood. Busy from dawn to dark, he had no time to grow miserable. His work was hard, to be sure, but it made rest and sleep a luxury, and it had the new zest of independence; he even began to take in it no little pride when he found himself an essential part of the quick growth going on. When leisure came, he could take to woods filled with unknown birds, new forms of insect life, and strange plants and flowers. With every day, too, he was more deeply stirred by the changing beauty of the mountains—hidden at dawn with white mists, faintly veiled through the day with an atmosphere that made him think of Italy, and enriched by sunsets of startling beauty. But strongest of all was the interest he found in the odd human mixture about him—the simple, good-natured darkies who slouched past him, magnificent in physique and picturesque with rags; occasional foreigners just from Castle Garden, with the hope of the New World still in their faces; and now and then a gaunt mountaineer stalking awkwardly in the rear of this march toward civilization. Gradually it had dawned upon him that this last, silent figure, traced through Virginia, was closely linked by blood and speech with the common people of England, and, molded perhaps by the influences of feudalism, was still strikingly unchanged; that now it was the most distinctively national remnant on American soil, and symbolized the development of the continent; and that with it must go the last suggestions of the pioneers, with their hardy physiques, their speech, their manners and customs, their simple architecture and simple mode of life. It was soon plain to him, too, that a change was being wrought at last—the change of destruction. The older mountaineers, whose bewildered eyes watched the noisy signs of an unintelligible civilization, were passing away. Of the rest, some, sullen and restless,

were selling their homesteads and following the spirit of their forefathers into a new wilderness; others, leaving their small farms in adjacent valleys to go to ruin, were gaping idly about the public works, caught up only too easily by the vicious current of the incoming tide. In a century the mountaineers must be swept away, and their ignorance of the tragic forces at work among them gave them an unconscious pathos that touched Clayton deeply.

As he grew to know them, their historical importance yielded to a genuine interest in the people themselves. They were densely ignorant, to be sure; but they were natural, simple, and hospitable. Their sense of personal worth was high, and their democracy—or aristocracy, since there was no distinction of caste—absolute. For generations son had lived like father in an isolation hardly credible. No influence save such as shook the nation ever reached them. The Mexican war, slavery, and national politics of the first half-century were still present issues, and each old man would give his rigid, individual opinion sometimes with surprising humor and force. He went much among them, and the rugged old couples whom he found in the cabin porches—so much alike at first—quickly became distinct with a quaint individuality. Among young or old, however, he had found nothing like the half-wild young creature he had met on the mountain that day. In her a type had crossed his path—had driven him from it, in truth—that seemed unique and inexplicable. He had been little more than amused at first, but a keen interest had been growing in him with every thought of her, and to-night, as he laid aside his pencil, the incidents of the encounter on the mountain came minutely back to him till he saw her again as she rode away, her supple figure swaying with every movement of the beast, and dappled with quivering circles of sunlight from the bushes, her face calm, but still flushed with color, and her yellow hair shaking about her shoulders—not lusterless and flaxen, as hair was in the mountains, he remembered, but catching the sunlight like gold. There was an indefinable charm about the girl. She gave a new and sudden zest to his interest in mountain life. She filled a lack unnoticed before, and he made up his mind to see her again as soon as possible.

As he leaned almost unconsciously from his window to lift his eyes to the dark mountain he had climbed that day, the rude melody of an old-fashioned hymn came faintly up the glen, and he recognized the thin, quavering voice of an old mountaineer, Uncle Tommy Brooks, as he was familiarly known, whose cabin stood in the midst of the camp, a pathetic contrast to the smart new houses that had sprung up around it. The old man had lived in the glen

for nearly three quarters of a century, and he, if any one, must know the girl. With the thought, Clayton sprang through the window, and a few minutes later was at the cabin. The old man sat whittling in the porch, joining in the song with which his wife was crooning a child to sleep within. Clayton easily identified Europa, as he had christened her; the simple mention of her means of transport was sufficient.

"Ridin' a bull, was she?" repeated the old man, laughing. "Well, thet was Easter Hicks, old Bill Hicks's gal. She 's a sort o' connection o' mine. Me and Bill married cousins. She 's a cur'us critter ez ever I seed. She don't seem ter take atter her dad nur her mammy nuthin', though Bill allus hed a quar streak in 'im, and was the wust man I ever seed when he was disguised by licker. Whar does she live? Oh, up thar, right on top o' Wolf Mountain, with her mammy."

"Alone?"

"Yes; fer her dad ain't thar. No; 'n' he ain't dead. I 'll tell ye,"—the old man lowered his tone,— "thar used ter be a big lot o' moonshinin' done in these parts, 'n' a' off'cer came in hyar ter see 'bout it. Well, one mornin' he was found layin' in the road with a bullet through him. Bill was s'pected. I ain't a-sayin' ez Bill did it, but when a whole lot more rode up thar on horses one night, they did n't find Bill. They hain't found him yit, fer he 's out in the mountains somewhar a-hidin'."

"How do they get along without him?" asked Clayton.

"Why, ther gal does the work. She plows with thet bull, and does the plantin' herself. She kin chop wood like a man. 'N' ez fer shootin', well, when huntin' 's good 'n' thar 's shootin'-matches roundabout, she don't hev ter buy much meat."

"It 's a wonder some young fellow has n't married her. I suppose, though, she 's too young."

The old man laughed. "Thar 's been many a lively young feller thet 's tried it, but she 's ez hard to ketch ez a wildcat. She won't hev nuthin' to do with other folks, 'n' she never comes down hyar inter the valley, 'cept ter git her corn ground er ter shoot er turkey. Sherd Raines goes up ter see her, and folks say he air tryin' ter git her inter the church. But the gal won't go nigh a meetin'-house. She air a cur'us critter," he concluded emphatically, "shy ez er deer till she air stirred up, then she air a caution; mighty gentle sometimes, and ag'in ez stubborn ez a mule."

A shrill infantile scream came from within, and the old man paused a moment to listen.

"Ye did n't know I hed a great-grandchild, did ye? Thet 's it a-hollerin'. Talk about Easter bein' too young to merry! Why, hits mother

air two year younger 'n Easter. Come in and take a peep." The old mountaineer rose and led the way into the cabin. Clayton was embarrassed at first. On one bed lay a rather comely young woman with a child by her side; on a chest close by sat another with her lover, courting in the most open and primitive manner. In the corner an old grandam dozed with her pipe, her withered face just touched by the rim of the firelight. Near a rectangular hole in the wall which served the purpose of a window stood a girl whose face, silhouetted against the darkness, had in it a curious mixture of childishness and maturity.

"Whar 's ther baby?" asked Uncle Tommy.

Somebody outside was admiring it, and the young girl leaned through the window and lifted the infant within.

"Thar 's a baby fer ye!" exclaimed the old mountaineer, proudly, lifting it in the air and turning its face to the light. But the child was peevish and fretful, and he handed it back gently. Clayton was wondering which was the mother, when, to his amazement, almost to his confusion, the girl lifted the child calmly to her own breast. The child was the mother of the child. She was barely fifteen, with the face of a girl of twelve, and her motherly manner had struck him as an odd contrast. He felt a thrill of pity for the young mother as he called to mind the aged young wives he had seen who were haggard and careworn at thirty, and who still managed to live to an old age. He was indefinitely glad that Easter had escaped such a fate. When he left the cabin, the old man called after him from the door:

"Thar 's goin' ter be a shootin'-match among the boys ter-morrer, 'n' I judge that Easter will be on hand. She allus is."

"Is that so?" said Clayton. "Well, I 'll look out for it."

The old mountaineer lowered his voice.

"Ye hain't thinkin' about takin' er wife, air ye?"

"No, no!"

"Well, ef ye air," said the old man, slowly, "I 'm a-thinkin' ye 'll hev ter buck up ag'in' Sherd Raines, fer ef I hain't like a goose a-pickin' o' grass by moonshine, Sherd air atter the gal fer hisself, not fer the Lord. Yes," he continued, after a short, dry laugh; "'n' mebbe ye 'll hev ter keep an eye open fer old Bill. They say thet he air mighty low down, 'n' kind o' sorry 'n' skeary, fer I reckon Sherd Raines hev told him he hev got ter pay the penalty fer takin' a human life; but I would n't sot much on his bein' sorry ef he was mad at me and hed licker in him. He hates furriners, and he has a crazy idee thet they is all off'cers 'n' lookin' fer him."

"I don't think I 'll bother him," said Clay-

ton, turning away with a laugh. "Good night!" With a little cackle of incredulity, the old man closed the door. The camp had sunk now to perfect quietude; but for the faint notes of a banjo far up the glen, not a sound trembled on the night air.

The rim of the moon was just visible above the mountain on which Easter—what a pretty name that was!—had flashed upon his vision with such theatric effect. As its brilliant light came slowly down the dark mountain-side, the mists seemed to loosen their white arms, and to creep away like ghosts mistaking the light for dawn. With the base of the mountain in dense shadow, its crest, uplifted through the vapors, seemed poised in the air at a startling height. Yet it was near the crest that he had met her. Clayton paused a moment, when he reached his door, to look again. Where in that cloud-land could she live? he wondered.

III.

As the great bell struck the hour of the next noon, mountaineers with long rifles across their shoulders were already moving through the camp. The glen opened into a valley, which, blocked on the east by Pine Mountain, was thus shut in on every side by wooded heights. Here the marksmen were gathered. All were mountaineers, lank, bearded men, coatless for the most part, and dressed in brown home-made jeans, slouched, formless hats, and high, coarse boots. Sun and wind had tanned their faces to sympathy, in color, with their clothes, which had the dun look of the soil. They seemed peculiarly a race of the soil, to have sprung as they were from the earth, which had left indelible stains upon them. All carried long rifles, old-fashioned and home-made, some even with flint-locks. It was Saturday, and many of their wives had accompanied them to the camp. These stood near, huddled into a listless group, with their faces half hidden in check bonnets of various colors. A barbaric love of color was apparent in bonnet, shawl, and gown, and surprisingly in contrast with such crudeness of taste was a face when fully seen, so modest was it. The features were always delicately wrought, and softened sometimes by a look of patient suffering almost into refinement.

On the other side of the contestants were the people of the camp, a few miners with pipes lounging on the ground, and women and girls, who returned the furtive glances of the mountain women with stares of curiosity and low laughter.

Clayton had been delayed by his work, and the match was already going on when he reached the grounds.

"Ye hev missed some mighty fine shootin',"

said Uncle Tommy Brooks, who was squatted on the ground near the group of marksmen. "Sherd 'sbeen a-beatin' everybody. I'm afeard Easter hain't a-comin'. The match air almost over now. Ef she 'd been here, I don't think Sherd would 'a' got the ch'ice parts o' thet beef so easy."

"Which is he?" asked Clayton.

"Thet tall feller ther loadin' his gun."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Sherd Raines, the feller thet 's goin' ter be our circuit-rider."

He remembered the peculiar name. So this was Easter's lover. Clayton looked at the young mountaineer, curiously at first and then with growing interest. His quiet air of authority among his fellows was like a birthright; it seemed assumed and accepted unconsciously. His face was smooth, and he was fuller in figure than the rest, but still sinewy and lank, though not awkward; his movements were too quick and decisive for that. With a casual glance Clayton had wondered what secret influence could have turned to spiritual things a man so merely animal-like in face and physique; but when the mountaineer thrust back his hat, an elemental strength and a seriousness of character were apparent in the broad, square brow, the steady, fearless glow of the eye, a certain poise of the head, and in lines around the strong mouth and chin in which the struggle for self-mastery had been traced.

As the mountaineer thrust his ramrod back into its casing, he glanced at the woods behind Clayton, and said something to his companions. They, too, raised their eyes, and at the same moment the old mountaineer plucked Clayton by the sleeve.

"Thar comes Easter now."

The girl had just emerged from the edge of the forest, and with a rifle on one shoulder and a bullet-pouch and powder-horn swung from the other, was slowly descending the path.

"Why, how air ye, Easter?" cried the old man, heartily, as she approached. "Goin' ter shoot, air ye? I 'lowed ye would n't miss this. Ye air mighty late, though."

"Oh, I only wanted er turkey," said the girl.

"Well, I'm a-comin' up ter eat dinner with ye ter-morrer," he answered, with a laugh, "fer I know ye 'll git one. Ye air on hand fer most o' the matches now. *Wild* turkeys must be a-gittin' skase."

The girl smiled, showing a row of brilliant white teeth between her thin, red lips, and, without answering, moved toward the group of mountain women. Clayton had raised his hand to his hat when the old man addressed her, but he dropped it quickly to his side in no little embarrassment when the girl carelessly glanced over him with no sign of recognition. Her rifle

was an old flint-lock of light build, but nearly six feet in length, with a shade of rusty tin two feet long fastened to the barrel to prevent the sunlight from affecting the marksman's aim. She wore a man's hat, which, with unintentional coquetry, was perched on one side of her head. Her hair was short, and fell as it pleased about her neck. She was barefooted, and apparently clad in a single garment, a blue homespun gown, gathered loosely at her uncorseted waist, and showing the outline of the bust and every movement of the tall, supple form beneath. Her appearance had quickened the interest of the spectators, and apparently was a disturbing influence among the contestants, who were gathered together, evidently in dispute. From their glances Clayton saw that Easter was the subject of it.

"I guess they don't want her ter shoot — them that hain't won anything," said Uncle Tommy.

"She hev come in late," Clayton heard one say, "n' she ought n' ter shoot. Thar hain't no chance shootin' agin' her anyway, n' I 'm in favor o' barrin' her out."

"Oh, no; let her shoot," — the voice was Raines's. "Thar hain't nuthin' but a few turkeys left, n' ye 'd better bar out the gun 'stid o' the gal, anyway, fer thet gun kin outshoot anything in the mountains."

The girl had been silently watching the group as if puzzled by their actions, and when Raines spoke, her face tightened with sudden decision, and she strode swiftly toward them in time to overhear the young mountaineer's last words.

"So hit 's the gun, is hit, Sherd Raines?" The crowd turned, and Raines shrank a little as the girl faced him with flashing eyes. "So hit 's the gun, is hit? Hit *is* a good gun, but ye ought ter be ashamed ter take all the credit 'way from me. But ef you air so *certain* hit 's the gun," she continued, "I 'll shoot yourn, n' ye kin hev mine ef I don't beat ye with yer own gun."

"Good fer you, Easter!" shouted the old mountaineer.

Raines had recovered himself, and was looking at the girl seriously. Several of his companions urged him aloud to accept the challenge, but he paid no heed to them. He seemed to be debating the question with himself, and a moment later he said quietly:

"N' you kin hev mine ef I don't beat you."

This was all he said, but he kept his eyes fixed on the girl's face; and when, with a defiant glance, she turned toward the mountain women, he followed and stopped her.

"Easter," Clayton heard him say in a low, slow voice, "I was tryin' ter git ye a chance ter shoot, fer ye hev been winnin' so much thet

it 's hard to git up a match when ye air in it." The hard look on the girl's face remained unchanged, and the mountaineer continued firmly:

"N' I told the truth; fer ef ye pin me down, I think hit is the gun."

"Jes you wait n' see," answered the girl, shortly, and Raines, after a questioning look, rejoined the group.

"I won't take the gun ef I win it," he said to them; "but she air gittin' too set up n' proud, n' I 'm goin' ter do my best ter take her down a bit."

There was nothing boastful or malicious in his manner or speech. He had taken the task of subduing the girl's pride from a sense of duty, and nobody doubted that he would do it, for there were few marksmen in the mountains his equal, and he would have the advantage of using his own gun.

"Look hyar," said a long, thin mountaineer, coming up to the group, "thar ain't but one turkey left, n' I 'd like ter know what we air ter shoot at ef Sherd n' Easter gits a crack at him."

In the interest of the match no one had thought of that, and a moment of debate followed, which Clayton ended by stepping forward.

"I 'll furnish a turkey for the rest of you," he said.

The girl turned when he spoke and gave him a quick glance, but averted her eyes instantly.

Clayton's offer was accepted, and the preliminary trial to decide who should shoot first at the turkey was begun. Every detail was watched with increasing interest. A piece of white paper marked with two concentric circles was placed sixty yards away, and Raines won with a bullet in the inner circle. The girl had missed both, and the mountaineer offered her two more shots to accustom herself to the gun. She accepted, and smiled a little triumphantly as she touched the outer circle with one bullet and placed the other almost in the center. It was plain that the two were evenly matched; and several shouts of approval came from the crowd. The turkey was hobbled to a stake at the same distance, and both were to fire at its head, with the privilege of shooting at fifty yards if no rest were taken.

Raines shot first without rest, and, as he missed, the girl followed his example. The turkey dozed on in the sunlight, undisturbed by either. The mountaineer was vexed. With his powerful face set determinedly, he lay down flat on the ground, and, resting his rifle over a small log, took an inordinately long and careful aim. The rifle cracked, the turkey bobbed its head unhurt, and the marksman sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and chagrin.

As he loaded the gun and gravely handed it to the girl, the excitement grew intense. The crowd pressed close. The stolid faces of the mountain women, thrust from their bonnets, became almost eager with interest. Raines, quiet and composed as he was, looked anxious. All eyes followed every movement of the girl as she coolly stretched her long, active figure on the ground, drew her dress close about her straight, strong limbs, and, throwing her yellow hair over her face to shade her eyes from the slanting sunlight, placed her cheek against the stock of the gun. A long suspense followed. A hush almost of solemnity fell upon the crowd.

"Why don't the gal shoot?" asked a voice impatiently.

Clayton saw what the matter was, and, stepping toward her, said quietly, "You forgot to set the trigger."

The girl's face colored. Again her eye glanced along the barrel, a puff of smoke flew from the gun, and a shout came from every pair of lips as the turkey leaped into the air, and fell beating the ground with its wings. In an instant a young mountaineer had rushed forward and seized it, and, after a glance, dropped it with a yell of triumph.

"Shot plum' through the eyes!" he shouted, "Shot plum' through the eyes!"

The girl arose, and handed the gun back to Raines.

"Keep hit," he said steadily. "Hit 's yours."

"I don't want the gun," she said, "but I did want that turkey — 'n' — a little tauntingly — 'I did want to beat you, Sherd Raines.'"

The mountaineer's face flushed and darkened, but he said nothing. He took no part in the shooting that followed, and when, after the match was over, the girl, with her rifle on one shoulder and the turkey over the other, turned up the mountain path, Clayton saw him follow her.

IV.

A FORTNIGHT later Clayton, with rifle in hand, took the same path. It was late in May. The leafage was luxuriant, and the mountains, wooded to the tops, seemed overspread with great, shaggy rugs of green. The woods were resonant with song-birds, and the dew dripped and sparkled wherever a shaft of sunlight pierced the thick leaves. Late violets hid shyly beneath canopies of May-apple; bunches of blue and of white anemone nodded from beneath fallen trees, and water ran like hidden music everywhere. Slowly the valley and the sounds of its life — the lowing of cattle, the clatter at the mipes, the songs of the negroes at work — sank beneath him. The chorus of

birds dwindled until only the cool, flute-like notes of a wood-thrush rose faintly from below. Up he went, winding around great oaks, fallen trunks, loose boulders, and threatening cliffs until light glimmered whiteily between the boles of the trees. From a gap where he paused to rest a bare spot was visible close to the crest of the adjoining mountain. It was filled with the charred, ghost-like trunks of trees that had been burned standing. If a cultivated field, Clayton thought, Easter's home must be near that; and he turned toward it by a path that ran along the top of the mountain. After a few hundred yards the path swerved sharply through a dense thicket, and Clayton stopped in wonder at the scene before him.

Some natural agent had hollowed the mountain, leaving a level plateau of several acres. The earth had fallen away from a great somber cliff of solid rock, and clinging like a swallow's nest in a cleft of this was the usual rude cabin of a mountaineer. The face of the rock was dark with vines, and the cabin was protected as by a fortress. But one way of approach was possible, and that straight to the porch. From the cliff the vines had crept to roof and chimney, and were waving their tendrils about a thin, blue spiral of smoke. The cabin was gray and tottering with age. Above the porch the branches of an apple-tree hung leaves that matched in richness of tint the thick moss on the rough shingles. Beneath it an old woman sat spinning, and a hound lay asleep at her feet. Easter was nowhere to be seen, but her voice came from below him in a loud tone of command; and presently she appeared from behind a knoll, above which the thatched roof of a stable was visible, and slowly ascended the path to the house. She had evidently just finished work, for a plow stood in the last furrow of the field, and the fragrance of freshly turned earth was in the air. On the porch she sank wearily into a low chair, and, folding her hands, looked away to the mountains.

Pausing but a moment, Clayton climbed the crumbling fence. As he sprang to the ground a dead twig snapped, and, startled by the sound, the girl began to rise; but, giving him one quick, sharp look, dropped her eyes to her hands, and remained motionless.

"Good morning," said Clayton, lifting his hat. The girl did not raise her face. The wheel stopped, and the spinner turned her head.

"How air ye?" she said, with ready hospitality. "Come in an' hev a cheer."

"No, thank you," he answered, a little embarrassed by Easter's odd behavior. "May I get some water?"

"Sartinly," said the old woman, looking him over curiously. "Easter, go git some fresh."

The girl started to rise, but Clayton, picking up the bucket, said quickly:

"Oh, no; I won't trouble you. I see the spring," he added, noticing a tiny stream that trickled from a fissure at the base of the cliff.

"Who air thet feller, Easter?" the mother asked in a low voice, when Clayton was out of hearing.

"One o' them furriners who hev come into Injun Creek," was the indifferent reply.

"That 's splendid water," said Clayton, returning. "May I give you some?" The old woman shook her head. Easter's eyes were still on the mountains, and apparently she had not heard him.

"Hit air good water," said the mother. "Thet spring never does go dry. You better come in and rest a spell. I suppose ye air from the mines?" she added, as she turned to resume spinning.

"Yes," answered Clayton; and feeling that some explanation was due for his sudden arrival away up in that lone spot, he continued:

"There is good hunting around here, is n't there?"

There was no answer. Easter did not look toward him, and the spinning stopped.

"What did you say?" asked the old woman.

Clayton repeated his question.

"Thar used ter be prime huntin' in these parts when my dad cleared off this spot more 'n fifty year ago, but the varmints hev mostly been killed out. But Easter kin tell you better 'n I kin, for she does all our huntin'. 'n' she kin outshoot 'mos' any man in the mountains."

"Yes; I saw her shoot at the match the other day down at the mines."

"Did ye?"—a smile of pleasure broke over the old woman's face—"whar she beat Sherd Raines? Sherd wanted to mortify *her*, but she mortified *him*, I guess."

The girl did not join in her mother's laugh, though the corners of her mouth twitched faintly.

"I like shooting, myself," said Clayton. "I would go into a match; but I 'm afraid I would n't have much chance."

"I reckon not, with thet short thing?" said the old woman, pointing at his repeating-rifle. "Would ye shoot with thet?"

"Oh, yes," answered Clayton, smiling; "it shoots very well."

"How fer?"

"Oh, a long way."

A huge shadow swept over the house, thrown by a buzzard sailing with magnificent ease high above them. Thinking that he might disturb its flight, Clayton rose and cocked his rifle.

"Ye 're not goin' to shoot at thet?" said the old woman, grinning. The girl had looked toward him at last, with a smile of faint derision.

Clayton took aim quickly and fired. The huge bird sank as though hit, curved downward, and with one flap of his great wings sailed on.

"Well, ef I did n't think ye hed hit him!" said the old woman, in amazement. "Ye kin shoot, fer a fac'."

Easter's attention was gained at last. For the first time she looked straight at him, and her little smile of derision had given way to a look of mingled curiosity and respect.

"I expected only to scare him," said Clayton. "The gun will carry twice that far."

"Hit 's jest ez well ye did n't hit him," said the old woman. "Hit air five dollars fine to kill a buzzard around here. I'd never thought thet little thing could shoot."

"It shoots several times," said Clayton.

"Hit does whut?"

"Like a pistol," he explained, and, rising, he directed several shots in quick succession at a dead tree in the plowed field. At each shot a puff of dust came almost from the same spot.

When he turned, Easter had risen to her feet in astonishment, and the mother was laughing long and loudly.

"Don't ye wish ye hed a gun like thet, Easter?" she cried.

Clayton turned quickly to the girl, and began explaining the mechanism of the gun to her, without appearing to notice her embarrassment, for she shrank perceptibly when he spoke to her.

"Won't you let me see your gun?" he asked.

She brought out the old flint-lock, and handed it to him almost timidly.

"This is very interesting," he said. "I never saw one like it before."

"Thar hain't but one more jest like thet in the mountains," said the old woman, "'n' Easter's got that. My dad made 'em both."

"How would you like to trade one for mine, if you have two?" said Clayton to the girl. "I 'll give you all my cartridges to boot."

The girl looked at her mother with hesitation. Clayton saw that both wondered what he could want with the gun, and he added:

"I 'd like to have it to take home with me. It would be a great curiosity."

"Well," said the mother, "ye kin hev one ef ye want hit, and think the trade 's fa'r."

Clayton insisted, and the trade was made. The old woman resumed spinning. The girl took her seat in the low chair, holding her new treasure in her lap, with her eyes fixed on it, and occasionally running one brown hand down its shining barrel. Clayton watched her. She had given no sign whatever that she had ever seen him before, and yet a curious change

had come over her. Her imperious manner had yielded to a singular reserve and timidity. The peculiar beauty of the girl struck him now with unusual force. Her profile was remarkably regular and delicate; her mouth small, resolute, and sensitive; heavy, dark lashes shaded her downcast eyes; and her brow suggested a mentality that he felt a strong desire to test. Her feet were small, and so were her quick, nervous hands, which were still finely shaped, in spite of the hard usage that had left them brown and callous. He wondered if she were really as beautiful as she seemed; if his standard might not have been affected by his long stay in the mountains; if her picturesque environment might not have influenced his judgment. He tried to imagine her daintily slippered, clad in white, with her loose hair gathered in a Psyche knot; or in evening dress, with arms and throat bare: but the pictures were difficult to make. He liked her best as she was, in perfect physical sympathy with the natural phases about her, as much a part of them as tree, plant, or flower, embodying the freedom, grace, and beauty of nature as well and as unconsciously as they. He questioned whether she had ever felt herself to be apart from them, and he wondered if there might be in her a recognition of her kinship to them.

She had lifted her eyes now, and had fixed them with tender thoughtfulness on the mountains. What did she see in the scene before her, he wondered: the deep valley, brilliant with early sunshine; the magnificent sweep of wooded slopes; Pine Mountain and the peak-like Narrows, where through it the river had worn its patient way; and the Cumberland Range, lying like a cloud against the horizon, and bluer and softer than the sky above it. He longed to know what her thoughts were; if in them there might be a hint of what he hoped to find. Probably she could not tell them, should he ask her, so unconscious was she of her mental life, whatever that might be. Indeed, she seemed scarcely to know of her own existence; there was about her a simplicity to which he had felt himself rise only in the presence of the spirit about some lonely mountaintop or in the heart of deep woods. Her gaze was not vacant, not listless, but the pensive look of a sensitive child, and Clayton fancied there was in it an unconscious love of the beauty before her, and of its spiritual suggestiveness a slumbering sense, perhaps easily awakened. Perhaps he might awaken it.

The drowsy hum of the spinning-wheel ceased suddenly, and his dream was shattered. He wondered how long they had sat there saying nothing, and how long the silence might continue. Easter, he believed, would never address him. Even the temporary intimacy that

the barter of the gun had brought about was gone. The girl seemed lost in unconsciousness. The mother had gone to her loom, and was humming softly to herself as she passed the shuttle to and fro. Clayton turned for an instant to watch her, and the rude background, which in the interest of his speculations he had forgotten, thrust every unwelcome detail upon his attention: the old cabin, built of hewn logs, held together by wooden pin and auger-hole, and shingled with rough boards; the dark, windowless room; the unplastered walls; the beds with old-fashioned high posts, mattresses of straw, and cords instead of slats; the home-made chairs with straight backs, tipped with carved knobs; the mantel filled with utensils and overhung with bunches of drying herbs; a ladder with half-a-dozen smooth-worn steps leading to the loft; and a wide, deep fireplace—the only suggestion of cheer and comfort in the gloomy interior. An open porch connected the single room with the kitchen. Here, too, were suggestions of daily duties. The mother's face told a tale of hardship and toil, and there was the plow in the furrow, and the girl's calloused hands folded in her lap. With a thrill of compassion Clayton turned to her. What a pity! what a pity! he thought. Just now her face had the peace of a child's; but when aroused, an electric fire burned from her calm eyes and showed the ardent temperament that really lay beneath. If she were quick and sympathetic,—and she must be, he thought,—who could tell how rich and infinite the development possible for her with this latent fire properly directed?

"You hain't seen much of this country, I reckon. You hain't been here afore?"

The mother had broken the silence at last.

"No," said Clayton; "but I like it very much."

"Do ye?" she asked in surprise. "Why, I 'lowed you folks from the setlemints thought it mighty scraggy down hyar."

"Oh, no. These mountains and woods are beautiful, and I never saw lovelier beech-trees. The coloring of their trunks is so exquisite, and the shade is so fine," he concluded lamely, noticing a blank look on the old woman's face. To his delight the girl half turned toward him, was listening with puzzled interest.

"Well," said the old woman, "beeches is beautiful ter me when they 's mast enough ter feed ther hogs."

Carried back to his train of speculations, Clayton started at this abrupt deliverance. There was a suspicion of humor in the old woman's tone that showed an appreciation of their different standpoints. It was lost on Clayton, however, for his attention had been caught by the word "mast," which, by some accident, he had never heard before.

"Mast," he asked, "what is that?"

The girl looked toward him in amazement, and burst into a low, suppressed laugh. Her mother explained the word, and all laughed heartily.

Clayton soon saw that his confession of ignorance was a lucky accident. It brought Easter and himself nearer common ground. She felt that there was something after all that she could teach him. She had been overpowered by his politeness and deference and his unusual language, and, not knowing what they meant, was overcome by a sense of her inferiority. The incident gave him the key to his future conduct. A moment later she looked up covertly and, meeting his eyes, laughed again. The ice was broken. He began to wonder if she really had noticed him so little at their first meeting as not to recognize him, or if her indifference or reserve had prevented her from showing the recognition. He pulled out his note-book and began sketching rapidly, conscious that the girl was watching him. When he finished, he rose, picking up the old flint-lock.

"Won't ye stay and hev some dinner?" asked the old woman.

"No, thank you."

"Come ag'in," she said cordially, adding the mountaineer's farewell, "I wish ye well."

"Thank you, I will. Good day."

As he passed the girl he paused a moment and dropped the paper into her lap. It was a rude sketch of their first meeting, the bull coming at him like a tornado. The color came to her face, and when Clayton turned the corner of the house he heard her laughing.

"What air ye a-laughin' at?" asked the mother, stopping her work and looking around.

For answer Easter rose and walked into the house, hiding the paper in her bosom. The old woman watched her narrowly.

"I never seed ye afeard of a man afore," she said to herself. "No, nur so tickled 'bout one, nuther. Well, he air ez accommodatin' a feller ez I ever see, ef he air a furriner. But he was a fool to swop his gun fer hern."

V.

THEREAFTER Clayton saw the girl whenever possible. If she came to the camp, he walked up the mountain with her. No idle day passed that he did not visit the cabin, and it was not long before he found himself strangely interested. Her beauty and fearlessness had drawn him at first; her indifference and stolidity had piqued him; and now the shyness that displaced these was inconsistent and puzzling. This he set himself deliberately at work to remove, and the conscious effort gave a pe-

culiar piquancy to their intercourse. He had learned the secret of association with the mountaineers to be as little unlike them as possible, and he put the knowledge into practice. He discarded coat and waistcoat, wore a slouched hat, and went unshaven for weeks. He avoided all conventionalities, and was as simple in manner and speech as possible. Often when talking with Easter, her face was blankly unresponsive, and a question would sometimes leave her in confused silence. He found it necessary to use the simplest Anglo-Saxon words, and he soon fell into many of the quaint expressions of the mountaineers and their odd, slow way of speech. This course was effective, and in time the shyness wore away and left between them a comradeship as pleasant as unique. Sometimes they took long walks together on the mountains. This was contrary to mountain etiquette, but they were remote even from the rude conventionalities of the life below them. They even went hunting together, and Easter had the joy of a child when she discovered her superiority to Clayton in woodcraft and in the use of a rifle. If he could tell her the names of plants and flowers they found, and how they were akin, she could show him where they grew. If he could teach her a little more about animals and their habits than she already knew, he had always to follow her footsteps in the search for game. Their fellowship was, in consequence, never more complete than when they were roaming the woods. In them Easter was at home, and her ardent nature came to the surface like a poetic glow from her buoyant health and beauty. Then appeared all that was wayward and elfin-like in her character, and she would be as playful, wilful, evanescent as a wood-spirit. Sometimes, when they were separated, she would lead him into a ravine by imitating a squirrel or a wild turkey, and, as he crept noiselessly along with bated breath and eyes peering eagerly through the tree-tops or the underbrush, she would step like a dryad from behind some tree at his side, with a ringing laugh at his discomfort. Again, she might startle him by running lightly along the fallen trunk of a tree that lay across a torrent, or, in a freak of wilfulness, would let herself down the bare face of some steep cliff. If he scolded her, she laughed. If he grew angry, she was serious instantly, and once she fell to weeping and fled home. He followed her, but she barricaded herself in her room in the loft, and would not be coaxed down. The next day she had forgotten that she was angry.

Her mother showed no surprise at any of her moods. Easter was not like other "gals," she said; she had always been "quar," and she reckoned would "allus be thet way." She

objected in no wise to Clayton's intimacy with her. The "furriner," she told Raines, was the only man who had ever been able to manage her, and if she wanted Easter to do anything "ag'in' her will, she went to him fust," a simple remark that threw the mountaineer into deep thoughtfulness.

Indeed, this sense of power that Clayton felt over the wilful, passionate creature thrilled him with more pleasure than he would have been willing to admit; at the same time it suggested to him a certain responsibility. Why not make use of it, and a good use? The girl was perhaps deplorably ignorant, could do but little more than read and write; but she was susceptible of development, and at times apparently conscious of the need of it and desirous for it. Once he had carried her a handful of violets, and thereafter an old pitcher that stood on a shelf blossomed every day with wild flowers. He had transplanted a vine from the woods and taught her to train it over the porch, and the first hint of tenderness he found in her nature was in the care of that plant. He had taken her a book full of pictures and fashion-plates, and he had noticed a quick and ingenious adoption of some of its hints in her dress.

One afternoon, as he lay on his bed in a darkened corner of his room, a woman's shadow passed across the wall, returned, and a moment later he saw Easter's face at the window. He had lain quiet, and watched her while her wondering eyes roved from one object to another, until they were fastened with a long, intent look on a picture that stood upon a table near the window. He stirred, and her face melted away instantly. A few days later he was sitting with Easter and Raines at the cabin. The mother was at the other end of the porch, talking to a neighbor who had stopped to rest on his way across the mountains.

"Easter air a-gittin' high notions," she was saying, "'n' she air a-spendin' her savin's, 'n' all mine she kin git hold of, ter buy fixin's at the commissary. She must hev white crockery, 'n' towels, 'n' new-fangled forks, 'n' sich-like." A conscious flush came into the girl's face, and she rose hastily and went into the house.

"I was afeard," continued the mother, "thet she would hev her hair cut short, 'n' be a-flyin' with ribbins, 'n' spangled out like er rainbow, like old 'Lige Hicks's gal, ef I had n't hearn the furriner tell her it was 'beastly.' Thar hain't no fear now, fer what thet furriner don't like, Easter don't nuther."

For an instant the mountaineer's eyes had flashed on Clayton, but when the latter, a trifle embarrassed, looked up, Raines apparently had heard nothing. Easter did not reappear until the mountaineer was gone.

There were other hopeful signs. Whenever

Clayton spoke of his friends, she always listened eagerly, and asked innumerable questions about them. If his attention was caught by any queer phrase of the mountain dialect or custom, she was quick to ask in return how he would say the same thing, and what the custom was in the "settlemin's." She even made feeble attempts to model her own speech after his.

In a conscious glow that he imagined was philanthropy, Clayton began his task of elevation. She was not so ignorant as he had supposed. Apparently she had been taught by somebody, but when asked by whom, she hesitated answering, and he had taken it for granted that what she knew she had puzzled out alone. He was astonished by her quickness, her docility, and the passionate energy with which she worked. Her instant obedience to every suggestion, her trust in every word he uttered, made him acutely and at times uncomfortably conscious of his responsibility. At the same time there was in the task something of the pleasure that a young sculptor feels when, for the first time, the clay begins to yield obedience to his fingers, and something of the delight that must have thrilled Pygmalion when he saw his statue tremulous with conscious life.

VI.

THE possibility of lifting the girl above her own people, and of creating a spirit of discontent that might embitter her whole life, had occurred to Clayton; but at such moments the figure of Raines came into the philanthropic picture forming slowly in his mind, and his conscience was quieted. He could see them together; the gradual change that Easter would bring about in him, the influence of the two on their fellows. The mining-camp grew into a town with a modest church, having a cottage on the outskirts, where Raines and Easter were installed. They stood between the old civilization and the new, understanding both, and protecting the native strength of the one from the vices of the other, and training it after more breadth and refinement. But Raines and Easter did not lend themselves to the picture so readily, and gradually it grew vague and shadowy, and the figure of the mountaineer was blurred.

Clayton did not bring harmony to the two. At first he saw nothing of the mountaineer, and when they met at the cabin Raines remained only a short time. If Easter cared for him at all, she did not show it. How he was regarded by the mother, Clayton had learned long ago, when, in answer to one of his questions, she had said, with a look at Easter, that "Raines was the likeliest young feller in thet region"; that "he knew more 'n anybody

round thar"; that "he hed spent a year in the settlemints, was mighty religious, and would one day be a circuit-rider. Anyhow," she concluded, "he was a mighty good friend o' theirs."

But as for Easter, she treated him with unvarying indifference, though Clayton noticed she was more quiet and reserved in the mountaineer's presence; and what was unintelligible to him, she refused to speak of her studies when Raines was at the cabin, and warned her mother with an angry frown when the latter began telling the mountaineer of "whut a change hed come over Easter, and how she reckoned the gal was a-gittin' eddicated enough fer ter teach anybody in the mountains, she was a-studyin' so much."

After that little incident, he met Raines at the cabin oftener. The mountaineer was always taciturn, though he listened closely when anything was said, and, even when addressed by Easter's mother, Clayton noticed that his attention was fixed on Easter and himself. He felt that he was being watched, and it irritated him. He had tried to be friendly with the mountaineer, but his advances were received with a reserve that was almost suspicion. As time went on, the mountaineer's visits increased in frequency and in length, and at last one night he remained so long that, for the first time, Clayton left him there.

Neither spoke after the young engineer was gone. The mountaineer sat looking closely at Easter, who was listlessly watching the moon as it rose above the Cumberland Range and brought into view the wavering outline of Pine Mountain and the shadowed valley below. It was evident from his face and his eyes, which glowed with the suppressed fire of some powerful emotion within, that he had remained for a purpose; and when he rose and said, "I guess I'd better be a-goin', Easter," his voice was so unnatural that the girl looked up quickly.

"Hit air late," she said, after a slight pause.

His face flushed, but he set his lips and grasped the back of his chair, as though to steady himself.

"I reckon," he said, with slow bitterness, "thet hit would 'a' been early ez long ez the furriner was here."

The girl was roused instantly, but she said nothing, and he continued in a determined tone:

"Easter, thar 's a good deal I've wanted to say to ye fer a long time, but I hev kept a-puttin' hlt off until I 'm afeard maybe hit air too late. But I 'm a-goin' to say hit now, and I want ye to listen." He cleared his throat huskily. "Do ye know, Easter, what folks in the mountains is a-sayin'?"

The girl's quick insight told her what was coming, and her face hardened.

"Hev ye ever knowed me, Sherd Raines, to keer what folks in the mountains say? I reckon ye mean ez how they air a-talkin' about me?"

"Thet 's what I mean," said the mountaineer—"you 'n' him."

"Whut air they a-sayin'?" she asked defiantly. Raines watched her narrowly.

"They air a-sayin' ez how he air a-comin' up here mighty often; ez how Easter Hicks, who hev never keered for any man, is in love with this furriner from the settlemints."

The girl reddened, in spite of her assumed indifference.

"They say, too, ez how he is not in love with her, 'n' thet somebody oughter warn Easter thet he air not a-meanin' good to her. Ye hev been seen a-walkin' in the mountains together."

"Who hev seen me?" she asked, with quick suspicion. The mountaineer hesitated.

"I hev," he said doggedly.

The girl's anger, which had been kindling against her gossiping fellows, blazed out against Raines.

"Ye hev been a-watchin' me," she said angrily. "Who hev gin ye the right ter do it? What call hev ye ter come hyar and tell me whut folks is a-sayin'? Is it any o' yer business? I want to tell ye, Sherd Raines,"—her utterance grew thick with anger,—"thet I kin take care o' myself; thet I don't keer what folks say; 'n' I want ye to keep away from me. 'N' ef I sees ye a-hangin' round 'n' a-spyin', ye 'll be sorry fer it." Her eyes blazed, she had risen and drawn her lithe figure straight, and her hands were clenched.

The mountaineer had stood motionless. "Thar 's another who hez seen ye," he said quietly—"up thar," pointing to a wooded mountain the top of which was lost in mist. The girl's attitude changed instantly into vague alarm, and her eyes flashed upon Raines as though they would sear their way into the meaning hidden in his quiet face. Gradually his motive seemed to become clear, and she advanced a step toward him.

"So ye hev found out whar dad is a-hidin'?" she said, her voice tremulous with rage and scorn. "'N' ye air mean and sorry enough to come hyar 'n' tell me ye 'll give him up to the law ef I don't knuckle down 'n' do whatever ye wants me?"

She paused a moment. Was her suspicion correct? Why did he not speak? She did not really believe what she said. Could it be true? Her nostrils quivered; she tried to speak again, but her voice was choked with passion. With a sudden movement she snatched her rifle from its place, and the steel flashed in the moonlight

and ceased in a shining line straight at the mountaineer's breast.

"Look hyar, Sherd Raines," she said in low, unsteady tones, "I know ye air religious, 'n' I know ez how, when ye hev gin yer word, ye will do what you say. Now, I want ye to hold up yer right hand and sw'ar that ye 'll never tell a livin' soul thet you know whar dad is a-hidin'."

Raines did not turn his face, which was as emotionless as stone.

"Air ye a-goin' ter sw'ar?" she asked, with fierce impatience. Without looking at her, he began to speak—very slowly:

"Do ye think I 'm fool enough to try to gain yer good will by a-tellin' on yer dad? We were on the mountains, him 'n' me, 'n' we saw ye 'n' the furriner. Yer dad thought hit was a' officer, 'n' he whipped up his gun 'n' would 'a' shot him dead in his tracks ef I had n't hindered him. Does thet look like I wanted ter hurt ther furriner? I hev knowed yer dad was up in the mountains all the time, 'n' I hev been a-totin' things fer him ter eat. Does thet look like I wanted ter hand him over ter the law?"

The girl had let the rifle fall, and, moving away, stood leaning on it in the shadow, with her face downcast.

"Ye hev wanted ter know what call I hev ter watch ye, 'n' see thet no harm comes to ye. Yer dad hev gin me the right. Ye know how he hates furriners, 'n' whut he would do ef he should run across this furriner atter he hez been drinkin'. I 'm a-meddlin' because I hev told him thet I am goin' ter take keer o' ye, 'n' I mean ter do it—ef ye hates me fer it. I 'm a-watchin' ye, Easter," he continued, "'n' I want ye ter know it. I knowed the furriner begin comin' here because ye air not like gals in the settlemint. Ye air as cur'us to him as one o' them bugs an' sich-like thet he 's always a-pickin' up in the woods. I hev n't said nuthin' ter yer dad, fer fear o' his harmin' the furriner; but I hev seen thet ye like him, an' hit's time now fer me ter meddle. Ef he was in love with ye, do ye think he would marry ye? I hev been in the settlemint. Folks thar air not ez we citizens air. They air bigoted 'n' high-heeled, 'n' they look down on us. I tell ye, too, 'n' hit air fer yer own good, he air in love with somebody in the settlemint. I hev hearn it, 'n' I hev seen him a-lookin' at a picter in his room ez a man don't look at his mother nur his sister. They say hit's her.

"Thar 's one thing more, Easter," he concluded, as he stepped from the porch. "He is a-goin' away. I heard him say it yestiddy. What will ye do when he's gone ef ye lets yerself think so much of him now? I hev warned ye now, Easter, fer yer own good, though ye mought think thet I 'm a-workin' fer myself. But I know

I hev done my duty. I hev warned ye, 'n' ye kin do whut ye please, but I 'm a-watchin' ye."

The girl said nothing, but stood as rigid as a statue, with eyes wide open and face tense and white, as the mountaineer's steps died away. She was bewildered by the confused emotions that swayed her. Why had she not indignantly denied that she was in love with the "furriner"?



ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

THE OLD WOMAN.

Raines had not hinted it as a suspicion. He had spoken it outright as a fact, and he must have thought that her silence confirmed it. He had said that the "furriner" cared nothing for her, and had dared to tell her that she was in love with him. Her cheeks began to burn. She would call him back and tell him that she cared no more for the "furriner" than she did for him. With a quick movement she threw the rifle to its place, but paused, straining her eyes through the darkness. It was too late, and, with a helpless little cry, she began pacing the porch. She had scarcely heard what was said after the mountaineer's first accusation, so completely had that enthralled her mind; but now fragments came back to her. There was something about a picture—ah! she remembered that picture. Passing through the camp one afternoon, she had glanced in at a window and had seen a rifle once her own. Turning in rapid wonder about the room, her eye lighted upon a picture on a table near the window. She had felt the refined beauty of the girl, and it had impressed her with the same timidity that Clayton did when she first knew him. Fascinated, she had looked till a movement in the room made her shrink away. But the face had clung in her memory ever since, and now it came before her vividly.



EASTER.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON

Clayton was in love with her. Well, what did that matter to *her*?

There was more that Raines said. "Goin' away"—she recalled these words too. Raines meant the "furriner," of course. How did he know? Why had Clayton not told her? She did not believe it. But why not? He had told her that he would go away some time, and why not now? But why—why did not Clayton tell her? Perhaps he was going to *her*. She almost stretched out her hands in a sudden, fierce desire to clutch the round throat and sink her nails into the soft flesh that rose before her mind. She had forgotten that he had ever told her that he must go away, so little had it impressed her at the time, and she had never thought of a possible change in their relations or in their lives. She tried to think what her life would be after he was gone, and she was frightened; she could not imagine her old life resumed. When Clayton came, it was as though she had risen from sleep in a dream and had lived in it thereafter without questioning its re-

ality. Into his hands she had delivered her life and herself with the undoubting faith of a child. She had never thought of their relations at all. Now the awakening had come. The dream was shattered. For the first time her eye was turned inward, where a flood of light brought into terrible distinctness the tumult that began to rage so suddenly within.

One hope flashed into her brain—perhaps Raines was mistaken. But no, the mountaineer would never lie. But even if he were mistaken, Clayton must go some time; even *he* had told her that. In the recognition of this fact every thought became centered. It was no longer how he came, the richness of the new life he had shown her, the barrenness of the old, Raines's accusation, the shame of it—the shame of being pointed out and laughed at after Clayton's departure; it was no longer wonder at the strange, fierce emotions racking her brain and heart for the first time: her whole being was absorbed in the recognition which slowly forced itself into her brain and

took possession of it—some day he must go away; some day she must lose him. She could not realize it. She lifted her hands to her head in a dazed, ineffectual way. The moonlight grew faint before her eyes; mountain, sky, and mist were indistinguishably blurred; and the girl sank down slowly upon her trembling knees, down till she lay crouched on the floor with her white, tearless face buried in her arms.

The moon rose high above her and sank down in the west. The shadows shortened and crept back to the woods, night noises grew fainter,

and the mists floated up from the valley and clung around the mountain-tops; but she stirred only when a querulous voice came from within the cabin.

"Easter," it said, "ef Sherd Raines air gone, ye hed better come in ter bed. Ye hev got a lot o' work ter do ter-morrer."

The voice called her to the homely duties that had once filled her life and must fill it again. It was a summons to begin anew a life that was dead, and the girl lifted her haggard face in answer and rose wearily.

(To be concluded.)

John Fox, Jr.

A BACHELOR'S COUNSELINGS.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"The meek will he guide in judgment."

I.



VARIOUS is the inequality often noticed in human friendships. Indeed, as a rule, the most devoted seem to exist between unequals, superiors submitting complacently to be loved, indulged, and waited on, inferiors content to submit and serve, sometimes even thankful to do so. How uncomplainingly Theseus accepted the love and sacrifices of Pirithoüs! How touching to David the devotion of Jonathan, "passing the love of women"!

Of a kind similar, although upon a lower plane, were the loves of Jones Kindrick, the greater, and Simeon Newsome, the less. Four miles south of our village, at the crossing of the county-seat road by one leading from the west toward Ivy's Bridge on the Ogeechee River, dwelt the Newsomes. Their large square mansion kept within plenty of good things for their enjoyment, and that of others who came there with or without special invitation. A mile and a half east, near the road last mentioned, in a dwelling somewhat smaller but whiter, lived the Kindricks. The heads of these families had died some years before, and their widows, who were cousins, had been managing the estates well during the time it took the boys to grow old enough for such responsibilities. As for Sim (nobody except his mother ever called him Simeon), as long as he had been any thing, he had been as steady as any clock. He seldom laughed, except when politeness so required. Not that he was morose; it was only

that he rarely saw or heard things which to him seemed worthy of laughing about. He had tried to take to schooling with the fondness desired by his parents, but while in the midst of demonstrative and other adjective pronouns in the forenoons, and of tare and tret and the double rule of three in the afternoons, not seeing his way clear, he pleaded fatigue, after such fruitless endeavors, and begged of his father to be let go to plowing.

A set-off to Sim's humility was the pride he felt in the abilities of his cousin Jones, a year older than himself. This had been going on from childhood until now, when each had reached his majority. While at school Sim was looked upon as better than Jones in little things like spelling and reading, for which Jones expressed contempt that had much influence upon Sim's imagination of his greatness. This was exalted higher when Sim broke down, and Jones, misliking the plow with which he had been threatened, dashed forward, and got along whether or no, cajoling where he could not delay to conquer, hopping over where he could not cajole, or, with connivance of the master (who liked not to lose a good-paying scholar), slipped through behind others who had opened the way for themselves, and always looked and talked like one who was moving from victory to victory. In time he had acquired a stock of words, many of them new, which filled Sim with admiration not less fond than awful. Of middle height, brown, brawny, solemn-faced, he never felt a pulsation of envy when he looked at the tall, slender, fair, ever-smiling Jones.

It went on thus after they had taken control of the plantations. Sim's sense of inferiority ought to have subsided when it appeared how much better he understood and conducted business; but knowing that the soul of Jones was too high to let itself be entirely engrossed in mere agriculture, he was pleased when the latter from time to time let him offer counsel—and followed it.

For a time Jones had been circulating himself and his vocabulary among the girls, and his mother and his sister Maria, the latter two years older than himself, plain of feature, sensible of mind, and industrious of body, wished that he would get married and settle down to steady work. He let them urge, and answered that his matrimonial cogitations had not yet come to a head.

"Yes," said his mother one day, "you think you must be a mighty picker and chooser; and if you don't look out, you'll go clean through the woods and then have to be satisfied with a crooked stick. If you only knew it, S'phrony Miller is the girl for you—that is, if you could get her."

"As for the ability of sophisticating S'phrony Miller into the chains of mattermony, ma, I—no; perhaps I ought n't to use the words."

"I would n't if I were in your place," said Miss Maria. "It would be a good thing for you to get S'phrony, if you could. If you'd marry, Cousin Sim would. I really believe he's waiting to see when you are going to settle before starting out himself, intending to keep himself entirely out of your way."

"Sim! He's a dear good fellow, is n't he? I wish Sim had a better gift of languages; but—oh, old Sim will get on well enough, I hope. As for me and myself, you and ma, and, I may say, all other ladies, ha! ha! will have to wait till my mind comes to judgment."

"I say *judgment!*" retorted his mother, probably not knowing herself precisely all that she intended to convey by the remark.

It was different with Sim. Having reached manhood safely, soundly, and honorably, it began to occur to him that it might be a good thing to get a wife. At first there was no eagerness in the notion. He had been too busy to go about much, and it was only when riding to Horeb meeting-house and back again,—sometimes perhaps during a long sermon within,—that he had begun to throw, with moderately heightened interest, speculative eyes among the pretty girls who were there in such profusion. Then his observations of the life led by Mr. Billy Downs, the most respectable old bachelor among his acquaintances, backed by numerous kind admonitions bestowed upon him by the latter, were leading gradually to the decision that, on the whole, married life was

preferable to single, when one took the pains to study their several promises of results, general and special.

II.

Now when, with this thought on his mind, Sim next went to the Millers', whose place joined both the Newsomes' and the Kindricks', and looked at S'phrony from his new point of view, he felt that he was content to rest there. S'phrony, who was a tall, rather blonde, pensivish, sweet-looking girl, and her young sister were the only offspring of their parents. Their dwelling was yet smaller than the Kindricks', but whiter, and more shrubby was in the yard than in both the other places put together. If the plantation had less acreage, the land was fresher, and it would not have been easy to say of the two sides, one adjoining the Newsomes', and the other the Kindricks', which was the better.

When S'phrony noticed that the remarks lately made by Sim at the house, although not numerous, seemed to have been intended mainly for herself, she felt the interest usually rising on such occasions, and from that time her talk, the way she dressed, the increased perfume of flowers, and one thing and another about the room, the non-appearing of her sister and parents when he called, all tended to confirm him in the thought that he was attempting what, if successful, would be a good and sensible thing.

Mr. Billy Downs, between whom and himself was an intimacy which, on the part of the former, was warmly fond, urged him to be as quiet as possible, but correspondingly speedy. The reasons for his advice he had sufficient grounds for not fully disclosing. Yet Sim's instincts convinced him that it was good, and at his fourth visit he was not far from putting to S'phrony a question as pointed as he knew how to frame it. He fully resolved that he would do so at the next, and but for one thing this would have been done. That thing—not meaning, by use of such a word, to be openly offensive to his memory—was Jones Kindrick. For—don't you know?—no sooner had he found that Sim was going to the Millers' in suspicious circumstances, than he went to running there himself. More than that, he made it his business to come over to the Newsomes', and, not finding Sim at the house, to follow him out to the very field where Sim was overseeing the hands. When he found him, thousands upon thousands of words were used by him, of which I shall here put down a few:

"Ma and sister Maria have been for some time past specified. They have both been going on to me about S'phrony Miller in a way and to an extent that in some circumstances might be called even obstreperous; and to quiet their conscience, I've begun a kind of a



MR. BILLY DOWNS.

visitation over there, and my mind has arrived at the conclusion that she's a good, nice piece of flesh, to use the expressions of a man of the world and society. What do you think, Sim, of the matter under consideration, and what would you advise, as I like to have your advice sometimes, and I'd like to know what it would be under all the circumstances and appurtenances of a case which, as it stands, it seems to have, and it is n't worth while to conceal the fact that it *does* have, a tremendous amount of immense responsibility to all parties, especially to the undersigned, referring, as is well known in books and newspaper advertisements, to myself. What would you say to the above, Sim, in all its parts and parties?"

It was fortunate for Sim that his hopes had not been lifted so high that their sudden fall would be too extremely painful. Through the hints of Mr. Downs he had been feeling some apprehension as to what Jones might do when he heard of his visits to S'phrony, and he held his feelings in restraint. He now drew a long breath, the significance of which was lost upon his cousin; then answered:

"I did n't—that is, I never quite got all your languages, Jones; but my opinion of S'phrony is, that she's the equil of—I may say—yes, of any of 'em. Ahem!"

"Your advice then, Sim, is not to the contrary, in all the circumstances?"

"You mean—is it your meaning to the courting of S'phrony, Jones?"

"You may say words to that effect, for the sake of the whole argyment."

"My advice," answered Sim, after swallowing the air that had accumulated in his mouth—"my advice would be to *anybody*—that is, I mean any *marryin'* man—that *wanted* S'phrony, if I was asked for my advice, I should give it to git S'phrony if he can. I have no hizitation about that, nor not a doubt."

"Of course, Sim, in an affair magnified as we are on now, your opinion is worth more than ma's and sister Maria's both put together, although it's a satisfaction that, as the case now stands, you colide with 'em perfect. I have not yet represented to S'phrony any open remarks; but I have insinooated a few pleasant words to her, and her looks on those occasions were that she were expecting more of the same sort; and now, since I've had this highly interesting conversation with you, I rather think I shall govern myself according. Still, there can be no doubt, I don't suppose, but what the future is before us, just like the past is behind us, and I can't but thank you for your kind remarks, so entire coliding with ma and sister Maria."

Brave man was Simeon Newsome, and in most things self-reliant enough; but he believed that he knew perfectly well that nothing could be more vain than for such as he to essay to rival a man of such vast sentiments and such boundless powers of expression. Never had Jones appeared so great before his eyes, what time he could take them off the ground and look up his full length. In his mind he bade S'phrony Miller farewell, except as a prospective cousin, and when Jones, after oceans of other words, went away, he tried to go to thinking about something else. The long habit of submission to his superior, and somewhat of the old gratification of seeing him an easy leader in movements of his genius and inclination, soon induced a condition of moderate resignation. Had it not been so with Piri-thoüs after the success of the joint endeavors of Theseus and himself in that first "rape of Helen" in the temple of Diana Orthia? Did he not foresee that the lots cast for her would fall to the greater? As far back as that one understood well enough how such things go, and so, uncomplaining, even congratulatory, the subordinate went away to seek the less fair Kore among the Molossians.

Far less content with the condition of things was Mr. Billy Downs. A brief description must serve for the outside of him. He was a rather small, grizzly, thin, but wiry gentleman, somewhere between forty-five and fifty. He lived in a double log house a mile nearer the village

than the Newsomes. He could have afforded to put up a far better mansion, making and laying up as he had been doing for the last twenty-five years. Everybody liked him, and he liked everybody except Jones Kindrick; but this exception was because he loved Sim Newsome better than anybody else. According to neighborhood tradition, Mr. Downs had reason to feel peculiar tenderness for Sim. In his youth he had wanted, and in his unskilful way had tried to get, Sim's mother when she was Miss Fortner. Failing in this, he drew himself in, and stayed there until this son had grown old enough to make acquaintance beyond the domestic circle, since when, notably since the death of Mr. Newsome, he had been indulging for him a feeling somewhat like parental, and it grieved him to see that he was rather dwarfed by his admitted inferiority to Jones Kindrick. The process of affiliation was slow, because Mr. Downs seldom went to the house in Mr. Newsome's lifetime, and after his death, from feelings of delicacy, never. When this good man saw how things had gone in the matter of S'phrony Miller, he decided to throw out a few words, holding back others to a later day. Using a name fonder than that by which Sim was commonly addressed, he said:

"Simyul, if it have been me, when I see Jones a-beginnin' to use over there at the Millers', with his striped kervats and them dictionary words, that was above my inf'mation, I should have done like you and drawn in my horns. You ain't the pushin' feller Jones Kindrick is, and my expe'unce is, it take pushin' with female young women to make much headway among 'em. I did hope it were youn and S'phrony's lot, because she 's a fine young woman. But it seem like it were n't; special as Jones is a kind of a cousin, and have always let you give up to him, which people says he ought n't too—that is, everlastin'. But now, Simyul, if it was me, I should spread out, and maybe git up a still-hunt outside o' Jones's range, and see what 's to come of him and S'phrony. For two things is absolute certain. One o' 'em is, S'phrony ain't the onlest girl in the State o' Georgy, and the other is, they ain't no tellin' the final upshot of her and Jones, and—well, if it was me, I should peeruse around at conven'ent times, and maybe ride over t' other side the river—we 'll say up, in, and along there about Williams Creek meetin'-house, where Jes Vinson live, and he have a big plantation and a daughter besides. But I should make a still-hunt if it was me, because they ain't any countin' on Jones, and special when he see you a likely to git ahead of him. Of course I got nothin' ag'inst Jones Kindrick, only I *do* wish that Jones Kindrick could git to understand that he ain't to have

every girl in the whole State, and special them that he see you a-buckin' up to."

Upon these words, apparently wise and evidently forbearing, Sim felt that he ought at least thoughtfully to ponder.

III.

On a Saturday not long afterward, as Mr. Jesse Vinson, one of the deacons, was listening with subdued attention to the sermon then being delivered by the pastor of Williams Creek meeting-house, he observed a young man come in softly, take a seat decorously, and with proper solemnity keep his eyes on the preacher during the remainder of the discourse. When a recess was taken prior to the meeting of the regular conference, Mr. Vinson, having learned that the stranger was the son of his old friend and church brother Eli Newsome, asked if he would go and spend the night with him. Sim naturally answered yes. Arrived at the Vinson mansion, a respectable brick two-story, a mile away, he found, as Mr. Downs had said, that a young girl was there, and that she was not unlike S'phrony Miller, only taller, dressier, and more chatty. With such a girl a bashful young man can make his way more easily than with one like himself. Alley Vinson kindly led him along paths which she discovered he could tread with least embarrassment. When he went to bed that night, he felt that perhaps he had done a good thing by venturing there. So he felt next morning on the way to meeting, and so when the congregation was dispersing, and he bade her good-by, and thanked her for the invitation to come again.

I don't remember if it was ever known positively how Jones Kindrick found out that Sim had been to Williams Creek: but Mr. Billy Downs afterward said that he was glad of it, although he never admitted that he had contributed anything leading to the information. At all events, at the next meeting-day at Horeb, two weeks thereafter, Jones hardly more than spoke to Sim and the latter was surprised, after the people were going back home, to see nobody in this wide world riding along with S'phrony but her father and sister, and S'phrony all the while looking as if she felt as lonesome as she could be. Mr. Downs and Sim traveled along together. The former was as punctual at religious services as the very deacons. Conscious of being a bachelor and a sinner, and therefore unmeet for the kingdom of heaven, he had never applied for membership, but he hoped, by the use of other outward means, to make his case as mild as possible at the final judgment, which naturally he hoped would be put off as long as possible.

"It look like a onlucky accident, Simyul, but

my hopes is it 'll turn out for the best. Jones have a evident a struck on to your trail acrost the river; and now look at him yonder among them men, a-wavin' of his tongue and the balance o' hisself, and S'phrony along of her pa and her sister by her lone self. Somethin's up betwix' him and her; and if it was me, I should n't go to no Williams Creek next meetin'-day, but I should wait to see where the cat 's goin' to jump."

"I've done made up my mind that I ain't a-goin' there for yet a while."

"Of course you ain't; I knewed all the time you were n't. Now, if it was me, I should feel like givin' my horse a cut and gallopin' up, and sidlin' in there by S'phrony, betwix' her and her pa; but I don't think I'd do it quite yit a while, so public like that, when her feelin's has been hurted, that is, provided she have 'em for Jones, which I always can *not* but has had my doubts, and special now when he 's a open neglectin' of her in that kind o' style. And if it was me, I should let Jones have all the rope he want."

Other talk they had on the way. Mr. Downs had not command of what he called Jones Kindrick's dictionary words, but when he felt like it, he could be equally voluminous. Stammering had been the language in which the single love of his youth had been conveyed, but now in the romance of this young man whom his imagination had adopted for a son, uncertain, unfixed though it was, he felt an interest equal to that of the most impassioned lover.

Mr. Downs had wished heartily for Sim to marry S'phrony. In his mild way often he had remonstrated with him for his habitual yielding to Jones. Sim had listened to his praise without objecting; for to the humblest as to the vainest sweet are the panegyrics of a friend. Yet it would have been too painful, therefore it was not possible, to part from the exalted estimate that he had had of Jones all his life. Mr. Downs recognized this; and therefore instead of blaming, he seemed rather to ratify his withdrawal from his little stage when Jones with his paraphernalia of every sort stepped upon the boards. It was for this also that he sent Sim upon the expedition across the river. He believed that Alley Vinson would be an entirely

safe investment, yet the main motive was to excite in Jones curiosity first, and afterward jealousy, and so lead him away from the Millers'. He believed now that he had succeeded. His last words to Sim were:

"You lay low, Simyul; keep a-layin' low as you can git. They ain't no tellin' what Jones 'll do, nor what he won't do. But one thing is certain: Jones Kindrick can't do *everything*, a includin' the marryin' of everybody. You may stick a pin right there among them words."



"YOU TALK LIKE I WAS A PIECE OF POUND-CAKE, OR A TUMBLER OF SILLIBUB."

He rode on home, his mind occupied with all the wistful thoughts and the sweet thoughts of a true lover. Bless his old heart!

IV.

AMONG the rural folk of that generation courtships and espousals were for the most part brief. Of the two, Sim and Jones, Alley's father liked better the former; but Sim, acting on the counsel of Mr. Downs, was lying low on his side of the river, and perhaps Alley felt a tiff for such neglect. At all events, about two months afterward, Jones went over there in the family carriage, and brought her back with him to stay.

It was pleasant to see Mr. Downs when Jones was taken out of all rival possibilities with his dear Simyul.

"Simyul, it have come egzact as I wanted. Now you can come out and breathe the a'r free. And now you got the whole S'phrony Miller field before you, and if it was me I should go

in, and I should go in speedy, and I should go in bold."

Sim began at once to feel like a new man, and congratulated himself for following the salutary counsels of Mr. Downs. On the very next meeting-day S'phrony seemed to him nicer and sweeter than ever before. There was a merriness not habitual in her face and in her words when, after the start home, she referred to the new couple.

"Jones and his bride looked quite cozy and bright. Did n't you think so, Sim?"

right straight, like I wanted to do, and was a-goin' to do when I see Jones a-comin' and—and—a-barkin' up the same tree."

Her laugh, unused as she was to great hilarity, rang loud.

"I—I declare I 'm glad 'to hear it, that I was mistaken."

"Did I say you were mistaken?"

"No; but you laughed, which go to show that you ain't been a-pesterin' your mind about Jones."

"No, indeed; I never put in any sort of



"I KNOW EGZACT HOW YOU FEEL, SIMYUL."

"Well, yes. Jones special looked very comfortable. I 'm glad he 's located at last."

"So am I."

"You? I—I 'm glad to hear it, S'phrony."

"What for?"

"Because I—I did n't know exactly how you and Jones stood."

"Stood? Why, we stood always as we 're standing now. What do you mean?"

"I—fact is, S'phrony, I thought Jones been a-wantin' of you."

"I hope you have n't been thinking that I wanted Jones."

She looked at him in mild, smiling reproach, and her lips were so red and her teeth so white that Sim was thankful that they did not and now never could belong to Jones.

"I did n't know—why, of course I did n't know, S'phrony."

"I knew you did n't. I suppose you did n't care."

"Oh, yes, I did; yes, I did."

"And suppose you had known that I did n't, then what?"

"Why, I should have put in then myself,

bid for Jones Kindrick. You always set a higher value on your cousin Jones than anybody else did—except Alley Vinson."

"And I 'm mighty glad she done it. Because," he said almost fretfully—"because ever since my mind been in a condition to want anybody for myself, I been a-wantin' of you."

"Why, then, did n't you come out like a man and tell me so?"

"It were because Jones—law me, S'phrony, I done told you about Jones."

"And then you thought you 'd go over to the Vinsons'."

She looked at him searchingly.

"It were Uncle Billy Downs sent me over there."

"For what?"

"Well, Uncle Billy say that it might sagashuate Jones away from you."

"What in this world is that? Sagashuate! That word 's beyond me."

"It were Uncle Billy's word. He meant that Jones would be for puttin' out my tracks over there, like he put 'em out over here.

If I had have knew that Jones had called off from you, I declare on my word and honor, S'phrony, I 'd never went nigh there."

"Suppose you had thought that Jones jilted me, what would you have done then?"

"I 'd 'a' come at you jes the same, S'phrony, jes the same."

"Then I say, bless your heart, and Mr. Downs's too."

"I 'm glad to hear it."

He looked at her wistfully, and said not another word.

"Well?" at length she inquired.

"I—I got no more to say, but, soon as Jones were off the track for good, Uncle Billy and me we made up our minds for me to court you."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Ain't I been a-tryin' to do it, S'phrony, ever sence we left the meetin'-house?"

"Oh! now I think I understand you. What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say yes, and then, waitin' like I been a-doin', I don't want you to put it off too fur."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you now plain, Sim Newsome, that there is n't a man living that I would get married to inside of two months, and you need n't to ask me."

"Let me see; that would fetch it to middle of December. That 'll suit me, S'phrony. It 'll come in nice for Christmas."

"Laws help my heart, Sim! You talk like I was a piece of pound-cake, or a tumbler of sillibub."

"No comparison to them, S'phrony; not to a whole oven full o' pound-cake, nor a whole stand o' sillibub."

"Hush! And now let me tell you one thing, my young man. If I am to marry you, you have got to quit letting Jones Kindrick top you in every everlasting thing. I have been mad many a time to see how he has run over you, when you were worth ten times as much. Do you hear me?"

"I hear every word you say, S'phrony. Betwix' me and you and Uncle Billy Downs, I know Jones can be made to—to shinny on his own side."

"No, sir; I shall have nothing to do with it; and your uncle Billy Downs, as you call him, shall have nothing to do with it. If you can't keep yourself on a level with Jones Kindrick, I 'll—I think we 'd just as well drop it, and go to talking about something else. It 's right cool to-day, don't you think so, for the middle of October?"

"S'phrony, please don't go to drappin' all my feelin's down on the very ground, talkin' about the weather! I hain't been a-studyin' about the weather, nor thinkin' nor keerin' one

single continental whether it 's cool or hot. I ought n't to brought in you and Uncle Billy, and if you say so, the first time I ketch Jones Kindrick out of his house, I 'll whirl in on him and maul some of his big languages out of him. S'phrony, please take back what you said about the weather, won't you?"

She looked at him affectionately, and said:

"My dear Sim, I 'm not afraid that you won't assert your manhood. I take back all I said about the weather, and everything else that hurt you."

"I 'm glad to hear it. I hain't never been afraid of Jones. It 's his big languages which I never learnt that has made me keep out of his way. Jones know I can out-farm him, out-run him, fling him down, and can whip him, if it come to that; and now since I find you don't like my givin' up to him, which ma and Uncle Billy has always ruther scolded me for doin', he better keep some of his languages to himself, for me."

"There 'll be no need of any fussing. Jones will see that hereafter you intend to be your own man, and that will be all that is needed."

"I 'm glad to hear it."

"Is that all you have to say? If it had been Jones, he would have used some of his biggest words in saying what sort of wife I 'd make."

"Confound Jones!"

v.

It is a goodly sight, the influence of a good woman on a husband who needs it. Fortified by the support of S'phrony, Sim felt, if in some respects not yet the full equal of Jones, at least sufficient to all usual responsibilities. It delighted Mr. Downs to see him lift up his head among men, even in the presence of Jones, and not much less when the Newsome fence was extended in order to take in such a beautiful slice of the Miller land. In the next year Sim's mother died, after which Mr. Downs, his embarrassment being now all gone, visited freely at the house, and contributed his part to Sim's development into a big, solid, respectable farmer.

When the novelty with Jones was about over, he seemed to feel somewhat the constraint of being confined in his attentions to just one wife, especially when Alley showed herself to be a person who would not be willing to submit to any very great amount of foolishness. Her father's indebtedness was more than had been suspected, and the dowry that had come along with her was much less than what Jones had counted upon. Alley made up, at least she tried to make up, for this deficit by industry and self-assertion, which, if he only had known it, were the very things that, for his sake, were best

for her to have. It is curious how a man who long has towered among men can be let down by one woman, not oversized or aggressive, only firm and ladylike. His lofty gait, exuberant gaiety, and overflowing verbosity declined in the constant presence of a wife who estimated him at his comparative conjugal value, and not much more. Alley and S'phrony were very friendly, ostensibly affectionate. Yet it cut Alley, who was more ambitious, to suspect that S'phrony felt that she had the better husband; for not until after her marriage had she learned that it was not for the want of trying that Jones had not gotten S'phrony; then she remembered, with a sting of more than one kind, how lightly, before their marriage, he had spoken of Sim, whom she now saw was regarded by everybody except Jones as the latter's superior. Her very loyalty imparted to these stings a sharper painfulness. Stimulated by her influence, Jones became much more energetic in business, and, like all such persons, hoped to recover his lost ascendancy. At the death of his mother, intestate, a year afterward, he persuaded his sister Maria to forego a property division, as they were to continue to live together. Upon this arrangement Mr. Downs expressed his opinions, but only to Sim.

"It ain't people's own fault when they hain't the beautiful face of other people, Simyul. I know that from experience, but that ain't no reason for them to be runned over, and they 'd 'a' been a fuss if any o' my people had wanted to keep me out o' my sheer o' my father's property because I were n't their equal in poaty and sizeable. As for Jones, he 's bound to be above *somebody*. He have lit off o' you, and he can't git the up-hand o' his wife, and now he have lit on to Miss M'ria. He hain't got what he expected to git by Alley, and now I suppose he think he 'll make it up out of Miss M'ria."

Miss Maria was as good as she was plain. She had great respect for her sister-in-law, but she loved best S'phrony, with whom she sometimes held chats more or less confidential.

"Brother thought it was n't worth while to have a division, as we were all together, and I did n't care about it, as I never expect to go away from there. Alley said not one word about it, no way; for she 's a good, honorable woman, Alley is, but it cut her sometimes, I suspicion, that brother don't make and manage equal to cousin Sim. She treats me just like her own sister, which as for brother, he hain't always done; that is, not to that extent. He know I never expect to change my condition, and so I suppose he think it ain't worth while. And then, you know, the little baby 's named Maria, which of course it 's after ma, although the same name as me, and it 's a sweet a little thing as it can be, and it take to me a'most the

same as it take to Alley, and so on the whole I told brother, at least for the present, and till I said different, to let things stay as they are."

Things went on with reasonable smoothness for two years longer, at the end of which, after the birth of her second child, S'phrony died. It was very hard on poor Sim, who, for all he thought about it, and grieved about it, and did everything about it that is usually done in such painful emergencies, was not able to see how, if ever, the loss was to be repaired.

VI.

In this while everything about Mr. Downs had grown more dry, not rapidly, but perceptibly. No; there was one exception—his love for Sim.

"Been my own daughter," he said often, as tears were in his eyes, "I would n't 'a' felt more miserable, special for poor Simyul. The good Lord always know what 's for the best; but sech as that never struck me that way. I no doubt S'phrony have gone to mansions in the sky, for she was as good as they ever make 'em; but what poor Simyul is to do, I has yit to see."

For several months he watched and tended him closely; he waited such time as was respectful to S'phrony's memory, and then decided that in a manner as delicate as possible he would put forth a feeler.

"Simyul, M'ria Kindrick may n't be as handsome as some, nor she may n't be quite as young; but that nor them don't hinder her from bein' a uncommon fine female, and I have been stud'in' on it, and my mind have arriv at the conclusion that M'ria Kindrick would make the best sort of a companion to them that has lost who they oncet had, and is left with two little motherless children."

Sim shuddered slightly; then in his heart he thanked Mr. Downs, whose motives he knew to be all kindness, for only hinting his thoughts, instead of blurting them out, as is sometimes done by people who seem to have not a particle of delicacy. He looked at his children, one waddling about on the piazza, the other in the nurse's arms, and said:

"Uncle Billy, it appears like to me that since S'phrony 's been gone I feel like I don't keer one blessed thing—that is, for myself."

"I know egzact how you feel, Simyul, though I ain't never been in them conditions, a-owin', I suppose, to my not a never havin' a wife to lose o' no sort. But if it was me, I should have my eye on them children, a-knowin' no *man* person can always see which sech as them, innercent if they be, is obleeged to have."

"The good Lord know how sorry I am for

'em," and Sim looked at them with much generosity.

"Of course you are, a-bein' they 're your own childern; but a young man like you, he ought to be sorry for hisself too."

Then Sim candidly admitted that he was.

"I 'm thankful for that much," said Mr. Downs, heartily, "and if it was me, I should try my level best to requiperate, like the doctor say; I should try to polish myself up in all mod'rate ways, and let people see that I had n't give up, not by a long shot; and to save my life, I can't keep out of my head, if Jones was to divide with Miss M'ria, which, bein' his own dear sister, he 's bound to do, and this side o' the plantation was to fall to her, how compack every thing would be, provided people had the mind to make it so by jindin' and nunitin' o' theirselves and it and them."

After several talks on this line, Sim lifted up his head as well as he could. It was not strange that he should drop in at the Kindricks' occasionally, and listen thankfully to what consolation the family offered. After the first outpour, Jones did little in that way; but Alley, and especially Miss Maria, were earnestly sympathetic and kind. Sim soon began to come there quite often, so often that Jones considered it necessary to say something about it. One morning at the breakfast-table he looked up from his plate and said:

"M'ria, Sim Newsome comes here oftener than I can see fit to take any stock in his travelings and in his visits."

At that moment both ladies had their coffeecups in their hands, Miss Maria's touching her lips, and Alley's on its way. These were set down promptly, Miss Maria's so abruptly that some of its contents splashed into the saucer. She looked straight at Jones for a second or so, then rose, and left the room.

Contrariwise with Alley. Her face reddened with generous shame, and she said:

"I have heard you make many imprudent, not to say foolish and shameless, speeches, but never one equal to that."

Her disgust was so manifest that he avoided the look which she gave him, and said sullenly:

"I jest wanted to inform M'ria that Sim Newsome was not fooling nor hidwinking me, sneaking over here with his moanin' talks and conversations."

"Mr. Newsome has not been coming here in any such way, Mr. Kindrick, and if he has been coming here at all with the notion which you showed Maria that you believe, I don't see, for my life, how you could study up a better way to drive her to accept him at the first offer he makes to her."

"My Lord! for a gentleman's own wife to converse in that way, and on a subject of the

virtualest importance to him as the man of the house."

"Gentleman! Man of the house! Pshaw!" Then she rose also, and left him to himself. Going to Maria's chamber, she said:

"Maria, do please try not to mind Mr. Kindrick. I am deeply mortified; but I hope you understand your brother well enough to not let his reckless, insulting words distress you too much."

"Law, my dear child! I left the table to keep from seeing the trouble that I knew such outrageous words would give you. Cousin Sim, I don't suppose, has been thinking about me as brother hinted. But brother ought to know that if cousin Sim was foolish enough to want me, the way to make me take him would be to talk about him in that way."

"Let us kiss, and say no more about it."

And so they did.

In a case of this sort, which inevitably must grow worse if it does not grow better, and that soon, there was one of two things for a man like Jones Kindrick to do. One was to amend himself. But people like him cannot learn to yield entirely a supremacy after it has been admitted so long. When his control over Sim had ceased, he thought to transfer it to Alley. Failing here, except so far as a loyal wife will always submit to any sort of husband, he now sought to domineer over his patient sister, and we have seen what was likely to come of that. Jones, although not an old man, was too old to amend. Perhaps he had so decided in his mind. Then, not so intending, however, he took the other alternative. To make short an unpleasant recital, he went into a decline, and when he foresaw that he was not to retrace his steps, he asked Sim, as a cousin and a friend, to be as liberal as he could with Alley and the baby when division of his mother's estate should be had between them and Maria. And Sim promised solemnly that whatever influence he should have in that matter should be exerted on the line of the wishes just declared. Jones thanked him and the rest for all that they had done and promised, and then went his way.

"On the whole," said Mr. Downs, kindly, "it were as honor'ble thing as Jones could do, poor feller."

VII.

"No, Simyul," said Mr. Downs, feeling the sweetness which we all have when in forgiving mood, "they ain't a thing I has to say ag'inst poor Jones. He were a fine young man, if he have only knowed how to act different."

A generous man, Sim felt becoming regrets. He was touched by the appeal in behalf of Alley and her baby, and he resolved to befriend them

to the degree comporting with other claims. He had not intimated to Miss Maria that if she should choose, she might have the place left vacant by S'phrony. Once or twice, constantly stimulated by Mr. Downs and the needs of his children, he had not been very far from doing it. But, somehow, S'phrony's image or lack of ardent desire had hindered. When Jones had gotten out of everybody's way, Sim gradually began to ask himself if he were quite as sorry as he used to be; for somehow, when he was at the Kindricks', he had somewhat of a notion that Jones, wherever he was (and he sincerely hoped it was a good place), had his eye upon him. Alley behaved with entire decorum, exhibiting neither too much nor too little of unavailing sorrow. Both ladies accepted thankfully his counsels about the management of their business. Seeing how much these were needed in the comparatively run-down condition in which things had been left, he went over often, because, business man that he was, he knew it to be necessary.

This seems a fitting place to mention the somewhat changed relations of Sim and Mr. Downs toward each other. Latterly their confidential chattings had been getting into rather dwindling condition. Perhaps neither did so deliberately; but at all events they seemed to have decided simultaneously that the future, better than they, would know how to take care of itself.

Mr. Downs's land joined both properties. One day it occurred to him that the Downs-Kindrick line of fence, being rather crumbling, ought to be reset. While walking alongside he discovered an ancient mark which showed that the fence had been put by mistake on the hither side of his line. Knowing that right was nothing but right, he resolved to ride over and have a friendly talk upon the subject with one or both of the Kindrick ladies. But he did not do so immediately after making the discovery. No; he first went to town and purchased some very nice cloth and other materials, had everything cut out by the tailor, and afterward,—on that same day, bless you,—rode away up to Miss Faithy Wimpy, whom he, as well as everybody else, knew to be the best maker-up in that whole region. When all was finished and brought back, it was then that he went to the Kindricks'. Yet he did not travel by the public road, which would have taken him by the Newsome place. He rode over his own ground until reaching the fence aforementioned. This he laid down, and, after passing over, traveled on quietly and thoughtfully. The ladies were sitting on the piazza, each moderately busy at some sort of needlework, when they heard from behind the house the opening and shutting of a gate that led into the lower portion of the plantation.

"Wonder who can be there at that gate," said Miss Maria, suspending her work; "the hands ain't anywhere in that part of the plantation." Rising, she walked to the end of the piazza, and, looking back, said: "Alley, do come here. It's Mr. Downs's horse, I *think*, but who in this world it is that's on him, I can't tell."

The horseman came on alongside the garden and the yard. Proceeding thence to one of the trees near the gate, he alighted, hitched his beast, and, opening the gate, advanced modestly up the walk. Even then Miss Maria did n't dream who it was.

"Why, Maria," said Alley, "it's Mr. Downs himself." And she smiled; for by this time, poor thing, she could pick up a little sprightliness.

"What in this world," said Miss Maria in low tones, "can he be coming here for, and from the back way? that is, if it's him, which I don't—why, how d' ye, Mr. Downs? I did n't know you at first."

"You knewed *me*, Miss Maria," he answered, as he was shaking hands, "but you knewed not these strange clothes, special comin' up the back way of a sudden like."

"Might have been something in that," she answered, trying to ignore another faint smile on Alley's face.

"Come on business," he said when seated, and with many carefully selected words he proceeded to tell what it was, looking at one and the other alternately. They answered promptly that they had not a doubt of the verity of his statements, and that the fence should be made to conform to the newly ascertained line.

"Well," said the visitor, with as much heartiness as he could command, "if you two had been a couple o' men, which I'm thankful you ain't. I'd 'a' had to palarver and palarver about that line, and then maybe not satisfy 'em. But bein' women, it's done settled in short order. I'll git Simyul Newsome to ride down there with me some time soon, so he can see they ain't no doubts about it. You can trust Simyul, I know."

"Certainly," answered Miss Maria; "but we can trust you just as well, Mr. Downs."

"I'm much obleeged;" and afterward he thought of a thousand more words which he could and would have said, but that they did not occur to him until after he had left the house.

When he reached home, he gave some swift orders to his foreman, and then, after putting off his finery, and getting into his every-day things, rode straight to the Newsomes'. When he got there, if it had been to save his own life, or even that of Sim, he could not have told exactly how he felt. He began as coolly as it was possible to try to assume to be:

"I 'v been over to the Kindricks' this mornin', Simyul."

"Ah? I 'm glad to hear it, Uncle Billy. I hope you found all well."

"Yes; I heard no complaint. No; I were down there by me and their fence, and I concluded I 'd peeruse on up to the house and let them females know that I acc'dental found out that the fence were n't exactly on the line betwix' us, but it run a leetle on my side. When I told 'em, they said they was perfect riconciled to have it sot right. I told 'em I 'd see you about it first, so you could see I were n't mistakened, as I could show a cross-mark on a tree plain as open and shet. They 'lowed they was willin' to trust ary one of us, me and you."

"Of course, Uncle Billy. I would have known they 'd 'a' said that. About what difference does it make?"

"I should say five acres, more or less, by the look of my eye."

"All right; when you git ready, I 'll speak to them, and they 'll help you move the fence. I 'll take your word for it."

"That 's what I sha'n't do, Simyul, and that 's what I come to see you about."

"Why, it 's nothing but right."

But in the tone of Mr. Downs and in his look was a firmness which convinced Sim that it would be useless to insist.

"No, Simyul; not with the feelin's and the respects I has for them females. You want to know what I done soon as I got home from there? I called for Sam, I did, and I told him to let the hands drap everything, and go down there and tear down that fence, and then set it up again with sound rails, top to bottom, eend to eend, on the same line as before."

"I cannot understand you, Uncle Billy."

"I don't wonder at you, Simyul, for nother can I understand myself, not square, straight up and down. But let me tell you fur as I can see down into my own insides."

Here Mr. Downs felt his eyes begin to tremble; so he turned them away from Sim, and thus proceeded:

"When I got there in the cool o' the mornin' like, and I see them couple o' fine women a-settin' there in the piazzer, busy as two bees, and it look like the bein' of a widder have improved Alley to that, I could n't but say to myself, if it was me, and I was a young man, it seem like the sight of her would perfect blind a feller's eye. And then I say to myself, what a pity! because, when the time come, and Simyul Newsome and Miss M'ria Kindrick may see it their juty to be pardners, if for nothin' else, for conven'ence, and then when the prop'ty is divided, I said to myself, I sha'n't fence in that land, but I 'll leave it right whar it is, vallible as

it is, and the timber that 's on it, I 'll leave it thar for the survivor."

"Why, law, Uncle Billy! I and cousin Maria have no such notion."

"What?" cried Mr. Downs, turning upon Sim, his eyes dancing and his face aglow with smiles. "Well, well, well! Now my mind 's easy, Simyul, which it hain't been before not sence they told me the breath were out o' poor Jones's body for good. I knewed it were n't eggact the thing to be thinkin' about it so yearly, but the good Lord know I could n't he'p it, and I say to myself it do look like the good Lord have flung another chance in your way, after givin' up so many times to Jones, which, poor feller, I hain't nary a word to say ag'inst him, now he 's dead and gonied; but facts is facts, and I am now a-talkin' to you as a man o' jedgment in this world, which no man, and I may say no nobody else, ever deparches from it tell they time come, and when it do, you can't no more hender 'em from goin' than you can hender the sun from settin', and if he ever had a 'wife, the said wife is then cut loose, and that for good. Why, the very 'postle Paul writ that. Of course, you know, I ain't sayin' ary thing ag'inst Jones, a-layin' where he is, and a-leavin' of a wife which for beautiful I never see but one which was beyant her; but that was before you was borned. Let that all go now."

Then with a gentle gesture he waved back the image of the love of his youth, and proceeded:

"But to begin where we lef' off. When they told me that Jones, poor feller, have give up, it flash in my mind quick as thunder that it do look like Jones Kindrick have gone away peaceable and honor'ble, and flung his widder and his innercent infant on to you, a-knowin' that you would forgive him and do the best you could by both of 'em, and special when I did think on my soul this mornin' she was pooty as a pink, spite o' all her moanin' caliker, I say to myself, there 's Simyul Newsome's chance. As for the last survivor, Miss M'ria, I 'll yit leave that line fence jest as it is."

Sim promised to ponder these words.

VIII.

WHEN one approaches and foresees the end of a story, detail is tiresome. Sim had promised to ponder, and he did so with entire fidelity and some rapidity. Even yet he had not parted from all sense of the vast superiority of Jones over himself, and he looked with some dread upon the attempt to be a successor to such a man; but he remembered that he had given his promise to him to aid in having justice done to his widow and child; then Alley was more

beautiful, and looked sweeter than ever before, and — yes, he was obliged to admit that he loved her. Sim Newsome, notwithstanding his humility, was a man who, when his mind was made up to do a thing, could go right along to it. So one day he went over there, and as soon as he had taken her hand and said good morning, he told her that he had come to ask if she would have him. Alley did not answer immediately, but stepped back to bring out a chair for him, and to see if Miss Maria had gone out, as she knew that she was expecting to do. It was then that, holding her eyes down, and looking at her hands folded in her lap, she answered that she would.

And now there were left Miss Maria and Mr. Downs. It would be a tedious recital of her lonesomeness all by herself in that big house, and the increased sense of it that lately had come to Mr. Downs in the smaller mansion which hitherto had been large enough to contain him and all his simple familiar things and ambitions. I could not say what influence interest in two romances had exerted upon a mind long unused to such things. But Jones

Kindrick having gotten out of Sim's way for good and all, and the latter no longer needing help to withstand his encroachings, Mr. Downs began to feel lonesome both for himself and for Miss Maria. I could not tell, because I never knew, nor did anybody else, precisely how these two got together. In the economy of the world, provision is made somewhere for all legitimate wants. We have been taught by microscopic investigation that even the protoplasm, which has neither eyes, nor mouth, nor ears, nor hands, nor feet, not inside, nor outside, yet knows how to seek and find affiliation with its kind, if for nothing else, for comfort in its solitude. Bysome sort of quasi-involuntary, but always friendly movements, executed in a comparatively brief time after Alley and her baby had been taken to the Newsome house, these two became one. Some people said that the continued multiplication of poor kin around them had something to do with it; but others argued that the winning card in the hands of Mr. Downs, so intended when he slipped it out of the pack, was that generous sacrifice which he had made for the survivor.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

PHYLLIDA'S MOURNING.



BLUFF overlooking the turbid, swiftly flowing river, low hills rolling away beyond, a gray sky broken by one yellow streak in the west, and hot, breathless twilight hanging over all.

A wilderness of neglected paths, some for horse and some for man, crowned the bluff, separating from one another small irregular plats the tangled grass and shrubbery of which half hid the uneven clay mounds they contained. Over the hillocks were scattered, in more or less orderly arrangement, shells and broken china and glass, footless vases stuck into the earth, the bowls of old lamps, and marble images without noses. There was even a dilapidated doll or two among the medley. One would have imagined that children had chosen the spot for "playing house" on an abnormally large scale, had it not been for its distance from all habitations, and its air of desolation.

Two figures were outlined against the sky on the edge of the bluff. The taller was that of a slim, shapely mulatto girl of eighteen, who watched listlessly the busy fingers of the small figure squatted at her feet, very brown as to face, hands, bare legs, and curtailed gown. The only high lights in this sketch of nature were the whites of the eyes.

The child was planting a slip of geranium in a broken-spouted tea-pot of the Rebecca-at-the-well brand. "What mus' I name it, Phyllida?" she asked, pressing down the earth around the green stem. "I'm 'bliged to name it to make it grow good."

"Name it de 'Miss Lucy,' I reckon," said Phyllida, with a sigh so deep that it was almost a groan; "ol' Mis' give it to yo'. She would n' 'a' give it to me." She stooped and, taking the tea-pot, placed it carefully in a commanding position at the head of one of the low mounds, where it overlooked a happy combination of three tea-cups, a water-pitcher without a handle, a blue glass pickle-dish, two lamp-stands, and some broken vases. As she rose, she stepped back a pace or two to get the full effect, while an expression of satisfaction slowly dawned on her face.

"Dere now," she said, "dere ain' no prettier grave in de cemet'ry. Dey's mo' t'ings on Sis' Charlotte's grave," pointing to an adjacent mound where a rusty tin coffee-pot and a large red-and-white-flowered bottle such as barbers use for bay-rum stood guard over the smaller articles that covered it entirely, "an' dey's bigger t'ings on Unc' Joshua's," indicating a certain conspicuous white object in another direction, "but I would n' put no slop-jar on, don' care if did have a blue ban'. We on'y

got t'ings Mr. Brown love while he was 'live. I ain' dat kin' to stick t'ings on fo' show."

"Would n' all de bottles he done took de med'cine out'n look fine, Phyllida?" suggested the little sister. "Dey 's right smart of 'em."

"An' make it jus' like Brer Hayne's grave over dere?" said Phyllida, pointing the finger of scorn at a rough inelosure of barrel-staves and old wire, so slight that a stray calf might have knocked it down, but the small gate of which was carefully secured with a large pad-lock. Twelve medicine-bottles symmetrically adorned the one mound within, five on each side, one at the head, and one at the foot, all bearing the legend clearly blown in the glass, "Smith's Never-Failing Cure."

"No; I ain' got no trash on Mr. Brown's grave," continued Phyllida. "I gi' 'im de bes' I got in de house—seem like it's all I *can* do," she added, turning away with a farewell glance of mingled pride and pathos.

"'Clar' to gracious, Phyllida," said the brown morsel, looking apprehensively over her shoulder as they walked on, "it 's gittin' pow'ful dark."

"All de better," returned the other, gloomily. "A widder dat has to wear a calico wid as many colors as Joseph's coat better go to de cemet'ry after dark."

Superstitious terror of the place was too strong for the child, however, and a cold shiver ran over her. She slipped her hand into her sister's. "I would n' 'a' come in de firs' dark fo' no one but you, Phyllida," she said quaveringly, "an' de black dark a-comin'. Heap better go early in de mo'nin'—nobody 'll see you den."

"Seem like de *trees* 'u'd be 'bliged to laugh at a widder wid no crape," said Phyllida, despairingly, stopping before a grave they were passing. The underbrush grew thickly over it, almost concealing a crockery wash-bowl, half filled with drifted pine straw, on which lay a rubber rattle and two little worn baby shoes, weather-beaten and shriveled by many storms.

"Dat was Sis' Nanny's baby; 'member dat baby, Nonsense?" The brown shadow had been christened Narcissus, but every-day use had shortened the name into a most inappropriate title for so grave a personage. "Sis' Nanny she put on crape fo' dat chile like 't was her husban'—a little no-'count baby!" Phyllida punctuated the sentence by walking on, greatly to her sister's relief. "An' when Brer Sampson die, look at de fun'al," she continued. "All de 'Gospel sisters' wid white hats an' crape ban's, an' de 'Chil'ren of Jerusalem' wid black hats an' white ban's, an' all wid deir society handkerchiefs—tell you, 't was mighty fine. An' de widder in de deepes' mo'nin'. An' was n' de Rev'end Mr. Brown as great a preacher as Brer Sampson, jus' yo'

tell me? Did Brer Sampson ever preach a sermon like dat one Brer Brown preach, 'bout de works of nature? Don' you 'member, Nonsense, how de No'the'n gen'l'man dat hear him write it all down? Don' you 'member how he draw himself up, an' whack de big Bible, an' say, 'O my bredren, we could any of us make de bumblebee, *but who could put on de yaller fuzz?*' An' here is Brer Brown's widder, dat ought 'a' be holdin' up her head in a crape bonnet and veil, sneakin' roun' in de dark to de cemet'ry, 'fraid to meet up wid somebody."

"I would n' min'," urged her faithful consoler, stoutly. "Brer Brown had a mighty fine fun'al, I hear ev'ybody say. De white preacher come—"

"Mighty fine fun'al, sure 'nough," interrupted Phyllida, "an' de widder 'bliged to hide in de back room 'cause she got no mo'nin'!" The play of "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out would have been the only adequate comparison to Phyllida's mind, had she but known it. "De mo'nin' 's de bigges' part of it, chile. When ole Unc' Paulus die, Aunt 'Liza mighty po'ly—so po'ly she can' git out'n de bed. An' she put her mo'nin' bonnet an' veil an' black gloves on, an' set up in de bed an' see ev'ybody. If ol' Mis'—"

"I done ask ol' Mis', like you tell me," said the child, wistfully, "an' she say—"

"Oh, I know what she say well 'nough. Ol' Mis' ain' never forgive me yet," said Phyllida, with a groan, and they went on their way in silence to the cabin that they called home.

It was on the "outside skirts" of town, Aunt Clotilda said. The girls' parents lived in it, and had given Phyllida one of its three rooms when her husband's paralytic stroke had forced him to quit preaching and become dependent on his newly married wife. Phyllida had worked her slender young fingers to the bone for him. She had taken in washing until her strength failed her for such heavy work; she had gone out sewing, cooking,—doing anything she could find,—to return at night to her half-helpless charge, whom his disease had made imbecile, and to care for him like a baby.

"Ol' Mis'" had given her scant help. "Phyllida," she had said to her two years before, when the girl of sixteen had been so flattered by the attentions of the aging preacher, and so proud to become his third wife—"Phyllida, I have told you once and again you are worse than foolish to think of marrying that old man. A preacher is not an angel, though you all seem to imagine so, and he is obliged to grow old like any other man. Does his being a preacher make him any younger? I tell you plainly, Phyllida, if you marry that old man, you must not expect me to do anything for you."

Phyllida had burst into tears, begged Mrs. Rutledge to forgive her, left the house, and married her preacher.

Mrs. Rutledge had relented sufficiently toward her favorite handmaiden, the daughter of one of her former slaves, to send her a substantial wedding present, but that was all. Phyllida did not dare go to see her, nor did she ever send for Phyllida. The fact that she took the younger daughter, Narcissus, and proceeded to train her up to fill her sister's place argued nothing more than that she preferred to have around her the "old-fashioned" kind of negroes, as she phrased it, respectful and docile, as any children of Aunt Clotilda were sure to be. Mrs. Rutledge had small patience for the class of flippant, impertinent young colored girls who announce a negro huckster to the mistress as a "gen'l'man who wants to see yo'," and refuse to live in a house where they cannot "call colored people ladies, and white folks *women*."

Narcissus lacked the cleverness and good looks of her sister, but she was quiet and industrious, at least. If Mrs. Rutledge revived the time-honored rule, relaxed in favor of the trustworthy Phyllida, of requiring a continuous whistling to be kept up while the raisins were being stoned for fruit-cake, it was not that she really doubted the child, but thought it as well to take precautions. Narcissus could whistle like any mocking-bird, and these involuntary concerts gave pleasure to everyone who overheard them. "Only Nonsense stoning raisins," Mrs. Rutledge would explain, with a quiet smile, to any visitor who remarked the music in the air.

As months went by, Narcissus so grew in favor that her mistress began to have a comically irreligious dislike to her going to church, fearing that a taste for preachers might run in the family. But Narcissus was too young to develop ministerial tendencies yet. The whole wealth of her heart was lavished in dog-like devotion upon her pretty, unlucky elder sister, who worked so hard for the helpless old man and had so little pleasure. I cannot say Nonsense was sorry when Brer Brown died. Her chief concern was Phyllida's sorrow that she had no mourning to wear for the much-revered preacher husband. Brer Brown had belonged to one of the colored burial aid societies, which provided for his funeral; but the little means of the family had been exhausted during his long illness, and even debts incurred that rendered any further outlay impossible.

In despair, Phyllida had instructed Nonsense to apply to "ol' Mis'," as if of her own motion, for the loan, just for the funeral, of the bonnet and veil which Mrs. Rutledge had herself worn during the first year of her widowhood, and which now lay unused. Mrs. Rutledge

had responded dryly that Phyllida's husband's departure was not to be mourned, and she would lend no countenance to such a proceeding. So Phyllida, attaching an overstrained importance to the matter, had hidden herself during the funeral, and refused to appear at church afterward, or even on the street, except after dark.

Meanwhile the devoted Narcissus silently turned the question over and over in the depths of her loving soul, and failed to discover any expedient, except one, before which she stood aghast at first. Her sense of meum and tuum was rather undeveloped, like that of many of the formerly enslaved race, but their sins are principally in the line of coveted food, and clothing is another and more awful matter. Yet there lay that bonnet and veil, and an old black gown besides, of no use to any one, in a trunk without a lock in the empty room at "ol' Mis's," and Narcissus could lay her little brown paws on them at any moment. "Ol' Mis'" would be very angry, to be sure, if ever she found it out, and "ol' Mis'" had been very good to her; but how had she treated her dear Phyllida? The small heart hardened.

She walked to her work the next morning with her usual companion, a "bright mulatto" girl, who, like herself, was a servant in one of the city families, and, following the Southern custom, went to her own home every night. Narcissus had much respect for her opinion, as that of an individual some years older than herself who had had the proud distinction of one term and a half at the "university."

"Lily," she said hesitatingly—"Lily, what you reckon 't is to steal?"

"Oh, go 'long, you no-'count nigger," returned Mentor, jocosely. "'T is mighty wicked to steal; dat 's all I know about it."

"Sutney 't is so," assented Narcissus; "but what yo' reckon 't is to steal? Takin' other folks's t'ings fo' yo'self?"

"'T ain't takin' your own t'ings, I reckon," said Lily, smartly, with a toss of the head.

"But 'lowin' yo' wants 'em mighty bad—'lowin' yo' needs 'em? Is dat stealin'?"

Lily scratched her head meditatively.

"An' 'lowin' dey is n' fo' yo'self at all, dat can' be sure 'nough stealin'?" continued Narcissus, anxiously.

The strain was too much for Mentor's patience and theological knowledge, and she changed the subject.

"Here come I on my two chips," she began to sing airily,

"Who 's goin' to kiss my ruby, ruby lips?"

"Nonsense, what you t'ink I heard Sunday evening? Bob Sims was inquiren' if 't was any use to try to fly roun' your Phyllida."

"Fly roun' our Phyllida?" repeated Narcissus, in dismayed perplexity. "Phyllida 's a widdier."

"Huh," said Lily, "dat 's it. I dunno wha' fo' all de men is plum' crazy after de widders. Bob Sims say he'd be mighty proud of de chance, sure 'nough. Den Ike Buzzard, dat nigger f'om de sand-hills, say he got no showance; he picked out dat Phyllida fo' himself. Den Bob Sims say de lady, Rev'end Mrs. Brown, might have a word herself to say 'bout it. 'I hope,' he say, 'dat you have n't de least conception dat I tink you 're a gen'l'man, speakin' dat way 'bout a lady.' An' he hol' his head up mighty gran', an' walk off."

Narcissus listened to the recital of this thrilling episode with wide-open eyes and mouth. Before she could enter further protest against regarding her sister in any other light than that of a permanent widow, however, Lily arrived at her bourn, and disappeared in the gateway of one of the large old houses, with wide galleries half hidden in green luxuriance, that lined the shady street.

Narcissus went on a block farther, to the Rutledge place. It was a mansion-house of ante-bellum days, whose ample, vine-hung porch, two-storied verandas, and wide encircling old-fashioned garden, its paths outlined with tall hedges of box, gave it a grand air that such trifles as weather-worn paint, a broken step, or a paling or two gone from the fence, failed to disturb. She went in, and entered upon her day's work, but with a languid air which was not natural to her. It attracted Mrs. Rutledge's attention. "*Do*, don't be so slow, Nonsense," said she once. "Are n't you well, child?"

"Yes, Miss Lucy," returned Narcissus, ambiguously; and she made a desperate spurt for a moment, and then was slower than ever. The day was so oppressive, there was such an unspeakable dullness in the air, that after all it was not to be wondered at, Mrs. Rutledge thought.

The breathless morning wore itself out at last, and the still more breathless afternoon succeeded it. The glowing sun dropped wearily into the west, lighting up the fires of a gorgeous sunset. Mrs. Rutledge remarked it, as she sat in the great hall, where the doors at each end stood open in order that the draft might draw what air there was to be caught through the screen of rose-vines. It was usually comfortable here, even in the fiercest weather, but to-day not a fold of her voluminous white wrapper stirred.

"Oh, Nonsense!" she called from her rocking-chair.

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said Narcissus, appearing shadow-like in the doorway.

"Be sure you open the blinds up-stairs before you go."

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said Narcissus again, and slipped noiselessly up the ancient staircase running around three sides of the hall.

Mrs. Rutledge rocked on. A neighbor came in to chat for a few minutes, which prolonged themselves into the twilight before she took leave. "Do wait a moment," said Mrs. Rutledge. "I'll have Nonsense gather some figs for you. Oh, Nonsense!"

But no Nonsense answered. Mrs. Rutledge called again.

"We won't wait on her. She must have gone home," she said at last, rising ponderously, with a little sigh, "though I scarcely remember her coming down-stairs. Let me take you out into the garden, where you can help yourself." And they passed out through the glass doors, under the great rose-vine, where a few summer Lamarques hung, white and beautiful, down the broad steps into the old-time garden.

The fire had long since burned itself out in the sky, and the darkness settled down, close, brooding, and sultry. Up-stairs in the empty room a little brown heap, fast asleep behind the trunk that contained the coveted bonnet, failed to wake when the first darkness would have covered a soft retreat. And the dull evening dragged on.

Something waked Narcissus at last. It might have been the continuous distressed lowing of the cow, or the wild barking of dogs, or the excited crowing of cocks far beyond the usual nocturnal serenade. It might have been the rumbling of a heavy train of cars on the railroad track near the house. In any case, her cramped position recalled to her instantly where she was, and the darkness warned her she had overslept. She sprang up and opened the trunk, while that portentous train came nearer and nearer.

Was the lid bewitched that it shook so in her hand? Every negro knew the old Rutledge place was haunted. Perhaps she was stealing, after all, and the ghost was going to appear to punish her. If she only had her daddy's graveyard rabbit-foot! But could a ghost shake the whole room till the windows rattled? What was happening?

With one spring, the child, clutching the ill-omened bonnet, landed in the entry, and essayed to go down the stairs. They rolled from side to side, like a ship in a storm, and the lighted lamp in the hall swung to and fro, pendulum-wise. The walls seemed to beat her against the balusters, and the balusters to toss her back against the walls, a helpless shuttlecock between two battledores. She threw the bonnet on her head, and clung to the rail, shrieking aloud in terror. From the negro settlement in the hol-

low below the house floated up cries of "Lohd, hab mercy!" and more inarticulate screams and howls of despair.

"T is de Judgmen' Day!" gasped Narcissus, reeling down the rocking stairs, and falling at the feet of her mistress, who came hurrying from her chamber at that instant. The little brown figure, crowned by the preposterous bonnet with its veil trailing on the floor, clasped her knees, with the strength of desperation and would not relax its hold.

"De Judgmen' Day! de Judgmen' Day!" she sobbed. "Sen' it away, Miss Lucy! sen' it away! It done come 'cause I so bad—I 'll never steal no mo'. Do sen' it away!"

"Let go, child," said Mrs. Rutledge, sharply, freeing herself by force. "We must get out of the house; it's an earthquake!"

But the event was equally terrifying, whatever name it bore, and Narcissus's knees gave way under her, so that she was dragged, rather than led, out the door and to the brink of the long flight of steps. Her foot caught in the long veil, she lost her balance and fell, jerking her hand from Mrs. Rutledge's grasp. Down, down, she went, over and over, wound and wrapped and twisted in the length of the fatal veil, striking each separate stair with a distinct thud, till she reached the bottom. Then dead silence.

Mrs. Rutledge, her eyes dazzled by coming from the lighted house, looked off into the darkness, and saw nothing. "Nonsense," she cried anxiously, "where are you?"

She descended by a more stately stepping than her handmaiden. "Narcissus!" she called again, as she set foot on *terra firma*, which now once more merited the name. Fright made her voice hoarse and unnatural.

Something low and dark raised itself up painfully before her. As her eyes became accustomed to the night, she could dimly discern her small servant kneeling at her feet with clasped hands, a little Samuel in bronze.

"Heah, Mars' Angel Gabriel," said she, solemnly.

"Narcissus!" said Mrs. Rutledge once more, fearing the fall had shaken the child's wits as well as her body.

"Heah I am, Mars' Angel Gabriel," repeated Narcissus in the same awe-struck tone, raising her eyes to the tall white figure looming over her. Mrs. Rutledge had been forced to appear on the scene in a somewhat impromptu costume. "O good Mars' Angel Gabriel, I *did* reckon 't was n't plum' stealin' when 't was for Phyllida, but now I s'pect it was. I never—"

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Rutledge, giving her a little shake. "Don't you know me?"

What are you talking about? What did you have on your head in the hall?"

Narcissus started as the voice became once more familiar to her. She stooped and felt about on the ground for something which she at last found and held up toward her mistress—a something battered and shapeless, from which a long ragged tail dangled dismally.

"Dis!" she said.

All the tragedy of the crime that thwarts its own ends was in her tone.

Some months afterward, one bright afternoon when the great earthquake was a thing of the past, a light tap sounded at the door of Mrs. Rutledge's room.

"Come in," she said. There was a slight hesitation, and then, to her surprise, Phyllida entered,—a transformed, glorified Phyllida, whose fresh crape bonnet and veil framed in a face bewitching with suppressed excitement. Her long eyelashes swept the dark-olive cheek with a certain demure consciousness, and betrayed the radiance of the downcast eyes.

"Phyllida! I had no idea it was you," said Mrs. Rutledge, not unkindly, though a remnant of her old deep-seated wrath at the notion of mourning for Brother Brown stirred in her breast.

"Howdy, Miss Lucy?" said Phyllida, with some traces of embarrassment. "How's all?"

"We're right well. I know you are all well at home, or Nonsense would have told me."

"We're tol'ble," said Phyllida, fingering her handsome black dress with nervous hands.

"I suppose you have come to show me your new mourning?" said Mrs. Rutledge, relenting somewhat, touched by the girl's evident discomfort. "It becomes you, Phyllida. How did you contrive to get it?"

"My husband' give it to me, Miss Lucy," said Phyllida, without raising her eyes.

"Your husband!" echoed Mrs. Rutledge, not without a blood-curdling premonition of a new species of ghost-story.

"Yes, Miss Lucy. Bob Sims. I was married to him last Saturday. He give me de mo'nin' fo' a weddin' gif'. I tol' Nonsense not to tell yo'. I wanted to surprise yo'. 'I thought yo' 'd be please dis time?'—pleadingly.

Mrs. Rutledge was silent for a moment as she bent her head over her work. Then she said, her voice tremulous with some sort of emotion, "Phyllida, I—I congratulate you. There can be no doubt that such a considerate bridegroom will make a good husband."

And Nonsense, standing in the doorway, shadowlike but triumphant, felt that the awful memory of the night of the earthquake was the one flaw in the splendor of this scene.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Edition of
"The Century's" Cheap-Money Papers.

IN compliance with many requests for an edition in larger type and more enduring form, the articles on "Cheap-Money Experiments," which appeared originally in this department of THE CENTURY, and were afterward collected and republished in a pamphlet, have been again republished by The Century Co. in an attractive volume. It is printed in large, clear type, and neatly bound in cloth. Some additional chapters, which have appeared in THE CENTURY since the publication of the pamphlet, have been added. In its amended form the book is, even more than the pamphlet was, a compact and comprehensive handbook of the most notable attempts which have been made in past and present times to attain State or national prosperity by making money "cheap and plentiful." No similar compilation is to be found in the whole range of economic literature.

In calling attention to this new publication of the "Cheap-Money" articles, it is pleasant to record the fact that since their first publication a death-blow has been formally administered to the Free-Silver heresy, which, in many respects, was the most dangerous "cheap-money" delusion that ever confronted the American people.

In writing about the evils which free silver coinage would entail, in THE CENTURY for May last, we said:

No great party in the United States, in national convention assembled, will dare make itself responsible for the distress that would fall upon the masses of our population from free and unlimited silver coinage.

The national conventions of the two great parties have verified this prediction by putting into their platforms such explicit declarations against free silver coinage as to eliminate the question completely from the campaign. After their action it is safe to say that the danger of the free and unlimited coinage of a debased silver dollar has passed away, probably forever. The question has been taken out of politics, and it would be well for the country if all other financial questions could be taken out with it. In a thoughtful, intelligent, and patriotic address which he made on "The Silver Question in its Relations to Legislation," before the Iroquois Club of Chicago, in March of last year, Mr. James Herron Eckels stated this point in words which we cannot do better than quote as summing up accurately and forcibly the only sound view to be taken:

I am not unconscious of the fact that in and of itself this question has no place in politics. Under right and proper circumstances, its solution belongs to the professed financier, and not to the professed politician; but, unfortunately, those circumstances do not now surround it. Through an error that in the past has been costly, and in the future bids fair to be fraught with disaster, it has been taken out of the list of business issues and thrust among those of a political character; and with regard to its political bearing rather than with reference to its effect upon the material interests of our country, it is being presented to the people.

The French Assignats and Mandats.

It would have been reasonable to suppose that the experience which France had with cheap money under John Law's guidance in the early part of the eighteenth century, as described lately in these columns, would have imparted a lesson not soon forgotten. But such was not the case. Before the end of the century a new and not dissimilar experiment was made in the same direction, ending, like its predecessor, in failure and almost boundless confusion and disaster.

One of the first and most serious troubles which confronted the republic established by the French Revolution of 1789 was the scarcity of money. This was due to many causes, but chiefly, says Thiers, to the "want of confidence occasioned by the disturbances." The same authority adds the following general truth about circulation, which is applicable to all countries and in all times: "Specie is apparent by the circulation. When confidence prevails, the activity of exchange is extreme; money moves about rapidly, is seen everywhere, and is believed to be more considerable because it is more serviceable: but when political commotions create alarm, capital languishes, specie moves slowly; it is frequently hoarded, and complaints are unjustly made of its absence." To increase the supply of circulating medium, it was proposed that the National Assembly issue paper money based on the Church lands which had been confiscated by the Government. These lands were yielding no revenue, but were a heavy burden. The money, to be called assignats, was really a form of titles to the confiscated lands; for it was receivable in payment for them, and was designed, in addition to furnishing revenue to the Government, to bring about a distribution of those lands among the people. The debates of the National Assembly upon the proposition showed that John Law's experiment had not been entirely forgotten. There was strong opposition, but it was overcome by arguments that bear a curious resemblance to some which are heard in our day in favor of various forms of cheap money which are advocated for the United States. "Paper money," said one of the advocates of the assignats, "under a despotism is dangerous; it favors corruption: but in a nation constitutionally governed, which takes care of its own notes, which determines their number and use, that danger no longer exists." How like that is to the argument heard here, and in the Argentine Republic as well, that a great and rich and prosperous and free nation could make its own economic laws, invent its own monetary systems, and even defy the teachings of all other nations with entire safety! These curious arguments carried the day in the National Assembly, and a first issue of assignats, to the value of 400,000,000 francs, was issued in December, 1789. They bore interest, and were made payable at sight, but no interest was ever paid, and subsequent issues had no interest provision. The first issue represented about one fifth of the total value of the confiscated lands.

Yet with this solid basis of value upon which to rest,

the assignats never circulated at par. A few months after the first issue, demands began to be made for a second issue, as is invariably the case in all experiments of this kind. Talleyrand opposed the second issue in a speech of great ability, many of whose passages have passed into economic literature as model statements of fundamental monetary principles. "The assignat," he said, "considered as a title of credit, has a positive and material value; this value of the assignat is precisely the same as that of the land which it represents: but still it must be admitted, above all, that never will any national paper be upon a par with the metals; never will the supplementary sign of the first representative sign of wealth have the exact value of its model; *the very title proves want, and want spreads alarm and distrust around it.*" And again: "You can arrange it so that people shall be forced to take a thousand francs in paper for a thousand francs in specie, but you never can arrange it so that the people shall be obliged to give a thousand francs in specie for a thousand francs in paper." Still again: "Assignat money, however safe, however solid, it may be, is an abstraction of paper money; it is consequently but the free or forced sign, not of wealth, but merely of credit." In answer to the arguments of Talleyrand, the most effective, because most "taking," argument, if argument it can be called, was the following by Mirabeau: "It is in vain to compare assignats, secured on the solid basis of these domains, to an ordinary paper currency possessing a forced circulation. They represent real property, the most secure of all possessions, the land on which we tread."

The advocates of money based on lands who are heard in our country to-day will recognize their own doctrine in this resounding phrase of Mirabeau. It carried the day in the National Assembly, and in September, 1790, a second issue of assignats, to the value of 800,000,000 francs, bearing no interest, was ordered.

The decree for this second issue contained a pledge that in no case should the amount of assignats exceed twelve hundred millions. But the nation was drunk with its own stimulant, and pledges were of no value. In June, 1791, a third issue of 600,000,000 was ordered. This was followed soon afterward by a fourth issue of 300,000,000, and by a new pledge that the total amount should never be allowed to exceed sixteen hundred millions. But this pledge, like two others that had been made before it, was broken as soon as a demand for more issues became irresistible. Fresh issues followed one another in rapid succession in 1792, and at the close of that year an official statement was put forth that a total of thirty-four hundred millions had been issued, of which six hundred millions had been destroyed, leaving twenty-eight hundred millions in circulation.

Specie had disappeared from circulation soon after the second issue, and the value of the assignats began to go steadily and rapidly downward. Business and industry soon felt the effects, and the inevitable collapse followed. Ex-President Andrew D. White, whose tract, "Paper Money Inflation in France," is the most admirable and complete statement of this experience which has been published, says of the situation at this stage:

What the bigotry of Louis XIV., and the shiftlessness of Louis XV., could not do in nearly a century, was accomplished by this tampering with the currency in a few months. Everything that tariffs and custom-houses could

do was done. Still the great manufactories of Normandy were closed; those of the rest of the kingdom speedily followed, and vast numbers of workmen, in all parts of the country, were thrown out of employment.

In the spring of 1791 no one knew whether a piece of paper money, representing 100 francs, would, a month later, have a purchasing power of 100 francs, or 90 francs, or 80, or 60. The result was that capitalists declined to embark their means in business. Enterprise received a mortal blow. Demand for labor was still further diminished. The business of France dwindled into a mere living from hand to mouth. This state of things, too, while it bore heavily against the interests of the moneyed classes, was still more ruinous to those in more moderate, and most of all to those in straitened, circumstances. With the masses of the people the purchase of every article of supply became a speculation—a speculation in which the professional speculator had an immense advantage over the buyer. Says the most brilliant apologist for French Revolutionary statesmanship, "Commerce was dead; betting took its place."

In the early part of 1792 the assignat was 30 per cent. below par. In the following year it had fallen to 67 per cent. below par. A basis for further issues was secured by the confiscation of lands of emigrant nobles, and a flood of assignats poured forth upon the country in steadily increasing volume. Before the close of 1794 seven thousand millions had been issued, and the year 1796 opened with a total issue of forty-five thousand millions, of which thirty-six thousand millions were in actual circulation. By February of that year the total issue had advanced to 45,500,000,000, and the value had dropped to one two-hundred-and-sixty-fifth part of their nominal value. A note professing to be worth about \$20 of our money was worth about six cents.

The Government now came forward with a new scheme, offering to redeem the assignats, on the basis of 30 to 1, for mandats, a new form of paper money, which entitled the holder to take immediate possession, at their estimated value, of any of the lands pledged by the assignats. Eight hundred millions in mandats were issued, to be exchanged for the assignats, and the plates for printing the latter were destroyed. Six hundred millions more of mandats were issued for the public service. At first the mandats circulated at as high as 80 per cent. of their nominal value, but additional issues sent them down in value even more rapidly than the assignats had fallen, and in a very short time they were worth only one thousandth part of their nominal value. It was evident that the end had come. Before the assignats were withdrawn, the Government resorted to various expedients to hold up their value by legislative decrees. The use of coin was prohibited; a maximum price in assignats was fixed for commodities by law; the purchase of specie was forbidden under penalty of imprisonment in irons for six years; and the sale of assignats below their nominal value was forbidden under penalty of imprisonment for twenty years in chains. Investment of capital in foreign countries was punishable with death. All these efforts were as futile as similar efforts had been in John Law's time. The value of the assignats went steadily down. Bread riots broke out in Paris, and the Government was compelled to supply the capital with provisions. When the mandats fell, as the assignats had fallen before them, the Government was convinced that it was useless to try to give value to valueless paper by simply printing more paper and calling it by another name; and on July 1, 1796, it swept away the whole mass by issuing

a decree authorizing everybody to transact business in any money he chose. "No sooner," says Mr. McLeod, in his "Economical Philosophy," "was this great blow struck at the paper currency, of making it pass at its current value, than specie immediately reappeared in circulation." In commenting upon this second experience of France with paper money, which lasted for about six years, Prof. A. L. Perry, in his "Elements of Political Economy," thus graphically and truthfully sums up the consequences:

The distress and consternation into which a country falls when its current measure of services is disturbed and destroyed, as it was in this case, is past all powers of description. The prisons and the guillotine did not compare with the assignats in causing suffering during those six years. This example is significant because it shows the powerlessness of even the strongest and most unscrupulous governments to regulate the value of anything. The assignats were depreciating during the very months in which Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety were wielding the power of life and death in France with terrific energy. They did their utmost to stop the sinking of the Revolutionary paper. But value knows its own laws, and follows them in spite of decrees and penalties.

Campaign Blackmailing of Government Clerks.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, speaking in the name of the National Civil Service Commission, issued a timely warning in the July "Atlantic" against all levying of assessments upon governmental employees during the presidential campaign. He wrote with characteristic plainness and force, and set forth both the law in the case and the attitude of the Commission toward offenders with such clearness that his utterance cannot fail to have a restraining influence upon all persons tempted to violate the statute.

As he pointed out, the law seeks to provide both for the protection of the office-holder and for the punishing of the politician who seeks to get from him a portion of his salary. It provides, under heavy penalties, that no office-holder shall in any way solicit or receive assessments or contributions for political purposes from any other office-holder; that no person, office-holder or otherwise, shall solicit such contribution in any federal building; that no office-holder shall in any way be jeopardized in his position for contributing or refusing to contribute, as he sees fit; and that no office-holder shall give any money to another office-holder for the promotion of any political object whatever.

It is well to give these provisions the widest possible publicity at this time, in order that all men may become familiar with them and act accordingly. Mr. Roosevelt gives emphatic assurance that the Commission will protect all office-holders whose positions are threatened because of refusal to contribute, and will ask the indictment and recommend the dismissal of all superiors in the service who attempt any intimidation of subordinates. He invites complaints of all instances in which contributions are solicited, promising to treat them as confidential and to endeavor to punish the guilty person without revealing the identity of the informant. He also declares that it is the intention of the Commission during the present campaign, whenever it finds an individual or an organization trying to assess Government office-holders, publicly, through the press, to call the attention of everybody to what is being done,

and to invite any information which will enable the Commission to prosecute the offenders.

In regard to the practice which has prevailed in some recent campaigns, of sending circulars from State or National committees to the private residences of office-holders, instead of to the public buildings in which they are employed, thus evading the letter of the law, while violating its spirit, Mr. Roosevelt says the Commission will also call public attention to every case of this kind which it discovers, and will assure all Government employees that they can disregard all such appeals without fear of losing their places.

These are all public-spirited purposes, and no one familiar with Mr. Roosevelt will doubt that he will adhere to them with vigor and determination. The practice is an abominable injustice, and ought not to be allowed in a single instance. It does not prevail to anything like the extent to which it was carried before the present law was enacted, but the evil is by no means abolished. Fear of loss of place, or chance of promotion, impels many a clerk to give who would never contribute a penny could he feel assured that his refusal would have no effect upon his tenure or prospects. The hardship which such extortion entails is pictured vividly, but with entire truthfulness, by Mr. Roosevelt in the following passages:

Government employees, as a whole, are hard-working, not overpaid men, with families to support, and there is no meaner species of swindling than to blackmail them for the sake of a political organization. The contribution, moreover, is extorted from them at a time when it is often peculiarly difficult for them to pay. To take away two per cent. of a man's salary just at the beginning of winter may mean that he will have to go without a winter overcoat, or his wife and children without the warm clothing which is almost a necessity.

Moreover, it is the poorest and most helpless class who are most apt to be coerced into paying. In several investigations undertaken by the Commission, we found that it was women who were most certain to pay, and that the women opposed in political faith to the administration were even more apt to pay than the others.

Can any self-respecting person read that and not flush with indignation that such things are possible under a free, popular government? Could there be a meaner or more despicable business for a man or a party to be engaged in than this levying of political blackmail upon hard-working, deserving, and poorly paid men and women? Mr. Roosevelt is right in thinking that publicity will be a powerful weapon to use against all men caught in this business. The American people would be made of poor stuff indeed if they did not arise in wrath against such unworthy specimens of their race. The abuse has been tolerated only because the public attention has not been aroused to it. Let us have the names of the offenders, and specifications of their offenses, published to the world, no matter how high they may stand in official life, and the thorough extermination of the evil will be soon accomplished.

Mr. Roosevelt gives a valuable hint to the extortioners, at the close of his article, by reminding them that in case of a defeat of their party at the polls in November, it will be much easier to obtain evidence against them from their victims after election, than it would be were the party to succeed.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Crisis of the Civil War.

AT the celebration of the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad, of which I was at that time the general manager, two of the guests present were President Chester A. Arthur and Secretary of War Robert Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln sent for me with a request for a brief interview, and stated that he desired information upon a subject that had elicited much discussion, and upon which a careful examination of the war records, both of telegrams and letters, failed to throw any light. He said that upon entering his father's room one morning, just after the battle of Gettysburg, he found him in great distress, and upon inquiring the cause, the President stated that information had just been received from General Haupt that General Meade had no intention immediately of following up his advantage; that he intended to rest for several days; that without an immediate movement of the army the enemy would be permitted to cross the Potomac and escape; that the fruits of victory would be lost and the war indefinitely prolonged. He asked if I had sent any letters, telegrams, or other communications in which this information had been given.

I replied that I had communicated such information either to the President or to General Halleck, but in what way I could not then remember.

Two years ago I commenced to write the memoirs of the operations of the Military Railroad Construction Corps, and in one of my letter-books found a full and satisfactory explanation. From this it appears that after spending the forenoon of Sunday, the day following Lee's retreat, with General Meade, I took an engine the same evening and repaired to Washington and as early as possible on Monday morning made personal report to General Halleck; informed him of the situation and the conclusions I had reached, that, unless General Meade could be induced to change his plans and move immediately, the enemy would certainly cross the river and escape. It was, no doubt, immediately after this interview that General Halleck called on the President and communicated the information that gave him so much distress.

The President and General Halleck have been severely criticized in some quarters for the words of censure sent to General Meade, which, it was claimed, did injustice to a gallant officer who had performed services of the highest value. Certain it is that the predictions in regard to the escape of Lee were verified: he was not disturbed for ten days; he crossed the Potomac July 14, 1863, and the war, which, in my opinion, might have been then substantially ended, was prolonged for two years with immense sacrifice of blood and treasure.

As the battle of Gettysburg was the turning-point in the great struggle, and as antecedent events with which no one now living is familiar, except myself had apparently an important influence upon the result, my friends insist that it is a duty to place certain facts on record.

The position that I held in 1862 and 1863 was that of Chief of the Bureau of Military Railroads, charged with the duty of constructing, reconstructing, and operating all railroads used by the Government in the active operations of the war, but especially in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, where I directed operations personally. I reported directly to the Secretary of War and to General Halleck, but necessarily kept in constant communication with the general in command of the army in the field, that I might know his plans, his requirements in the way of transportation, and the lines to be operated upon.

When Lee was moving toward the Potomac for the invasion of Pennsylvania, I supposed as a matter of course that General Hooker would follow him up and that, as a necessary consequence, the base of supplies must be changed and the rolling-stock transferred from the line of the Orange and Alexandria to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I went to the front to consult with General Hooker, and found him under a tree two miles from Fairfax Station.

In answer to my inquiries, he replied that he did not intend to move until he got orders, and that he would follow them literally and let the responsibility rest where it belonged. He said that he had made suggestions that were not approved, and if he could not carry out his own plans he could not be held accountable for failure if he literally carried out instructions of which he disapproved.

Regarding the situation as critical, I returned as soon as possible to Washington and made report to General Halleck in person. General Halleck opened his desk and took out a bundle of papers, from which he selected several which he read to me. They were communications which had passed between General Hooker and the President, of which copies were always sent to General Halleck.

From these papers it appeared that Hooker's plan was to capture Richmond while the army of Lee was absent from it, and that the President had replied, in substance, that it would be a poor exchange to give Washington for Richmond; that if, as stated, the enemy was spread out in a long thin line, with one flank resting on Fredericksburg and the other on the Potomac, it would be much better to break through his line and beat him in detail. This was about the substance of these letters, as I remember them.

After reading these papers, General Halleck put on his cap and left the office, no doubt to confer with the President. In half an hour he returned, and quietly remarked, "Hooker will get his orders." This was all he said, but a few days after General Hooker was relieved at his own request, and the command conferred upon General Meade.

General Meade and I had been classmates at West Point, graduating in 1835. I appreciated the difficulties of his position. Called unexpectedly to the command of an army the several corps of which were scattered, and with no plan of operation required to

form his own plans and prosecute a campaign with but little time for consideration, it was certainly a most trying situation.

The following special orders were issued :

HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, June 27, 1863.

Special Orders, No. 286.

Brigadier-General H. Haupt, United States Volunteers, is hereby authorized and directed to do whatever he may deem expedient to facilitate the transportation of troops and supplies to aid the armies in the field in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

By command of Major-General Halleck.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

June 28, 1863, General Meade telegraphed General Halleck, acknowledging the receipt of the order placing him in command of the army, and stated that he was ignorant of the exact condition of the troops and the position of the enemy.

I repaired promptly to Harrisburg, as the best point at which to obtain reliable information as to the situation. I found Colonel Thomas A. Scott at the depot, showed him my orders, and asked for a full report. He informed me that Lee, who had occupied the opposite side of the river in full force, had that morning, June 30, begun to retreat precipitately, in some cases leaving provisions uncooked, and the artillery being on a trot. After hearing a full explanation, with many details unnecessary to repeat, I told Colonel Scott that he was entirely in error as to the cause of Lee's retirement. My explanation of the movement was that Lee had just received information that Hooker had been relieved and Meade placed in command; that Lee knew that our army corps were widely scattered, and that some days would be required before Meade could get them in hand; and that the movement of Lee was clearly not one of retreat but of concentration, with a view to fall upon the several corps and crush them in detail, in which case Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia would fall into his possession; and I added emphatically, "We are in the worst position that we have occupied since the commencement of the war, and nothing but the interposition of Providence can save us from destruction."

Colonel Scott replied: "I think you are right. What can be done?"

I immediately, at 10 P. M., sent this telegram :

HARRISBURG, PENN., June 30, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, General-in-Chief: Lee is falling back suddenly from the vicinity of Harrisburg and concentrating all his forces. York has been evacuated. Carlisle is being evacuated. The concentration appears to be at or near Chambersburg. The object, apparently, a sudden movement against Meade, of which he should be advised by courier immediately. A courier might reach Frederick by way of Western Maryland Railroad to Westminster. This information comes from T. A. Scott, and I think it reliable.

H. HAUPT,
Brigadier-General.

Further information continued to be received, and at 12.45 A. M. I sent this second telegram :

HARRISBURG, PENN., July 1, 1863, 12.45 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief. Information just received, 12.45 A. M., leads to the belief that the concentration of the forces of the enemy will be

at Gettysburg, rather than at Chambersburg. The movement on their part is very rapid and hurried. They returned from Carlisle in the direction of Gettysburg by way of the Petersburg Pike. Firing about Petersburg and Dillsburg this P. M. continued some hours. Meade should by all means be informed and be prepared for a sudden attack from Lee's whole army.

H. HAUPT, *Brigadier-General.*
(And repeat to General Meade and General Schenck.)

General Meade subsequently informed me that he received these telegrams by courier in his tent at about 3 A. M. on the morning of July 1.

On July 1, I returned to Baltimore via Philadelphia, as the Northern Central had been broken, and organized transportation over the Western Maryland Railroad. J. N. DuBarry, superintendent of the Northern Central Railroad, was relieved at his own request, and Adna Anderson placed in charge, under whose efficient management thirty trains per day were passed over this road under extraordinary difficulties; and, as General Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster, stated, so efficient was the service that at no time were the supplies insufficient for three days' rations in advance.

I then directed my attention to the reconstruction of the Northern Central Railroad, on which nineteen bridges had been destroyed, as also all the bridges on the branches between Hanover Junction and Gettysburg. Before midnight of July 5, all these bridges between Gettysburg and Baltimore had been reconstructed and the telegraph line restored, and on Monday morning, July 6, General Meade was in communication with Washington both by rail and telegraph.

On Sunday morning, the day of Lee's retreat, I rode to Gettysburg in a buggy, and repaired early to General Meade's headquarters, where I found Generals Meade and Pleasonton, and remained with them about three hours. The scene is vividly impressed upon my memory, as also the conversation. We were seated at a small table, upon which was a map of the country,—Meade and Pleasonton on one side, I on the opposite side. General Meade was much surprised to learn that the bridges and telegraph lines had nearly been reconstructed, and that in a few hours he could begin to send his wounded to the hospitals. He remarked that he had supposed that the destruction of the railroads had been so complete that three weeks would be required for their reconstruction. After many incidents connected with the battle had been related, General Pleasonton made the remark that if Longstreet had concentrated his fire more and had kept it up a little longer, we would have lost the day; to which Meade made no reply, and appeared to acquiesce in this opinion.

After other matters had been disposed of, I remarked to General Meade that I supposed he would at once follow up his advantages and capture the remains of Lee's army before he could cross the Potomac. The reply was, "Lee's pontoon-trains have been destroyed, and the river is not fordable. My army requires a few days' rest, and cannot move at present." I was greatly surprised, and said decidedly, "General, I have a construction-corps that could pass that army in less than forty-eight hours, if they had no material except such as could be procured from barns and houses and trees from the woods; and it is not safe to assume that the enemy cannot do what we can." All my arguments and remonstrances proved unavailing, and I left, when the interview ended, fully convinced

that Lee would be permitted to escape, and that the fruits of the glorious victory would be lost.

The situation can be briefly explained. The Federal army had been occupying the Cemetery Ridge for several days. They were not so foot-sore that a march of thirty-five miles would have been impossible; they had ample supplies for at least three days, as the chief quartermaster informed me; they would have moved toward, not from, their proper base of supplies, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; they had two good pontoon-trains with which to bridge the river at any desired point. I was quite familiar with the locations, having resided ten years at Gettysburg and made railroad surveys between it and the Potomac, and had walked over the same ground in one day ten miles further than it would have been necessary for the army to march.

The Confederates were depressed by defeat, short of ammunition, especially for artillery, they had a swollen stream not fordable in their front, no pontoon-bridges and no material immediately available for constructing others, no possibility of retracing their route up the Cumberland Valley, as that would have removed them further from their supplies on the south side of the Potomac, and, besides, the Cumberland Valley was occupied by the corps of General Couch, which had not been in action; they were apparently hemmed in a trap.

My opinion has always been that if Meade had moved at once to the Potomac, had occupied a defensible position below Lee's army, thrown bridges across and placed a moderate force with artillery on the south side, within supporting distance from the main army, it would have been impossible for Lee to receive supplies or reinforcements; the batteries, properly placed, would have prevented any attempts to construct bridges; and Lee would have been forced to capitulate. It would not have been necessary to risk an engagement; the enemy would have been checkmated.

I left Meade on Sunday, July 5, about noon, and the next morning, as I find from my records, I was in Washington and had a personal interview with General Halleck, in which the situation was fully explained; and this is the reason why no records were found of any letters or telegrams from me to General Halleck or the President referring to the Meade interview. I find, however, a letter to General Halleck, written from my office in Washington, Monday, July 6, referring to the interview with him in the morning, which throws light upon the subjects discussed at that interview. In this letter I assumed that Lee would escape, and suggested that, as a successful pursuit up the Shenandoah Valley would be hopeless, it was desirable at once to occupy the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad with a good cavalry force as far as Lynchburg, destroy telegraph lines and the bridges and tracks on both the roads leading from Richmond, occupy the passes of the Blue Ridge, isolate the army in the Shenandoah Valley, and attack when favorable opportunities offered. These were, of course, mere suggestions for the consideration of the General-in-Chief. The principal value of this letter at the present time is to show that as early as July 6 I had reached the conclusion that Lee would escape, and was occupied with plans of what should be done in that contingency.

The predictions were verified. Lee did escape, but not until July 14, on bridges constructed on the plans

that I had indicated as possible. Meade's army, instead of occupying the line of road east of the Blue Ridge and cutting the communications of the enemy, followed him in a hopeless chase up the Shenandoah Valley, and, when too late to be of efficient service, I was telegraphed to bring all my forces from the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad and reconstruct with all possible expedition the Orange and Alexandria Railway, which again became the base of supplies.

The records show that even before the interview with General Meade I wrote to General Halleck, expressing apprehension that the pursuit would be so tardy as to lose the fruits of victory. On page 523 of Part III of the Gettysburg records there is a letter to General Halleck, dated Oxford, Pennsylvania, July 4, "11 A. M." This date is an error in the printed records; it should have been P. M., as the letter commences—"Night has overtaken me at Oxford. . . . Persons just in from Gettysburg report the position of affairs. I fear that while Meade rests to refresh his men and collect supplies Lee will be off so far that he cannot intercept him. A good force on the line of the Potomac to prevent Lee from crossing would, I think, insure his destruction."

This letter, it will be perceived, was written from Oxford, seven miles east of Gettysburg, before my interview with General Meade at an early hour the next morning. The fear expressed was so greatly intensified by my personal interview with General Meade that I felt it to be my duty to take an engine and proceed to Washington the same night, to make a personal report to General Halleck, who was my immediate superior.

Although the President seems to have been much exercised over the probability of Lee's escape, the communications between Generals Halleck and Meade, as published in the records, do not indicate disapprobation on the part of the authorities at Washington until the escape had been actually effected, on July 14, when the telegrams were of such character as to induce General Meade to ask to be relieved from the command of the army.

I can readily understand the situation from my relations to General Halleck and familiarity with his policy. Contrary to the generally received opinion, he was unwilling to give any other than very general instructions to the generals in the field. A single illustration will make this clear. At the battle of Fredericksburg I was with Burnside nearly all day in an upper room of the Phillips House overlooking the battle-field. After the battle I took an engine, ran to Aquia Creek, twelve miles, then boarded a steamer and proceeded as rapidly as possible to Washington. I called on President Lincoln and explained the situation. He asked me to walk with him to General Halleck's quarters on I street, near the Arlington. On arrival we found General Halleck at about 11 P. M. in his drawing-room with several officers. These were requested to withdraw, and the President then asked me to repeat my report to General Halleck, which I did. The President then directed General Halleck to telegraph orders to Burnside to withdraw his forces from the south side of the river. General Halleck rose from his seat, paced the room for some time in meditation, and then, standing in front of the President, said emphatically, "*I will do no such thing. If such orders are issued, you must issue them yourself. If we were personally present we might assume such responsibility. I hold that a general*

in command of an army in the field is, or ought to be, better acquainted with all the conditions than parties at a distance, and by giving peremptory orders a serious error might be committed." The President made no reply, but seemed much dejected. I then ventured the remark that I did not consider the situation so serious as he supposed. I explained more in detail the topographical features of the locality and the relative positions of the two armies. Our troops could not be fired upon, nor our bridges enfiladed by the batteries on Marye's Heights, without destroying the city, and I had no doubt that Burnside would retire his army during the night. When I finished, the President, with a deep sigh, remarked, "What you have just told me gives me a great many grains of comfort."

There can be, I think, no doubt that the President from the first shared with me the apprehension that Lee would escape and the war be indefinitely prolonged, but was deterred from interfering with General Meade by the position taken by General Halleck, who would not, unless personally present, assume the responsibility of giving orders.

General M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General, had great influence with the President, Secretary of War, and General Halleck, and was often present at their councils. I find among my papers a telegram to General Meigs, dated Frederick, July 8, in which I endeavored to secure his coöperation to induce more prompt action, in which this language is used, "I could build trestle-bridges of round sticks and floor with fence-rails. It is too much to assume that the rebels cannot do the same." I had previously made a similar remark to General Meade.

On July 9, General Halleck telegraphed to General Meade that "the evidence that Lee's army will fight north of the Potomac seems reliable."

This seems to me, under the circumstances, a very remarkable opinion for an officer of so much intelligence as General Halleck; but he may have had reasons for the opinion of which I am not advised. Lee was of necessity short of ammunition. With nearly 300 pieces of artillery in action for three days, it would seem to have been an impossibility for Lee to have retained sufficient ammunition to renew the offensive, and he could get neither ammunition, supplies, nor reinforcements until he could establish communications with the south side of the Potomac. In fact, it was not until July 10 that Lee succeeded in getting some ammunition via Martinsburg, probably carried over the river in rowboats, and this could have been intercepted by a small force on the south side. To me it seems extremely probable, in fact almost certain, that if Lee could have been prevented from getting ammunition to renew an attack, or from constructing bridges on which to cross the river, he would have been forced to capitulate without another battle. If he had attempted to escape by moving up the river, the difficulties of the position would not have been relieved. Meade, having the great advantage of pontoon-bridges, could always safely have maintained a sufficient force on the south side to intercept supplies. Lee's forces were certainly in no condition to renew the contest when they reached the Potomac, and although it might not have been wise to attack them in a strong, defensive position, it is certain that, without supplies, such position could not have been long maintained, and the Federal army could never again hope

for conditions more favorable for themselves. If no decisive move could be made north of the Potomac, it was vain to expect more favorable results on the south side, with the enemy reinforced, supplied, rested, and on their own territory, with communications intact and popular sympathy in their favor.

The records show that the opinions herein expressed are not afterthoughts, but were entertained at the time when the events occurred, and that no efforts were spared on my part to avert the great calamity of the escape of the Confederate army and the prolongation of the contest for two years, with the losses of life and treasure consequent thereon.

Soon after the battle of Gettysburg, for reasons not pertinent to this article, I ceased to be an active participant in the operations of the army; but the construction-corps that I had the privilege of organizing continued, under other officers, to perform most efficient service, and contributed greatly—perhaps it would not be too strong an expression to say was indispensable—to the success of General Sherman in his celebrated march to the sea. The facility with which bridges were reconstructed and broken communications restored enabled him to advance with confidence, leaving hundreds of miles of unprotected railroad communications in his rear.

Colonel Lazelle, formerly in charge of the publication of the records of the war, declared that the services of the Military Railroad Construction Corps had been of the greatest value to the Government, but that they had never been recognized or appreciated.

Herman Haupt.

Francis Davis Millet.

"BETWEEN TWO FIRES" is a good example of the work of one of the best-known of American painters. The story is well told, the painting is conscientious and unobtrusive, the figures are well drawn, and the composition is pleasing in color. It shows, perhaps, as well as any of Mr. Millet's pictures, what the qualities are that distinguish his work and have contributed to the painter's excellent position in contemporary art. He seems to have the same desire not to omit detail, and yet not to insist too much upon it, that appears in the work of the great Dutchmen. There is no dash or showy brush-work, though technically Mr. Millet's work is not tame; but the chief characteristic is a certain thoroughness, a straightforward earnestness of intention to be realistic, and the accomplishment of this purpose without making realism the only, or even the predominant, quality. There are charm of expression, healthy sentiment, very clever workmanship, and completeness in all that he does.

In a large picture of "Anthony Van Corlaer, the Trumpeter of New Amsterdam," a fine composition of six or seven figures; in "Rook and Pigeon," an excellent group of two men, with the scene in an English inn in the time of the Stuarts; in "A Waterloo Widow"; in "The Duet"; and in the picture of the traveler at the inn, which belongs to the Union League Club of New York, the painter's admirable qualities are well shown. The picture "Between Two Fires" has been purchased this year from the Royal Academy Exhibition by the Chantrey Fund.

In another line of subjects—those depicting scenes

of Greek and Roman life and single figures of women—Mr. Millet is as successful as in the treatment of English *genre*, and he has also won a reputation as a painter of portraits. Mr. Millet passes the winter season in New York, but lives the rest of the year in London and at his charming home at Broadway in Worcestershire, where he has for neighbors Alma-Tadema, Alfred Parsons, Sargent, and other Englishmen and Americans of note. He was born at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1869. He is vice-president of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Society of American Artists, of the American Water Color Society, and of the Royal Institute of Painters of London. He obtained his art schooling at the Antwerp Academy, and received first-class medals at the Antwerp exhibitions in 1873 and 1874. A prize of \$2500 was awarded to him at the American Art Association Exhibition in 1886 for the picture, mentioned above, which is in the Union League Club, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he received a silver medal in the British section. Mr. Millet is widely known as the brilliant war-correspondent of the London "Daily News" in the Russo-Turkish war, and as a clever writer of fiction and descriptive articles. In the field of illustration he has contributed to the magazines a large number of excellent drawings, those of

life and campaigns in the Balkans being particularly noticeable for freshness and vividness in transcription, and marked by great truth of observation and artistic feeling for the picturesque.

William A. Coffin.

Corrections with Regard to the Washington Family.

MR. THOMAS M. GREEN of Danville, Kentucky, writes to correct two errors in the article on "The Mother and Birthplace of Washington" in THE CENTURY for April, 1892. On page 833 it is stated that Augustine Washington died April 12, 1740, the writer having supplied the last figure, which is obliterated in the entry in the family Bible, with a cipher. Mr. Green quotes from General Washington's letter to Sir Isaac Heard to show that the correct date of Augustine Washington's death was April 12, 1743. Mr. Green also says:

In a note at the bottom of page 832 referring to the godmother of General Washington, who held him in her arms at the baptismal font, the statement is made that "the godmother, Mrs. Mildred Gregory, was an aunt of the infant. She was the daughter of Lawrence Washington, brother of Augustine." The word "brother" in the note was evidently an inadvertence or a misprint. Lawrence Washington was the father of Augustine and of Mildred. EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Lincoln's Goose Nest Home.

NEAR the graveyard where Lincoln's father and stepmother rest, seven miles south of Charleston, Illinois, in a place then known as Goose Nest, the Lincolns made their final settlement on removing from Indiana. Here Abraham Lincoln assisted his father in "getting settled," as they called it. He helped him build a log cabin, and cleared for him a patch of ground, and when he saw him "under headway" in the new country, bade him good-by and started north afoot. He found employment not far from Springfield, Illinois, where the active part of his early life was spent. Though he did not linger long in the Goose Nest cabin, he was there long enough to stamp his individuality on every heart for miles around, and many are the stories told of his sojourn among these people. It was my lot to be born and reared a few miles from the early home of the Lincolns, and the incidents I shall relate were picked up in conversation with the old settlers about our neighborhood, all of whom knew Lincoln well. I was shown a bridge he helped to build, and many other relics of his boyhood days.

One very old man told me that he once rode up to Thomas Lincoln's cabin and inquired if he could spend the night there. He was informed that the house afforded only two beds, and one of these belonged to a son who was then at home; but if he would get the consent of this boy to take him in as a bedfellow, he could stay. The stranger dismounted, and soon

found the six-foot boy in the back yard lying on a board reading. The boy consented, and the man slept with him that night. The boy was Abraham Lincoln, and the other never tires of telling how he spent the night with the future President.

Tarleton Miles, a veterinary surgeon of Charleston, told me that he had seen Lincoln driving an ox-team into town with cord-wood to sell. One night Lincoln was detained till late selling his wood. It grew dark, and "Abe" thought best not to attempt to drive home. As the Miles homestead was just out of town toward the Lincoln cabin, Lincoln stopped there overnight. His entire outfit, in the way of wearing-apparel, consisted of homespun jeans trousers, knit "galluses," a linsey shirt, and a straw hat. Miles's father sat up till midnight talking with Lincoln, and was amazed at the wisdom he displayed.

I spent four years in Charleston, as salesman in a large dry-goods house there, and as most of the country folks traded at this store, I often enjoyed rare treats in the way of chats with the old settlers about "Abe," as they loved to call him. As I measured off calico for them they measured off "yarns" for me. I said to one old settler, "Did you ever have a hint of Lincoln's greatness while he lived near you?" "No," he said, as he took a chew of "Lincoln green," "I never did. I had six boys, an' any one of 'em seemed as peart to me as Tom's Abe did—'cept perhaps in book-readin'. He always did take to that, an' on that account we uns used to think he

would n't amount to much. You see, it war n't book-readin' then, it war work, that counted. Now, talkin' about rail-splittin', any of my boys could beat Abe any day he lived, an' any one of 'em could run him a mid-dlin' tight foot-race; an' thessy why he should beat 'em in the big race for fame, I can' tell."

"Uncle Johnny" Gordon is an odd character known in Charleston as the "Sassafras Man." In the spring months he may be seen offering for sale neat little bunches of sassafras root, which he has carefully gathered, and which he declares is a "balm for all wounds." For "yarns" of the early days on Goose Nest prairie, and for recollections of Thomas Lincoln, one has only to buy a bunch of sassafras, then make his wants known, and Uncle Johnny will supply them, heaped up and running over. The quality of Gordon's recollections may not be the best, but the quantity can't be questioned.

At the time the Lincolns settled at Goose Nest Dan Needham was the champion wrestler in Cumberland County. This county joins Coles, the one in which the Lincolns lived. Needham had often been told that he would find his match in Tom Lincoln's boy Abe, but he would boast that he could "fling him three best out of four any day he lived." At last they met. It was at a house-raising on the Ambraw River. "Raisin's" at that time brought "neighbors" from many miles around, and I am told that at this one they came from as far south as Crawford County, more than forty miles away. Thomas Lincoln came, and with him his boy Abe. After the work of the day, in which Abe and Dan matched handspikes many times, a "rassle" was suggested. At first Abe was unwilling to measure arms with Dan, who was six feet four and as agile as a panther; but when Thomas Lincoln said, "Abe, rassle 'im," Abe flung off his coat, and the two stood face to face. Four times they wrestled, and each time Needham was thrown.

At the close of the fourth round the combatants again stood face to face, Abe flushed but smiling, Dan trembling with anger. However, one glance at the honest, good-natured face of his opponent cooled his rage, and, extending his rough palm, he said, "Well, I'll be ——!" Ever after this they were warm friends. Needham survived Lincoln many years, and though he was a strong Democrat, he had nothing but good words for Abe. Several of his boys still live near the old homestead in Spring Point township, Cumberland County, Illinois. One daughter, the wife of W. P. Davis,—a brother of the writer,—resides on a farm near Roseland, Nebraska. Uncle Dan, as we called him, now sleeps in a quiet churchyard hidden away in a deep forest. A braver heart never beat; and though his life was humble, I am sure that he did not lack for a welcome into the Eternal City.

Alonzo Hilton Davis.

A Counter.

So knavishly they played the game of hearts,
She counted him a victim to her arts,
He thought her snared. So, pleased both went their way;
And yet, forsooth, old strategists were they!

Edith M. Thomas.

An Experience.

Tempo Moderato.

I HAD a dream last night in which I seemed To see myself a man immortal deemed. My poems, lately placed upon the mart, Had gone straight home to every reader's heart, And fairly falling o'er each other's feet, Demanding copies, mortals thronged the street Before the doors of him who had to sell The dainty verses that I loved so well. Then, as I watched the scramble for my work, An angel came and beckoned — with a smirk — "Fitz-Alfred Massinger De Greene," she said, "Lift up your optics blue and look ahead." The which I did — for you must understand At all times I obey the soft command Of angels, whether winged ones or those Who here do lighten or increase our woes. And as I looked I saw a wondrous sight That dazzled, 't was so marvelously bright, As well it might be, for the scroll of fame Stood straight before my eyes, and there the name — Sensation sweet! Sensation, oh, how blest! — Fitz-Alfred M. De Greene led all the rest.

Andante.

I swooned with very joy, and then I woke
As yonder church bells sounded forth the stroke
Announcing morn!

I need not here unfold
Just how I rose and dressed. The crisp and cold
Of winter lingered in the atmosphere,
Yet not for me could anything be drear.
The while that dream of bliss did haunt my soul,
Life was all joy unmingled with tearful dole.

Allegretto.

But hist! What sound is that I seem to hear?
The postman's whistle breaks upon my ear.
A missive from my publisher he brings
In confirmation of my dream — he flings
It through the open door.

Be quick to ope
O trusty paper-knife, this envelope.

Allegro.

Egad, it must be true; a check falls out,
And here 's a statement of the sales, no doubt.

Crescendo Appassionato Presto.

Let 's see: one thousand copies printed, two
Hundred and sixty-seven for review,
And still on hand when this year was begun —
Ye Gods! no less than seven thirty-one.
"Inclosed find twenty cents in royalty —
Two copies sold!" Scott! *They were bought by me!*

Doloroso.

Roll on, drear world, nor stop to think of me.
I go to-day across the salt, salt sea.
I'll head for Russia, where, the Czar defied,
I'll save myself th' expense of suicide.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.

Dramatis Personæ.

MAUD. JANE.

Afterward COUSIN WALTER.

MAUD.

THE honeysuckle climbs about
Outside the window on the trellis,
The flower-clusters all are out —
Just sniff and see how sweet their smell is.
Come, let us go, and in the fields
We 'll pass the afternoon together;
Come, work to pleasure always yields
On days rejoicing in such weather.

JANE.

No, no; I found this coat all torn.
You know, 't is Walter's smoking-jacket,
And there 's a button —

MAUD.

Oh, forlorn
Excuse! — a button! — let it lack it!
The rent *was* bad, but after all,
Dear sister Jane, why should you sew it?
You 're not a servant at his call.
Besides, 't is odds he 'll never know it.
Come, drop the nasty thing and don
Your dear old-fashioned muslin bonnet.

JANE.

No; I must sew this button on.

MAUD.

At window, seeing COUSIN WALTER *approaching.*

Then go the while I work upon it.

JANE.

Handing jacket to MAUD.

Well, if you will, I 'll run and dress.
You see the tear 's already mended.

Exit JANE *and enter* COUSIN WALTER.

COUSIN WALTER.

After an admiring glance at MAUD 's *occupation.*

Dear Maud 's an angel! I confess
I wonder why Jane 's more commended.

William Bard McVickar.

An Undiscovered Country.

(IN 1892.)

YOU have no heart? Ah, when the Genoese
Before Spain's monarchs his great voyage planned,
Small faith had they in worlds beyond the seas —
And *your* Columbus yet may come to land!

Samuel R. Elliott.

Joe Jefferson, our Joe.

JOE JEFFERSON, our Joe Jeff.,
When first we knew your form,
You traveled round the country,
And took the barns by storm.
But now 't is hearts you hold, Jeff. —
You took them long ago;
God's blessings on your kindly phiz,
Joe Jefferson, our Joe.

Joe Jefferson, our own Joe,
We 've followed you around;
But though a trifle old now
We yet in front are found.
And still beyond this stage, Jeff.,
We 'll follow where you go,
And greet you when the curtain 's raised,
Joe Jefferson, our Joe!

Charles Henry Webb.

Never Despair.

UNTO a great big magazine I took one sunny day
A light and airy symphony, and I was greatly shocked
To hear the editor in honeyed accents softly say,
"It is lovely, it is beautiful, but we are overstocked."

Then to another editor I took my symphony:
He read it with a smile that showed his joy and happiness.
"It is just the thing for August, and I like it, but you see
Our August number 's all made up and ready for the press."

"I'll try again," I shouted in my dire extremity,
As I took it to an editor who read it, all elate,
While he murmured, "It 's delightful, oh, delightful, but,
dear me,
We printed something similar in eighteen sixty-eight."

I smiled a very wicked smile, and like the hand of fate
Came down upon that editor who called my ode divine.
"How could you, sir, have printed aught like this in
sixty-eight,
When your magazine first saw the light in eighteen
sixty-nine?"

The editor looked foolish, for he knew that he was
caught,
And he chuckled, oh, he chuckled like the greatest
fiend alive;
But like a worthy man he sent me from him rapture-
fraught,
With my fingers wound about a purple checklet for
a five.

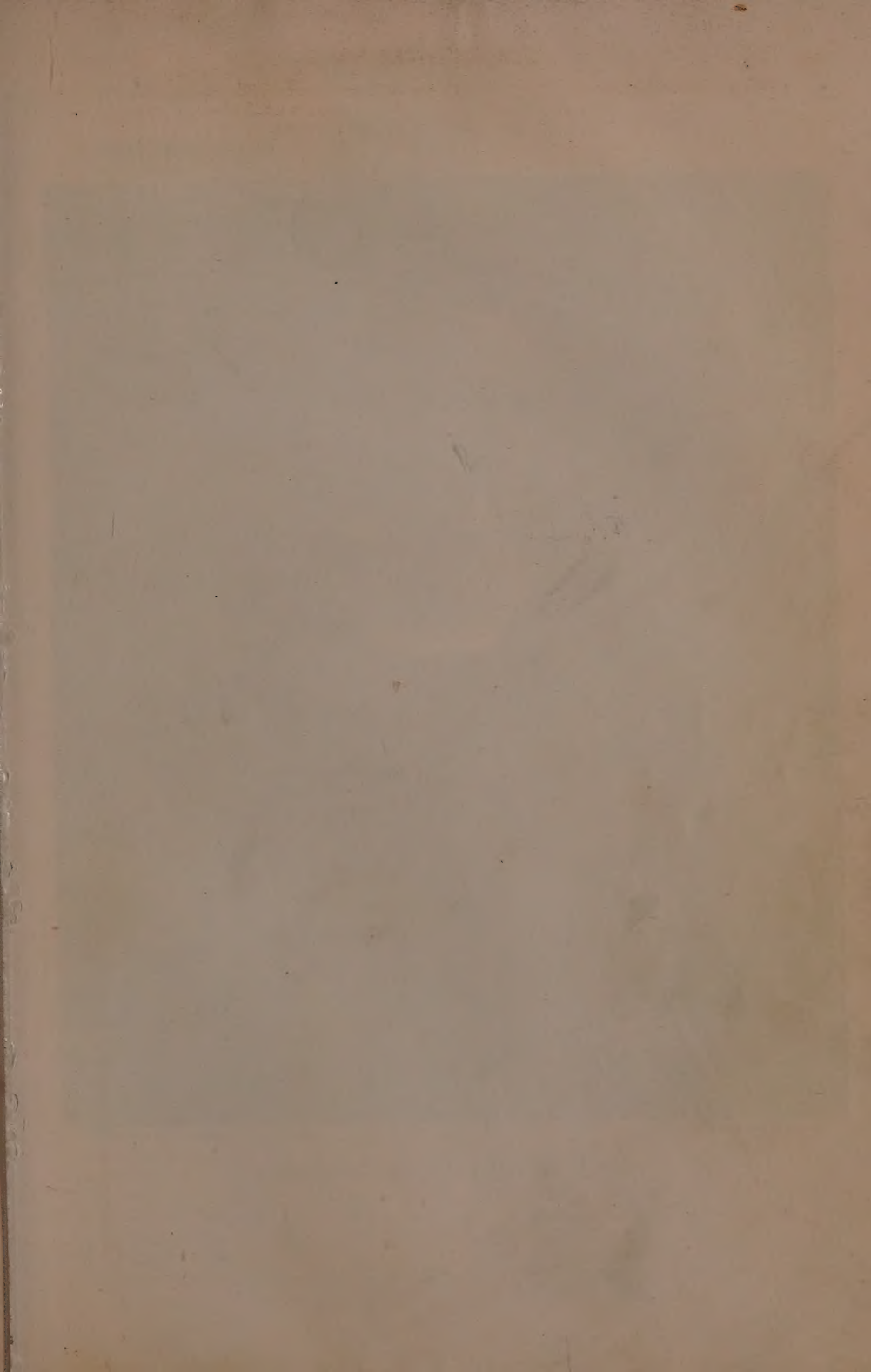
R. K. Munkittrick.

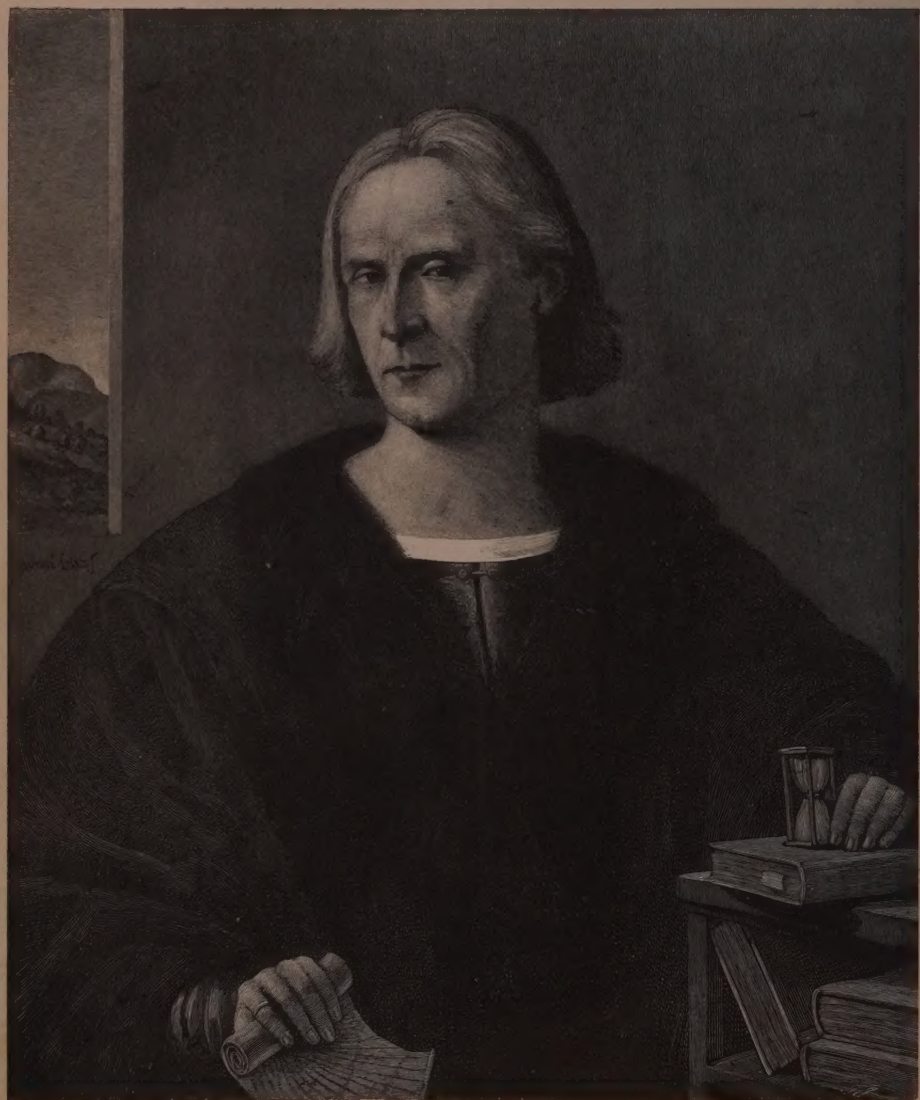
To an American Rab.

(FROM HIS FRIENDS.)

NOR Byron's "Boatswain" nor the silken "Flush"
Of England's laureled poetess; nor he
That watched by dying Ailie's bed to see
The knife's swift issue and to feel the hush
Of life's still sea — I say thou need'st not blush
With these to have compared thy pedigree,
Thy virtues, or thy beauties rare. For we
Know well thy Gordon line, thy sudden rush
O'er stubbled field, thy quivering nose low-bent,
Thy flag-like tail flung wide; and well we know
Thy deep-set, solemn eye aglow — attent
Upon the family or the field. We owe
Thee praise for love, and faith magnificent,
And bless thy heart's perpetual overflow.

Horace S. Fiske.





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

OWNED BY JAMES W. ELLSWORTH.

THE LOTTO PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.